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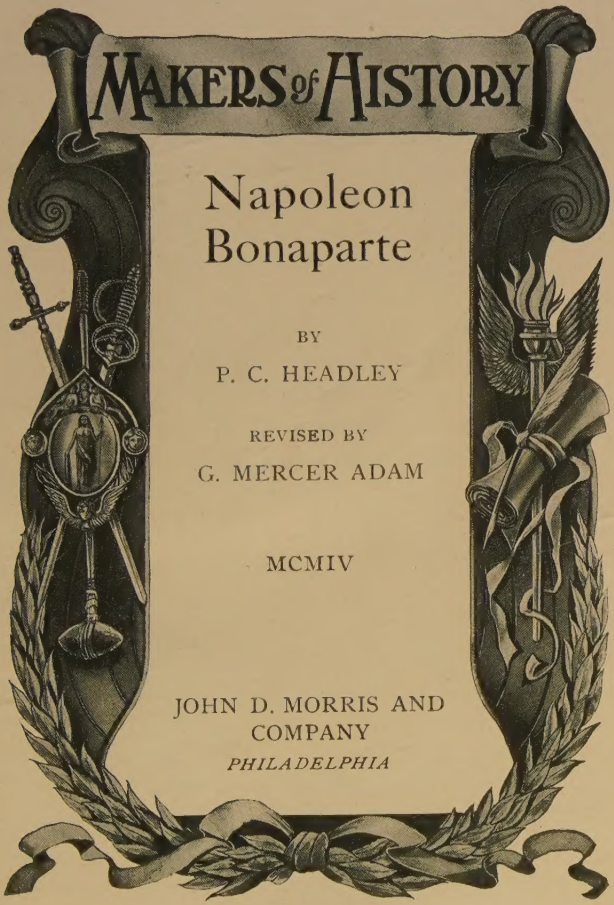

Napoleon Bonaparte

BY

P. C. HEADLEY

REVISED BY

G. MERCER ADAM

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Introduction.

UNEXAMPLED is the career of Napoleon, "the Man of Destiny," who, though he intoxicated France for well nigh twenty years and deluged Europe with blood, yet for a time seemed to lay the world at his feet, and by his transcendent genius and phenomenal military qualities performed prodigies of valor, and stands out on the canvas the peer of the great captains, warriors, and strategists of history. With Cæsar and Alexander, with Condé, Marlborough, and the Great Frederick, he is ranked, by reason of his splendid personal daring and dazzling military achievements, as well as by his dauntlessness when reverses came upon him, by the marvellous resources of his mind, and the vigor and force of his indomitable will. Though the niche he fills is large among the great personages of history, we cannot forget that his was an untoward force in Europe in his time, adverse alike to peace and civilization, or that he earned for himself the hateful epithets of despot and usurper. His career thus affords impressive lessons for all time, and teaches us that the kingdom of Heaven is not advanced or the millennial era furthered by the lust of

conquest and the love, for its own sake, of military glory.

The famous Corsican, as all know, was born at Ajaccio in 1769, and died a prisoner in exile on St. Helena in 1821. Between these periods he had a phenomenal career, and though the fortunes of war were at times hostile to him, and his defeats were many and often terrible in their consequences, his victories were as often magnificent and his triumphs dazzling, though not lasting. To take up and study Mr. P. C. Headley's "Life of Napoleon," which we here introduce in a compact form, is to recall many momentous events in the Napoleonic drama, and to give one's-self the delight of reading an entertaining as well as an instructive volume. The work has deserved the popularity it has earned, for it has taken high rank among the many biographies of the great Emperor, while it is free alike from excessive hero worship and from that spirit of detraction which has characterized so many studies of Napoleon. The work is compendious, rather than tediously detailed and exhaustive. It deals, however, with all the chief incidents in the great warrior's career, and shows us his vaulting ambition and its remarkable results; and we follow, often with breathless interest, the narrative of the many and arduous campaigns he engaged in, from the

outset of his career in Italy to its close on the sanguinary field of Waterloo, with its sequel of surrender to the British and six years of enforced exile on St. Helena. The story is told with animation and effectiveness, especially when we enter upon the incidents of the conquest of Egypt and the subjugation of Syria, through the account of Napoleon's operations in Spain, the invasion of Austria, the crushing of the Prussian army at Jena, his seizure of Portugal and entry into Lisbon, the annexation of Holland and the Papal States, the disastrous war with Russia and its direful consequences, down to the defiance of all the allied Powers of Europe and the bitter end at Waterloo, with the flight to Paris and final abdication. The story on every page is replete with interest, as it is crowded with incident, and compact in its presentation of every fact of importance in the heroic though tragic life of the great Emperor.

The magic name of Napoleon, and the splendid, if evanescent, work done for the glory of France by the one figure that towers above all others in his day, are, it is held, such as to warrant the appearance of this new edition of Mr. Headley's picturesque narrative and leads its publishers, confidently, to commend it anew to readers. We have referred to this new edi-

tion of the life of 'the great disturber of Europe' as in *compact* form. The call for this seemed not only a necessity of the time, when so great a mass of Napoleonic literature is on the market, but perhaps may be further justified in a volume of handy form like the present, designed for popular reading, and in a series dealing with the great "Makers of History," covering many other subjects and compressed into reasonable space. The compression, in the case of the present volume, the editor may perhaps be permitted to say, consists in the excision of letters and correspondence chiefly passing between Napoleon and his brother Joseph Bonaparte, which matter, for the most part, appears in other volumes of the series treating of Joseph Bonaparte, Josephine, and Maria Louisa. This latter fact is to the editor the one justification for his response to the publisher's call for a new, compact edition of Mr. Headley's work, dealing with so interesting, thrilling, and instructive a theme as the Life of Bonaparte, with a concise narrative of the great Napoleonic Wars.

G. MERCER ADAM.

Author's Preface.

In presenting the public with this new biography of Napoleon Bonaparte, the author did not expect to add new facts, or modify those with which the world is familiar, in his career. We have quoted often from well-known authors the mere statement of stereotyped facts, and have endeavored, in the great condensation of matter necessary in a volume no larger than this biography, to embrace all the illustrative and stirring scenes in Napoleon's history. The authors chiefly referred to are Bourrienne, The Berkley Men, Lockhart, Von Rotteck, Encyclopedia Americana, Confidential Correspondence with Joseph, and Abbott's Napoleon. A striking fact, omitted entirely by the latter, the invasion of St. Domingo, is given at length, from documents furnished by B. C. Clarke, Esq., of Boston, ex-Consul at Hayti, from which, by his permission, extracts are freely made. With but little comment generally, the convincing testimony of the recently published Confidential Correspondence, upon some of the darkest deeds of Napoleon, is furnished by the insertion of interesting letters. The views ex-

pressed on these pages are neither those of unqualified and bitter condemnation, which distinguish Scott and Lockhart; nor the equally extreme and more dangerous sentiments of boundless admiration and fulsome praise, which glow in the language, and on every page of the more attractive volumes of Mr. Abbott. We cannot, we confess, comprehend the apparent sincerity of this author, in the delineation of Napoleon as a republican philanthropist; a faithful husband; a warrior who grieved over the necessity of shedding blood; and finally, a martyr saint on the rocks of St. Helena. He was not a monster of unalleviated depravity; nor was he a truly philanthropic and good man. He loved his chosen profession of arms; he began his career a republican; he grew in frame and ambition, until he believed himself appointed to rule and redeem a continent. In the pursuit of his object, like the unjust judge, "he neither feared God, nor regarded man."

The King of kings hung a dark cloud over his "star of destiny," when the cruel blow fell on the exiled wife, whose only crime was that heaven had written her to him *childless*. That cloud expanded till it darkened all the sky; and bolt after bolt came down upon his lofty brow, and laid it low on a captive's pillow within the confines of a rocky island, where, Prometheus-

like, he was compelled to feel the wasting power of burning memories and awakened conscience, until death removed him to a more righteous adjudication.

We quote, in conclusion, from an editorial in a leading paper of the daily press, the name of whose author is to us unknown; but whose summary of character and results must command the assent of the impartial reader of history:

"No pirate ever more foully decoyed, by the use of a false flag, a merchantman into his clutches, than Napoleon possessed himself of Spain, so far as he ever did possess it. There was absolutely no French, no Bonapartean party among the Spanish people from first to last — barely a little handful of titled office-seekers, and nothing more. The greatest mistake of Napoleon's career, because the most flagrant crime, was that which transformed the Spanish nation from serviceable allies into annoying, wasting, exhausting, if not formidable foes. A true history of Napoleon would show that, whereas the good deeds of his career were abundantly prospered and recompensed, and the enemies who wantonly conspired to overthrow him were always defeated and humbled, so, when he began wantonly to trample on the necks of nations, he sowed dragon's teeth,

whence arose in due time the foes who crushed him. His Italian, Austrian, Prussian, Polish campaigns were generally successful, because he had right on his side; while his Egyptian, Spanish, Russian forays, though promising success at the outset, proved disastrous, and finally ruinous, because they were impelled by rapacity and founded in wrong. * * * Let it never be forgotten that the kings were impotent against the Man of Destiny, until the people rallied to his overthrow — until German and Spaniard went with Russ and Hun to compass his downfall. The monarchs afterward betrayed the masses, and snatched most of the fruits of the common conquest — for which let them be held to the sternest reckoning; but let not this obscure the great truth that Napoleon fell because he betrayed the sacred cause of the inalienable rights of man, and leagued himself with the people's hereditary oppressors, divorcing his noble and faithful wife, to intermarry with them, laboring personally to eradicate from the mind of Alexander his liberal impulses, reducing France to a state of Asiatic despotism, and the surrounding nations to that of her conquest, professing an intense horror of 'Jacobins,' by which term he designated all earnest republicans, though he had himself been a professor not merely of republicanism, but of Jacobinism,

in his obscure and powerless youth. When Napoleon's true character shall be inscribed on his tomb, the awed millions shall gather before it and read —'Here lies the thunderbolt, the idol, the spoiled child of democracy, who betrayed her to make himself an emperor, and died a fettered and heart-broken exile. Let all who may hereafter be tempted to betray the cause of Human Liberty be warned by his example.'"

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CHAPTER I.

Napoleon's birthplace.—The Bonaparte family.—The mother's character.— Napoleon's boyhood.— Enters the Military School at Brienne.— Incidents while there.— Revisits Corsica and meets General Paoli.— He is promoted to a place in the Royal Military Academy of Paris.— His fraternal interest.— Receives a Lieutenant's commission.— Falls in love.— Life at Valence.— His appearance at M. Neckar's party.— Is present at the storming of the King's palace by the populace.— France and Napoleon.—Again visits Corsica.— Is arrested.—The flight of the Bonaparte family.— The siege of Toulon.— Junot.—The general assault.—The victory.—The slaughter.— Napoleon appointed on the Coast Survey.—Appointed Chief of Battalion.—Another love affair.— Family destitution.—The Convention and Napoleon. The insurrection of the Sections.—The defeat.— Eugene and his father's sword.— Napoleon and Josephine.

CORSICA, the third in extent, among the Italian islands, lies in the blue waters of the Mediterranean sea, one hundred miles from France, and fifty from Tuscany. It contains nearly four thousand square miles, and one hundred and eighty thousand inhabitants. Its scenery is varied. Traversed by ranges of mountains, whose summits are covered with perpetual snow, veined with rivers, and abounding in fruitful valleys, the island presents wild and beautiful landscapes. Successively under the sway of the Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals, Greeks, Goths, and Genoese, in 1769 it nom-

inally submitted to the French, though partisan warfare continued many years. The population, chiefly Italians in origin and customs, never developed the resources of its productive soil. Multitudes lived on chestnuts, but cherished the love of freedom and the independence, indomitable valor, and unrelenting revenge of a wrong.

On Aug. 15, 1769, at Ajaccio, two months after the subjugation of Corsica by the French, Letitia Bonaparte gave birth to her second son, Napoleon. His father, who was of ancient and honorable descent, was a successful lawyer, but, when the French army landed, he enlisted under the command of General Paoli, to fight the battles of his brave countrymen.

His noble wife came of the distinguished family of the Ramolini, and was regarded as one of the most beautiful maidens of Corsica. She was married at the early age of sixteen, and became a widow at thirty-five, with eight living children, and three among the dead. The family group, whose names have been so conspicuous in the annals of France, were Joseph, Napoleon, Lucien, Louis, Jerome, Eliza, Pauline, and Caroline.

In Jan. 1779, Napoleon, then ten years of age, accompanied his father, who was a member of the deputation representing the Corsican

noblesse, to the Court of Louis XVI., and entered the military school at Brienne, where Count Marbeuf had obtained for him admission.

There he encountered an unexpected embarrassment, which stung his proud spirit. He was an Italian, with limited means of support. Around him were sons of the aristocracy, speaking the language of France, and, without disguise, revealing a bitter scorn of his humbler position. His hatred of the French was made intense; and, with a threat of revenge for the insult, he withdrew from the associations of the gay scions of a waning nobility and devoted himself to the severest studies of the institution. In general literature he was not ambitious of excellence, but in the branches which directly told upon the soldier's complete preparation for the field of action, he rapidly rose above all rivals, and stood at the head of the aspiring candidates for military honors.

In his fifteenth year, he became one of the three students selected annually from the cadets for promotion to the Royal Military School in the splendid capital of France, and in Sept. 1785, when only sixteen years of age, appeared before the board of examination, on trial for his first appointment in the royal army. In mathematics, the distinguished astronomer, La Place, was the intellectual inquisitor of the anx-

ious cadets. Napoleon sustained himself with honor, and so familiar was he with the pages of history, that Keruglion, who conducted the examination in this department, made the following significant and prophetic memorandum opposite his name: "A Corsican by character and by birth, this young man will distinguish himself in the world, if favored by fortune."

He immediately received a commission as lieutenant in the regiment of artillery Le Fère, and no subsequent promotion thrilled his whole being with more intense delight than this signal of his future destiny.

He was in Paris on the 20th of June, 1793, when the mob went surging through the streets toward the Tuileries; and he hastened to the scene of action. He saw it all: the royal garden thronged with exasperated men brandishing their various weapons, and the trembling monarch in the balcony of his palace wearing the Jacobin's red cap.

His indignation was kindled toward the masses governed by passion, and blindly bent on regicide, and his scornful pity awakened in behalf of the yielding monarch, unequal to the nation's crisis. Turning to Bourrienne, with whom he was walking, he exclaimed, "What madness! he should have blown four or five hundred of them into the air, and the remainder

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would have taken to their heels." His conscious power found expression in a letter to the king, offering to save his reeling throne, and command the troops which should quiet the insurgents. But no reply was made to the unknown writer. Seven months later, the monarch's head rolled upon the guillotine in front of his palace, amid the roll of drums, and the frantic cry of myriads, *" Vive la République!"*

At this awakening period, Napoleon regarded the populace as of little worth, unfit for freedom, and himself as the stern disciplinarian, who could teach them subjection, and, gathering into his hands the reins of authority, cover the flag of his country and his own ample brow with glory.

The Revolution was now " glutting the public with seas of blood." The murder of the king had aroused the monarchs of Europe in defense of royal honor, and united them in the common cause of hostility to the Republican movement. In France herself, there had come a reaction, and Marseilles led in the rebellion against the Jacobins; Lyons and other cities followed. At Toulon, whose citizens for the most part sympathized with the monarchists, were gathered many thousands of fugitives to find protection in the stronghold of disaffection, under the expected shadow of the British and Spanish

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fleets riding outside of the harbor. The invitation to garrison the city was immediately accepted, and the twenty-five ships of the line with nearly as many frigates entered the bay, and prepared, with the munitions of war on board, to fortify the town. This was no timid show of opposition to the leaders of the Revolution, and, startled amid the madness of epidemic terror and conflicting passions, they sent forward two armies to besiege and capture Toulon. Cartaux, a self-conceited officer, who exchanged the painter's easel for the sword, commanded the expedition.

Accompanying the regular force were prominent men, among whom was the younger Robespierre, sent out to watch the movements of the army and report to the central government.

These representatives of the people only embarrassed the inefficient commander, and, after protracted delay and repeated disasters, which consumed three months, Napoleon, with the commission to assume the command of the artillery, arrived on the field of action. Whether any other influence than his general character as cadet, and a brief experience in the regiment Le Fère, had set aside objection on the ground of his youth and secured the promotion, is unknown. He saw at a glance the causes of failure. The batteries were too remote for more

than a partial effect, and the whole manœuvering without precision and concentration of force upon the undisturbed ranks of the enemy. The allies had strengthened the fortress called Little Gibraltar, the main defense of the harbor and town. It received the name from its supposed impregnability. Cartaux looked with jealous contempt upon the Corsican, and, shining in the profusion of official decorations, gave him to understand that he was not needed, but might share in the glory of the enterprise. The vain chief was superseded by Doppet, a physician, and a greater coward than himself. Next came General Dugommier, a man of energy and intelligence, who entered at once into Napoleon's comprehensive and decisive plans. Subordinate officers were chosen by Bonaparte, and his train, of two hundred guns, was prepared for attack. His design was simple and perfect in outline. To the interference of the deputies, on espionage, who suggested an improvement, he replied, "Do you attend to your duty as National Commissioners, and I will answer for mine with my head." His eye was on Little Gibraltar, the possession of whose promontory, he assured the general-in-chief, would give them the sweeping fire of the harbor and compel the naval force to retire. A few weeks earlier the stronghold would have been taken with easy conquest,

but now it frowned upon them with solid walls and lines of silent cannon, behind which were brave men from the invading armies, confident of victory. At one extremity of the town was the small fort Malbosquet, in a plantation of olives, behind which Bonaparte, unobserved by the enemy, erected a battery, from which he determined to open fire, to divert attention from the grand assault. With sleepless energy, snatching a short repose at night, wrapped in his cloak beside his guns, he multiplied batteries toward the fortress. One day during the progress of the siege the deputies, performing their accustomed survey of the works, discovered the battery near Malbosquet, and when told that it had been ready for action for eight days, ordered an immediate cannonade. It had not entered their minds that a prospective and not a present use was the reason for inaction. The English made an effective onset and spiked the guns. Napoleon hastened to the scene of conflict. "On his arrival on the eminence behind, he perceived a long, deep ditch, fringed with brambles and willows, which he thought might be turned to advantage. He caused a regiment of foot to creep along the ditch, which they did without being discovered, until they were close upon the enemy. General O'Hara, the English commander, mistook them when they

appeared for some of his own allies, and, rushing out to give them some orders, was wounded and made prisoner. The English were dispirited when they lost their general; they retreated; and the French were at liberty to set about the repair of their battery. In this affair much blood was shed. Napoleon himself received a bayonet-thrust in the thigh, and fell into the arms of Muiron, who carried him off the field. Such was the commencement of their brotherly friendship."

It was after this slaughter that Napoleon is said to have remarked to Louis, his brother, who visited him in camp: "All these men have been needlessly sacrificed. Had intelligence commanded here, none of these lives need have been lost." While constructing a battery under the fire of the allies, he had a despatch to prepare, and called for a soldier who could write. A youthful sergeant sprang out of the ranks and, leaning upon the breast-works, wrote at the dictation of Napoleon. As he made the last stroke of the pen, a ball struck the ground so near that the dust fell in a cloud upon him and the paper. With a laugh, he exclaimed, "Good, this time we shall do without sand." This pleasantry, indicating the greatest coolness and self-command, arrested the attention of Napoleon. The amanuensis was Junot, soon afterward pro-

moted to command, and subsequently made Duke of Abrantes; and who profanely said, "I love Napoleon as my God. To him I am indebted for all that I am."

Soon came the decisive day, the 19th of Dec. 1793, when the general assault was ordered, and the terrific conflict opened. Napoleon, in accordance with his original tactics, poured a storm of shell on different points of the fortress, to confuse the enemy, while they fell incessantly also upon the devoted city. In an astonishingly brief time, eight thousand bombshells had exploded in the enemy's works, and laid them in a heap of ruins. The soldiers rushed through the storm of rain and fire into the embrasures, and cut down the garrison with the sword. The streets of Toulon ran blood, when the tricolor waved on the shattered ramparts, and Napoleon said to General Dugommier, "Go and sleep! We have taken Toulon."

The blow was struck which decided the conflict; but conflagration and slaughter continued. Lord Howe, the English commander, saw that the city must follow the surrender of the fortress, and prepared to abandon it to the foe. When the inhabitants beheld the long processions of the sick and wounded moving toward the ships, they knew their doom was sealed. The vessels which could not be employed with

safety were collected and a fire-ship was sent among them. Beneath the lurid flames of their burning, the explosion of shells and magazines, and the shrieks of the dying, whose homes were pierced by the ceaseless cannonade, twenty thousand of the royalists gathered on the shore imploring deliverance from the exasperated enemy.

The fleet at length moved out of the harbor, and the Republicans rushed into Toulon. A double vengeance burned in their bosoms; rage because of the rebellion against Jacobin reign, and revenge for having invited a foreign alliance to strengthen and shield their revolt. A hundred and fifty poor working-men were summoned together, under the impression that they were to be employed in repairing the demolished forts, when a volley of musketry cut them down. A wealthy old merchant was executed to obtain his millions. For these excesses, neither Dugommier nor Napoleon was responsible. Their authority was in vain, while the madness of vengeance and lust ruled the hour. By this victory insurrection was quelled and the control of the army secured.

Bonaparte, whose agency in the achievement was concealed as far as possible by the jealous representatives of the people, made an impression that reached the government; and he was

appointed to survey and put in order of defense the entire coast of France lying on the Mediterranean sea. With characteristic energy he accomplished in a few weeks his responsible and extensive work, and immediately joined the army at Nice, with an additional promotion to the post of chief of battalion. He infused his enthusiasm and self-reliance into the army of Italy, and soon General Dumerbion with Massena and Napoleon were leading the troops to conquest.

Possession of the maritime Alps was gained, and the way prepared for advancing into Italy. Still was the genius of Napoleon kept in comparative obscurity by the silence of his superior officers, who assumed the honors of victory. He was superseded in command, and soon after, July 28, 1794, was arrested upon the charge of interest in measures hostile to the policy of the dominant party, which had taken the reins of government from the bloody hands of that prince of homicides, Robespierre.

Albitti and Salicetti, who succeeded the terrorists as representatives of the people, influenced by the misrepresentations of his enemies, or jealous of the young Corsican, whose rapid advancement astonished them, ordered the arrest. Had it occurred a few weeks earlier, it would doubtless have added him to the myriads

despatched by the guillotine. He made his statement, affirming his innocence, and was immediately released from confinement. The officer who opened his prison door found him intensely engaged with the map of Lombardy, evidently conscious of work yet to do on the pictured plains, whence came to his fancy's ear the tramp of moving battalions. The prejudice attending this unjust incarceration was manifest in the attempt to change his rank in the army; and he indignantly resigned his position and returned to the family residence in Marseilles. The resources of the Bonapartes were small, and destitution cast its shadows about their home.

He was disappointed in his efforts to obtain honorable activity. When Aubury, the president of the military committee, objected to his youth, at the time when his request for an appointment was presented, Napoleon replied, "Presence in the field of battle might be reckoned in place of years." The flash of independence was resented as an insult, and increased the difficulties between him and his desired position in the army.

A few of his letters, written about this time, possess great interest, as they are the confidential expressions of his experience and plans. In them, we have still evidences of deep despon-

dency, though with warm affection toward his family and friends.

Bonaparte's career, up to this time, had prepared him for his life mission. In Corsica, he was cradled in the midst of political agitation; and, hostile from his boyhood to the subjugation of the island, he became meditative and reserved, nourishing that self-reliance and independence of character which made him at Brienne a sullen *solitaire* and the target of raillery to his fellow-students. While this strengthened his sublime decision, and quickened his keen observation of human nature, it gave him that appearance of severity and contempt for man which distinguished his manner when mingling with promiscuous society.

He was at this date twenty-six. The dark complexion of early years had worn off under the mild sky of France; but a contagious disease he had taken at Toulon, from a soldier, and which penetrated his system with malignant power, so reduced his frame that his flashing eye seemed set in the sockets of a skeleton. He was soon to be an actor in the drama of European revolutions.

The Convention had lost favor with the multitude, and a new step was demanded in the march of revolution. A constitution was formed, securing a Directory of five, the execu-

tive; a Council of five hundred, the House of Commons; and the Council of Ancients, answering to the English Peers. The Convention, unwilling to part with authority, made it a condition of acceptance, that the second division should include two-thirds of their members. This excited the Parisians, especially the superior classes, who were indignant because it disclosed an arbitrary and selfish tenacity of power. The city was divided into ninety-six sections or wards, forty-eight of which were in favor of the constitution, and the other half rejected it, including the Royalists and Jacobins. The extremes thus made common cause against the new order of things.

With these insurrectionary sections, the National Guard united, and the forces prepared to attack the Tuileries, compel the assembly to meet the wishes of the majority, and change their measures. With five hundred regular troops, and the remnant of Robespierre's ruffian army, the Convention prepared to resist the onset. Menou assumed the command, but failed to fill the perilous position. While his indecision alarmed the body still in session, Barras exclaimed, as if a sudden revelation had aroused him, "I have the man whom you want: he is a little Corsican officer, *who will not stand upon ceremony.*" This expression determined the

destiny of Napoleon. He was soon in command, and on the 13th Vendémiaire (Oct. 5th), planted his cannon at the cross-streets and bridges, sweeping with his hail of death the advancing columns of the insurgents, till the pavements were covered with the slain, and the flame of rebellion was extinguished in blood. The new order of things was established, and Barras, the presiding spirit, obtained for Bonaparte the generalship of the Army of the Interior, and the office of commandant of Paris. He was now no longer a unit among the many, but the military chieftain of a kingdom.

Charged with the work of disarming the conquered citizens, he obtained the sword of the Viscount De Beauharnais, a blade its moldering possessor never dishonored. Eugene, in his boyish enthusiasm, resolved to have the weapon wielded by a father he loved and lamented. Presenting himself to Napoleon he made his request. The general, struck with his earnestness and manly bearing, restored the relic, which he bore away bathed with tears. The next day Josephine called at the commandant's headquarters to thank him in person for his kindness. This increased the interest Napoleon had entertained for her since the time, through the friendship of Barras, he formed her acquaintance in the social circles of

Paris. It is related that before he indulged serious intentions of marrying Madame Beauharnais he offered himself to Madame De Permon, an old family friend, and an interesting widow, but was rejected. However this may be, he was deeply smitten with the charms of the lovely woman, whose son had given assurance of her excellent qualities in his own admirable behavior. The increasing attachment was every way favorable to Napoleon's plans and advancement, but a subject of painful solicitude to Josephine.

Josephine was deeply interested in her admirer, and in her letters to friends she at this time declared both her passion and intention to marry. The months, however, passed, and Napoleon, though environed with duties which attended his appointment, nevertheless retired at evening to the mansion of Madame Beauharnais, to hear the melody of her voice, and enjoy an interlude for romantic pleasure, amid the stormy scenes that opened before his feet the path of glory. With a few select friends, among whom Madame Tallien was conspicuous, there were frequent meetings of the parties, and brilliant entertainments, which extended the friendship and influence of the commander-in-chief among the very class the most available in carrying forward his ambitious schemes, already

towering above Alpine summits, and embracing thrones which had withstood the flow of centuries.

Josephine has left on record testimony respecting the fine conversational powers of her lover — which is proof of his ability in this department, whenever he chose to indulge the *abandon* of wit and compliment in the society of women, for whom, it is well known, he entertained but a light opinion, owing doubtless to the frivolous character and easy virtue of the majority of those he met in the gay society of the metropolis.

He led Josephine to the altar, according to revolutionary form, which was a simple presentation before the proper magistrate, March 9th, 1796. Barras and Tallien witnessed the ceremony, and signed with Lemarois, an aide-de-camp, and Calmelet, a lawyer, the act recorded in the state register of Paris.

Twelve days later, he bade adieu to his bride and was on his way to the plains of Italy — a parting that blended, in one tide of strong emotion, the affection of an ardent, impetuous spirit, and the glowing desire to encircle his brow with laurels, that

"— would burn and rend his temples in return."

CHAPTER II.

Napoleon is appointed to the chief command.— His youth.— Leaves Paris for Nice.—Visits his mother.—The contending armies.—The character of Napoleon.— His new tactics. — His address to the soldiers.—The objects of the campaign.—The route of passing the Alps.—The conflict.—The victory.—The pursuit of the Austrians.— Reaches Cherasco, near Turin.— Dictates terms of peace to the king of Sardinia.— Crosses the Po.— Battle of Lodi.— Napoleon at Milan.—Treaty with the dukes of Parma and Modena.— Address to the army.— Jealousy of the Directory.— Napoleon pursues the Austrians.— Insurrection in Lombardy. — Treaty with the Vatican.— Wurmser appointed to the command.—The Austrians advance.— Battle of Lonato.— Napoleon's peril.— Incidents.— Castiglione.— Retreat of Wurmser.— Mantua besieged.— Alvinzi sent into Italy.— The battles of Arcola.—Alvinzi routed.— Battle of Rivoli. — Mantua surrenders.— Napoleon's success.

A FORTNIGHT before his marriage, Napoleon was appointed commander-in-chief of the army of Italy. The quiet in the capital directed the attention of the government to the condition of the troops. The dissipated general, whose place had been given to Napoleon, left the army, numbering fifty thousand men, destitute and exposed to a powerful enemy. Cavalry and food were wanting, clothing was insufficient, and the very sinews of war were weakening every day, while the dangers were augmenting.

At Marseilles, the general stopped to see his mother, for whom he always manifested a

noble, filial affection. It was a splendid summit of distinction for her son, who had passed the line of minority but five years before; and we may believe that this interview and the adieu were fraught with maternal tenderness and pride. The Corsican fugitives were already on the grand arena of European revolutions, to which the anxious eyes of the world were turning. A regicide people were forming institutions hostile to the peace and stability of surrounding thrones, and "the kings of the earth took counsel together" against the republic.

There is nothing marvelous in the contest. France, without either political or moral elements of government and growth after the example of our own, awakened the fears of those who undoubtedly believed in the divine right of kings. Nor does the general view affect decisively the question of Napoleon's motives and character, tried by the standard of a pure philanthropy, patriotism, and Christian ethics.

His own letters and subsequent history will prove him to have been ambitious, in the highest degree, for personal, family, and national glory. Gifted, generous in his impulses, and correct in morals, he identified himself with the destiny of France, with her, and through her, to carve a way to the most dazzling eminence of renown from which youthful or maturest footsteps ever

sent down their echoes to applauding millions. Such was Napoleon when he arrived at Nice, and his first address to the army was brief but effective, thrilling upon their weary hearts like unearthly music. "Soldiers," said he, "you are hungry and naked; the republic owes you much, but she has not the means to pay her debts. I am come to lead you into the most fertile plains the sun beholds. Rich provinces, opulent towns, all shall be at your disposal. Soldiers! with such a prospect before you, can you fail in courage and constancy?"

There was a wonderful breadth of thought — a comprehensive insight into military affairs — in the tactics of this officer, which astonished the veterans in command who surrounded him. Napoleon saw at a glance that his troops, with the cumbrous, measured modes of warfare to which the outnumbering, disciplined armies of Europe adhered, would have but a faint prospect of success. Abandoning all the embarrassing comforts of the campaign — depending for shelter and stores on the conquered territory — his policy was to move down, like the apparently lawless and unheralded tornado, upon his enemies. The plan was original, daring, and magnificent in outline and aim. He meant to make the most of a demoniac system, concerning which he said, "War is the science of barbar-

ians; he who has the heaviest battalions will conquer."

"The objects of the approaching expedition were three: first, to compel the King of Sardinia, who had already lost Savoy and Nice, but still maintained a powerful army on the frontiers of Piedmont, to abandon the alliance of Austria; secondly, to compel Austria, by a bold invasion of her rich Italian provinces, to make such exertions in that quarter as might weaken those armies which had so long hovered on the French frontier of the Rhine; and, if possible, to stir up the Italian subjects of that crown to adopt the revolutionary system and emancipate themselves forever from its yoke. The third object, though more distant, was not less important. The Directory had taken umbrage against the Roman Church, regarding it as the secret support of royalism in France; and to reduce the Vatican into insignificance, or at least force it to submission and quiescence, appeared indispensable to the internal tranquillity of the French nation."

The Austrian General Beaulieu, anticipating the designs of Napoleon on Italy, arranged his immense force to cover Genoa and guard the Alpine passes. He took a position at Voltri, ten miles from Genoa; D'Argenteau was at Monte Notte, a summit further west; while the Sar-

dinian troops commanded by Colli, were stationed at Ceva, completing the right wing of the allied armies, and presenting a threatening barrier of disciplined soldiers more formidable than the frowning Alps to the advance of the French. To oppose and route this overwhelming force, Napoleon must rely upon the untried power of his novel plan of attack, of which his enemy had no intimation. To cross the Alps, his design was also his own. Instead of attempting any of the usual paths over the fearful summits, he had decided to march along the slope between the precipitous ranges and the Mediterranean Sea, where the Alps sink into the depression which divides them from the Apennines. Toward this point both armies mustered their strength, and there the inferior, weakened regiments of the Directory were to encounter the splendid columns of the Austrian commander.

On April 11th, 1796, through a pelting storm and the yielding soil, he moved with incredible rapidity toward Monte Notte, the strong center of the entire army. When he gained the heights, he beheld before him the encampment and the valley, where soon the die would be cast, his first great victory won, or his hopes quenched in blood. The pause was brief; the order to fall on the foe was given, and the smoke of bloody

conflict rolled upward from the plain. D'Argenteau, finding himself surrounded, was compelled to retreat, leaving three thousand dead and wounded on the field. The new method of attack was no longer an experiment: Bonaparte was a conqueror and the terror of Europe's select battalions.

The Austrians fled to Dego; the Sardinian wing fell back to Millesimo; and D'Argenteau endeavored to rally his disheartened detachments and form again in order of battle. The next day, before the expected reinforcements from Lombardy could arrive to strengthen the allies, who hoped in their new position to save Milan and Turin, Napoleon marched upon the Austrian line. Augereau was sent toward Millesimo, Massena to Dego, and Laharpe turned the left flank of the commander-in-chief. Each did his work well. At Dego, where Beaulieu had intrenched himself, the Austrians were defeated, their general was driven from his position, and three thousand prisoners were taken. The Sardinians at Millesimo surrendered, numbering fifteen hundred—a disaster which reduced them to a wreck and wiped out their name from the list of boastful allies. Napoleon now moved on like an Alpine avalanche toward Turin, the capital of Sardinia. On the heights of Zeamolo, he beheld, as did the crusaders of

the city of David from encircling hills, the glorious prize for which he fought—the verdant, river-veined and fertile plains of lovely Italy. His troops poured down upon the promised land with delight. At Ceva he met the foe, eight thousand strong, and after an indecisive conflict, overtook them again near the torrent Carsuglia, where a desperate battle was fought and the bridge crossed. Napoleon marched on to Cherasco, within ten miles of Turin, where he encamped, to dictate terms on which the King could hold his throne and the government in form and name continue. He demanded, before measures for an armistice were considered, the surrender of Coni, Tortona, and Alexandria, fortresses which bore the name of "the keys of the Alps." When he discovered hesitation, he sternly added: "Listen to the laws I impose upon you in the name of my country, and obey, or to-morrow my batteries will be erected, and Turin will be in flames." Thus, all of consequence but Turin itself was in his hands, and an ambassador was on his way to Paris, to conclude the treaty with the kingdom, leaving to Napoleon the way unobstructed to carry on the war against Austria. In less than a month the young Corsican had conquered in three grand battles, killed, wounded, or captured

twenty-five thousand men; taken eighty guns, and twenty-one standards; and that too with an army inferior in numbers and in all the appendages of the battlefield, and with comparatively an insignificant loss of men. Never before had such dazzling and sanguinary conflicts been witnessed, nor the wisdom of the wise in the science of human slaughter so utterly confounded.

The kingdom of Sardinia comprised Nice, Savoy, Montferrat, and Piedmont; of the latter Napoleon was now the undisputed master. He sent messages of affection to Josephine (who in her unselfish devotion rejoiced more than himself in every conquest of his battalions) and pressed on to overtake Beaulieu, who had retreated behind the Po. By artful manœuvering he made the Austrian general believe that he designed to cross the river at Valenza, while under cover of night he marched, with unequaled rapidity, eighty miles down the stream in thirty-six hours, sweeping with him every boat upon its banks. On the 7th of May, he crossed in ferry-boats, without the loss of a single man, in the face of two reconnoitering squadrons of the enemy, who gazed with bewildering amazement on the scene, and he was on the plains of Lombardy. Beaulieu, upon learning the successful stratagem, marched for-

ward, hoping to give the French battle with the Po behind them, to make the advantage to him as great as possible. Napoleon anticipated him in this design, and pressed on to Fombio, where the advanced divisions of the two armies met on the 8th of May. The Austrians occupied the steeples, the windows, and roofs of the houses, and poured down their fire on the enemy crowding the streets. Before the impetuous charge of the French, a third of their men fell, and the remainder fled, leaving their cannon behind. On the banks of the Adda, Beaulieu drew up his army, defending every passage, especially the bridge of Lodi, across which he justly thought Napoleon would attempt to force his way.

The wooden bridge of Lodi was now to be the scene of one of the most celebrated actions of the war. It was a great neglect in Beaulieu to leave it standing when he removed his head-quarters to the east bank of the Adda; his outposts were driven rapidly through the old straggling town of Lodi on the 10th; and the French, sheltering themselves behind the walls and the houses, lay ready to attempt the passage of the bridge. Beaulieu had placed a battery of thirty cannon so as to sweep it completely; and the enterprise of storming it in the face of

this artillery, and of a whole army drawn up behind, is one of the most daring on record.

Bonaparte's first care was to place as many guns as he could get in order, in direct opposition to this Austrian battery. A furious cannonade on his side of the river also now commenced. The general himself appeared in the midst of the fire, pointing with his own hand two guns in such a manner as to cut off the Austrians from the only path by which they could have advanced to undermine the bridge; and it was on this occasion that the soldiery, delighted with his dauntless exposure of his person, conferred on him his honorary nickname of *The Little Corporal.* In the meantime, he had sent General Beaumont and the cavalry to attempt the passage of the river, by a distant ford (which they had much difficulty in effecting), and awaited with anxiety the moment when they should appear on the enemy's flank. When that took place, Beaulieu's line, of course, showed some confusion, and Napoleon instantly gave the word. A column of grenadiers, which he had kept ready drawn up close to the bridge, but under shelter of the houses, was in a moment wheeled to the left, and its leading files placed on the bridge. The men rushed on, shouting *Vive la République!* but the storm of grape-shot for a moment checked them. Bona-

parte, Lannes, Berthier, and Lallemagne, hurried to the front, and rallied and cheered the men. The column dashed across the bridge in despite of the tempest of fire that thinned them. The brave Lannes was the first who reached the other side, Napoleon himself was the second. The Austrian artillery-men were bayoneted at their guns, ere the other troops, whom Beaulieu had removed too far back in his anxiety to avoid the French battery, could come to their assistance. Beaumont pressed gallantly with his horse upon the flank, and Napoelon's infantry formed rapidly as they passed the bridge and charged on the instant; the Austrian line became involved in inextricable confusion, broke up, and fled. The slaughter on their side was great; on the French side, there fell only two hundred men. With such rapidity, and consequently with so little loss, did Bonaparte execute this dazzling adventure —"the terrible passage," as he himself called it, "of the bridge of Lodi."

It was, indeed, terrible to the enemy. It deprived them of another excellent line of defense, and raised the enthusiasm of the French soldiery to a pitch of irresistible daring. Beaulieu, nevertheless, contrived to withdraw his troops in much better style than Bonaparte had anticipated. He gathered the scattered frag-

ments of his force together, and soon threw the line of the Mincio, a tributary of the Po, between himself and his enemy. The great object, however, had been attained: no obstacle now remained between the victorious invader and the rich and noble capital of Lombardy. The garrison of Pizzighitone, seeing themselves effectually cut off from the Austrian army, capitulated. The French cavalry pursued Beaulieu as far as Cremona, which town they seized; and Bonaparte himself prepared to march upon Milan. It was after one of these affairs that an old Hungarian officer was brought prisoner to Bonaparte, who entered into conversation with him, and among other matters questioned him "what he thought of the state of the war?" "Nothing," replied the old gentleman, who did not know he was addressing the general-in-chief, "nothing can be worse. Here is a young man who knows absolutely nothing of the rules of war; to-day he is in our rear, to-morrow on our flank, next day again in our front. Such violations of the principles of the art of war are intolerable!"

The charming and fruitful plains of Lombardy, which, conquered by Austria, were ruled by the Archduke Ferdinand, were now in the hands of Napoleon. While the Austrians withdrew into the Tyrol, Ferdinand and the duchess

sadly retired from the palace of Milan. In the very ranks of the retreating troops, the revolutionary party, secretly existing here, as well as elsewhere beneath the Austrian flag, displayed openly the tri-color cockade, and the municipal authorities waited with a cordial welcome upon the victorious Corsican. A month after the decisive blow at Monte Notte, and four days after the bloody affair at Lodi, Napoleon entered the capital of the Lombard kings in complete and splendid triumph. Of the Italian powers, Naples alone remained hostile and unconquered.

Napoleon's intention to humble Rome, however, was not concealed, when fitting provocation or opportunity came. Persuaded that all the princes of the invaded peninsula were opposed to his progress, he resolved to make thorough work of the conquest, and regarded those who were not with him as against him. The Dukes of Parma and Modena, possessed of great wealth but with small defense, submitted to his terms of tribute money, and a contribution of fine old paintings for the galleries of Paris. He then issued another thrilling address to his army, already flushed with victory, and impatient to follow their deified general.

"Soldiers! you have descended like a torrent from the Apennines. You have overwhelmed

everything which opposed your progress. Piedmont is delivered from the tyranny of Austria, Milan is in your hands, and the republican standards wave over the whole of Lombardy. The Dukes of Parma and Modena owe their existence to your generosity. The army which menaced you with so much pride can no longer find a barrier to protect itself against your arms. The Po, the Ticino, the Adda, have not been able to stop you a single day. These boasted bulwarks of Italy have proved as nugatory as the Alps. Such a career of success has carried you into the bosom of your country. Fêtes in honor of your victories have been ordered in all the communes of the Republic. There your parents, your wives, your sisters, your lovers, rejoice in your achievements, and boast with pride that you belong to them. Yes, soldiers! you have indeed done much, but much remains still to be done. Shall posterity say that we knew how to conquer, but knew not how to improve victory? Shall we find a Capua in Lombardy? We have forced marches to make, enemies to subdue, laurels to gather, injuries to revenge. Let those who have whetted the daggers of civil war in France, who have assassinated our ministers, who have burned our ships at Toulon, let these tremble — the hour of vengeance has struck! * * * To

you will pertain the immortal glory of changing the face of the finest portion of Europe. The French people, free and respected by the whole world, will give to Europe a glorious peace. You will then return to your homes, and your fellow-citizens will say, pointing to you, 'He belonged to the army of Italy!'" What chord of a soldier's heart was not touched in this burst of eloquence. Exultation over the past success, the admiring gratitude of country and friends, the glory and revenge of the future, were all concentrated in the brilliant harangue. Then, while robbing the conquered of treasures to support the army, with pictures as *souvenirs* of his conquest, he persuaded them that he was the devoted friend of the common people.

Upon the sixth day after his magnificent entrance into the palace of Ferdinand, Napoleon left its splendid apartments in pursuit of the Austrian general.

A detachment remained to blockade the citadel, which had not surrendered to the conqueror. Beaulieu was intrenched on the banks of the Mincio, with Mantua, "the citadel of Italy," on the left, and Peschiera, a Venetian fortress he had taken, on the right. The Lago di Guarda spread its waters toward the Tyrolese Alps, extending the area of defense, and keeping unobstructed a channel of communication with

Vienna. To this stronghold of a disciplined army, Napoleon moved rapidly, expecting nothing less than a complete defeat of his equally sanguine foe. At this juncture, the Directory were in the trepidation of fear at the spreading glory and commanding influence of their youthful hero, and they decided at once to check his royal march to renown. Their plan was to divide the command, and Kellerman, a distinguished and veteran officer, was appointed his associate, to pursue the Austrians, leaving Napoleon to march upon the Papal dominions. But his reply was characteristic of the man. He immediately tendered his resignation, and added briefly his reason: "One-half of the army of Italy cannot suffice to finish the matter with the Austrians. It is only by keeping my force entire that I have been able to gain so many battles, and to be now in Milan. You had better have one bad general than two good ones."

The Directory were vanquished, and left to the commander-in-chief the undisputed direction of the troops — the last effort to restrain or guide his unexampled career. And here another unexpected delay occurred in the progress toward Mantua. An insurrection had arisen in Lombardy, fanned by the heavy tribute demanded by the French, and the irreverent disregard of their churches and clergy. A rumored ad-

vance of Austrian levies gave strength to the rebellion, until thirty thousand men were ready for conflict. They drove the French garrison before them at Pavia. Then commenced the tragical policy of Napoleon, indicated in his slaughter of the sections in Paris. Lannes was ordered to chastise the insurgents by burning Benaseo and putting the inhabitants to the sword, while Napoleon marched on Pavia, swept the gates like cobwebs from his path, and executed the leaders of the insurrection.

At Lugo, where a squadron of the republican army had been defeated, he massacred without pity the entire population. The remedy was effective — the rebellion was quenched in blood. It is idle to apologize for the lawless destruction of life, on the ground of necessary chastisement. For there can be no excuse for so murderous and exterminating a carnage, when the people merely rose to defend their invaded soil. One such scene in the history of Washington would have darkened his fair fame forever. The truth is, Napoleon valued human life no more in questions of conquest and glory than he did the fruitage of the plains over which he swept, like conflagration and pestilence, conspiring to destroy both the proprietors of the soil and its vegetation.

The versatility of Napoleon's imperial genius

was seen in his familiarity with every department of human progress, and in his perfect self-possession on all occasions. At Pavia, amid the excitements of his conquering presence, he entered its celebrated university and passed from class to class with the rapidity of untamed enthusiasm, and with the precision and directness of a philosopher.

Napoleon, having subdued the Austrian and Catholic revolutionists, pressed forward toward the Mincio, and again Beaulieu was deceived by the strategy of his enemy. He thought Napoleon would cross the river at Peschiera, while he was preparing to make the passage further down at Borghetto. The Austrian garrison demolished an arch of the bridge, which he soon supplied with planks, and in an hour was on the opposite bank. Regarding the immediate work as accomplished, he was refreshing himself, and was about to dine in the inn of which he took possession, when his attendants rushed into his presence, shouting, "To arms!" Bonaparte mounted a charger, and through a retired gateway made his escape. A detachment of the Austrian force, stationed below the Mincio, hearing the cannonade, had hastened to assist their comrades; but, arriving too late, came near capturing the head and soul of the French army, while quietly resting in the rear of the

marching columns of the pursued and the pursuing. Napoleon, from this startling hint, formed a corps of picked men, called *guides,* to guard his person.

From this affair at Valleggio sprang the Imperial Guard of Napoleon, whose fame will be indissolubly associated with that of their chief. Napoleon now laid siege to Mantua, into which Beaulieu had poured fifteen thousand soldiers, and whose walls frowned defiantly upon the hitherto resistless enemy. The Austrian general waited for further reinforcements to garrison this fortress, around which the hopes of millions gathered, while Napoleon beleagured it without delay.

The city and fortress is situated on an island, from which diverge five causeways, the only avenues of access, and these were guarded with intrenched camps, gates, drawbridges, and batteries. With his usual precipitate and well directed action, Bonaparte secured immediately by storm four of the causeways, leaving the Austrians in possession of one, but that the most impregnable, called *La Favorita,* after a grand palace near it. To strengthen his position, he determined further, regardless of the rule of neutrality, to conquer the domain of Venice, stretching away from Mantua. Embracing the pretext of a *reluctant* refusal by Venice to let

the Count of Provence, brother of Louis XVI., find a refuge in her territory — an act of inhospitality demanded by the Directory — he sent garrisons to Verona and similar points of defense. He raised the tricolor at the Tyrolese passes, and returned to Milan to finish his work there. Serrurier remained at Mantua. Naples was under the reign of an inefficient Bourbon, who was an ally of the English at the siege of Toulon, and now of the Austrians in the same cause. He was amazed and terrified at the victories of Napoleon, and sent proposals of peace. Napoleon was glad to consider them, both because he had other employment for his troops than war upon Naples, and a treaty would divert a strong force from the Austrian ranks. An armistice was soon succeeded by peace, which virtually placed in the power of the French the King of the Sicilies. The path toward the Vatican was now cleared, and the Pope himself trembled before the young Napoleon, who occupied Bologna and Ferrara, including four hundred prisoners in the latter town, and the cardinal who commanded the troops. The Pope in haste sent an ambassador to Bologna, to arrange the terms of an armistice. With the surrender of the two cities already seized, and Ancona, Napoleon demanded a million of pounds sterling, a hundred paint-

ings and statues, and five hundred ancient manuscripts for the museum of Paris. For a more definite treaty, he referred the pontiff to the Directory. Tuscany, whose Duke had remained neutral in the contest with France, and even recognized cordially the Republic, next arrested the attention of Napoleon. At Leghorn, English vessels were riding in harbor under the eye of the governor. He was taken prisoner by Napoleon, and sent to the Grand Duke, on the charge of violating the neutrality. The prince was a brother of the Emperor of Austria, and this was evidence against his sincerity to the mind of the French commander, who consulted, under every pretext, the consummation of his stupendous plans. Referring to these abuses of power, he once remarked with apologetic truthfulness: "It is a sad case when the dwarf comes into the embrace of the giant, he is like enough to be suffocated; but it is the giant's nature to squeeze hard."

Thus Napoleon, setting aside even the wishes of the central government, which was imbued with the most fiery republicanism, instead of forming with revolutionary rapidity republics of the submissive kingdoms, more wisely preferred to use them under the safer influence of the established order of things. There is a strange and fascinating preëminence in a mind,

not in the maturity of manhood, treating with sublime indifference the opinions and scepters of a continent, and crowning all by an independence which dared to act without the approval of the authority that gave him his high command.

"The cabinet of Vienna had at last resolved upon sending efficient aid to the Italian frontier. Beaulieu had been too often unfortunate to be trusted longer. Wurmser, who enjoyed a reputation of the highest class, was sent to replace him: thirty thousand men were drafted from the armies on the Rhine to accompany the new general; and he carried orders to strengthen himself further on his march by whatever recruits he could raise among the warlike and loyal population of the Tyrol.

"Wurmser's army, when he fixed his headquarters at Trent, mustered in all eighty thousand; while Bonaparte had but thirty thousand to hold a wide country in which abhorrence of the French cause was now prevalent, to keep up the blockade of Mantua, and to oppose this fearful odds of numbers in the field. He was now, moreover, to act on the defensive, while his adversary assumed the more inspiriting character of invader. He awaited the result with calmness.

"Wurmser might have learned from the successes of Bonaparte the advantages of compact movement; yet he was unwise enough to divide his great force into three separate columns, and to place one of these upon a line of march which entirely separated it from the support of the others. He himself with his center came down on the left bank of the Lago di Guarda, with Mantua before him as his mark; his left wing, under Melas, was to descend the Adige and drive the French from Verona; while his right wing, under Quasdanovich, was ordered to keep down the valley of the Chiese, in the direction of Brescia, and so to cut off the retreat of Bonaparte upon the Milanese—in other words, to interpose the waters of the Lago di Guarda between themselves and the march of their friends — a blunder not likely to escape the eagle eye of Napoleon.

"He immediately determined to march against Quasdanovich, and fight him where he could not be supported by the other two columns. This could not be done without abandoning for the time the blockade of Mantua, which was accordingly done. The guns were buried in the trenches during the night of the 31st July, and the French quitted the place with a precipitation which the advancing Austrians considered as the result of terror.

"Napoleon, meanwhile, rushed against Quasdanovich, who had already come near the bottom of the lake of Guarda. At Salo, close to the lake, and further from it, at Lonato, two divisions of the Austrian column were attacked and overwhelmed. Augereau and Massena, leaving merely rearguards at Borghetto and Peschiera, now marched also upon Brescia. The whole force of Quasdonovich must inevitably have been ruined by these combinations had he stood his ground; but by this time the celerity of Napoleon had overawed him, and he was already in full retreat upon his old quarters in the Tyrol. Augereau and Massena, therefore, countermarched their columns and returned toward the Mincio.

"In the meantime Wurmser had forced their rearguards from their posts, and flushed with these successes, he now resolved to throw his whole force upon the French, and resume at the point of the bayonet his communication with the scattered column of Quasdanovich. He was so fortunate as to defeat a French division at Lonato, and to occupy that town. But this new success was fatal to him. In the exultation of victory he extended his line too much toward the right; and this over-anxiety to open the communication with Quasdanovich had the effect of so weakening his center that

Massena, boldly and skilfully seizing the opportunity, poured two strong columns on Lonato and regained the position; whereon the Austrian, perceiving that his army was cut in two, was thrown into utter confusion. Some of his troops, marching to the right, were met by those of the French who had already defeated Quasdanovich in that quarter, and obliged to surrender: the most of them retreated in great disorder. At Castiglione alone a brave stand was made; but this position was at length forced by Augereau. Such was the battle of Lonato. Thenceforth, nothing could surpass the discomfiture and disarray of the Austrians. They fled in all directions upon the Mincio, where Wurmser himself, meanwhile, had been employed in revictualing Mantua.

"A mere accident had once almost saved them. One of the many defeated divisions of the army, wandering about in anxiety to find some means of reaching the Mincio, came suddenly on Lonato, the scene of the late battle, at a moment when Napoleon was there with only his staff and guards about him. He knew not that any considerable body of Austrians remained together in the neighborhood, and but for his presence of mind must have been their prisoner. The Austrian had not the skill to profit by what fortune threw in his way; his

enemy was able to turn even a blunder into an advantage. The officer sent to demand the surrender of the town was brought blindfolded, as is the custom, to his headquarters; Bonaparte, by a secret sign, caused his whole staff to draw up around him, and when the bandage was removed from the messenger's eyes, saluted him thus: 'What means this insolence? Do you beard the French general in the midst of his army?' The German recognized the person of Napoleon and retreated stammering and blushing. He assured his commander that Lonato was occupied by the French in numbers that made resistance impossible; four thousand men laid down their arms; and then discovered, that if they had used them, nothing could have prevented Napoleon from being their prize.

"Wurmser now collected together the whole of his remaining force and advanced to meet the conqueror. The latter, meanwhile, had himself determined on the assault, and was hastening to the encounter. They met between Lonato and Castiglione. Wurmser was totally defeated, and narrowly escaped being made a prisoner; nor did he without great difficulty regain Trent and Roveredo, those frontier positions from which his noble army had so recently descended with all the confidence of conquerors. In this disastrous campaign the Austrians lost

forty thousand men; Bonaparte probably understated his own loss at seven thousand. During the seven days which the campaign occupied, he never took off his boots, nor slept except by starts. The exertions which so rapidly achieved this signal triumph were such as to demand some bodily repose; yet he did not pause until he saw Mantua once more completely invested.

Napoleon was fond of incidents that tested or developed character. Not a few officers in his army owed their elevation to events which occurred, naturally enough, among the varieties of life in the camp and field, but to his observant eye, revealed the character and capacity of the men. One night he went the rounds of the sentinels in disguise, to see if they were acting with fidelity in the hour of peril. Encountering a soldier, whose post was at the junction of two roads, he was ordered back at the point of the bayonet. Napoleon replied, "I am a general officer going the rounds to ascertain if all is safe." "I care not," said the sentinel, "my commands are to let no one go by, and if you were 'the little corporal' himself, you should not pass." Napoleon retired, and soon after gave the faithful soldier an officer's epaulet.

In the beginning of Sept. the Austrian troops were again moving toward Mantua. Wurmser, with national defiance of disaster, determined to save Mantua and reconquer Lombardy.

He had now an army of thirty thousand, and Davidowich at Roveredo had twenty thousand more, to protect the Tyrol. Of these, twenty thousand were fresh troops. Napoleon was delighted with this division of an immense force, a fact, to his comprehensive view of the campaign, portending another ruinous defeat. And no sooner had Wurmser reached Bassano, entirely separated from Davidowich, than he turned his force with the celerity of a tempest upon Roveredo. The entrenchments of the enemy were strong, and in their rear stood the castle of Calliano, on the brow of a precipice leaning over the Adige, whose waters flowed between shattered mountains; a fortress which seemed to scorn the roar of artillery and the clash of arms. On Sept. 4th, with burning ardor, the French rushed upon the foe. The Austrians wavered and fell back; height after height was swept by the impetuous battalions, until the victorious tricolor waved over the ruins, the dying and the dead. Fifteen field-pieces, and seven thousand prisoners, were in the hands of the French. The victory, for rapidity and precision in the assault, the fearless

impetuosity of the soldiers, and the decisive results, was one of the most brilliant in Napoleon's career, and was so regarded by him.

The following day he marched into Trent. Issuing a proclamation to the Tyrolese, declaring himself their friend, who came to lift from their necks the heavy yoke of Austrian oppression, he pressed forward through the defiles of Brenta, to fall upon Wurmser's division. This general had heard with dismay of Davidowich's overthrow, but prepared with thirty thousand men to meet Napoleon with twenty thousand elated troops, who was impatient to deal a final blow upon the scattered army of Austria. A march of sixty miles, from Trent to Primolano, was accomplished in the incredibly short period of two days. At dawn of day, Wurmser was aroused by Napoleon's cannon, and on Sept. 8th was fought the bloody battle of Bassano. Six thousand Austrians laid down their arms; Quasdanovich escaped with four thousand soldiers to Friuli; while Wurmser, with but sixteen thousand of his grand army, retreated toward Mantua, the stronghold of security and hope, till Vienna might send reinforcements for their deliverance.

Napoleon at this juncture wrote appealingly to the directory for promised recruits. "Troops," he exclaimed, "or Italy is lost!"

He at the same time animated his battalions, and prepared for conflict with the calm confidence of easy victory. "After making himself master of some scattered corps which had not been successful in keeping up with Wurmser, he reappeared once more before Mantua. The battle of St. George — so called from one of the suburbs of the city — was fought on the 13th of Sept.; and after a prodigious slaughter the French remained in possession of all the causeways; so that the blockade of the city and fortress was thenceforth complete. The garrison, when Wurmser shut himself up, amounted to twenty-six thousand: ere October was far advanced, the pestilential air of the place, and the scarcity and badness of provisions had filled his hospitals, and left him hardly half the number in fighting condition. The misery of the besieged town was extreme; and if Austria meant to rescue Wurmser, there was no time to be lost."

With characteristic energy, another, the fourth great army was raised, and Alvinzi, an experienced and able general, placed at its head. With only twelve new battalions, Napoleon prepared to meet these sixty thousand troops, fresh from barracks and quiet homes. General Vaubois at Trent, and Massena at Bassano, were compelled to yield to the advancing

enemy. Napoleon marched to the aid of Massena, and met the Austrians at Vicenza in a short, fierce, and indecisive battle; both armies claimed the victory. The condition of the French was becoming critical.

The extensive region between Brenta and the Adige was in the hands of Alvinzi, and Mantua was still the mighty bulwark of defense. Napoleon saw the necessity of rousing at once the courage of the defeated troops of Vaubois, and guard against a future disaster of a similar kind. He appeared before them surrounded by his staff, with imposing severity of command, and thus addressed them: "Soldiers! I am displeased with you. You have evinced neither discipline nor valor. You have allowed yourselves to be driven from positions where a handful of resolute men might have arrested an army. You are no longer French soldiers! Chief of the staff, cause it to be written on their standards, '*They are no longer of the army of Italy!*'" This rebuke had its intended effect. The proudest veterans wept, and begged for another opportunity to test their heroism. They were restored to favor, and became his most daring soldiers. Napoleon now directed his forces toward the heights of Caldiero, where Alvinzi was entrenched, designing to fall like a descending bolt upon his

division before it could unite with the troops of Davidowich.

The armies met. A storm of rain, succeeded by wind and sleet, beat upon the desperate combatants, through which was poured the fire-sheet and leaden hail of battle. On the furrowed earth, reddened with blood, soon lay four thousand of the dying and dead, when, without decisive victory, the exhausted foes retired from the arena of conflict. Napoleon, with disheartened ranks, fell back to Verona. Nearly forty thousand men were now sweeping their extending lines around the French, numbering not more than fifteen thousand. A bold and immediate blow must be given, or the republican army would disappear like the snow that melted along their path. Leaving fifteen hundred men to protect Verona, he emerged at dead of night from its walls, and, with no intelligence breathed to the anxious troops of his purpose, he moved toward Mantua, where the blockade continued, as if to abandon the unequal strife. But suddenly he wheeled into a road leading toward the Adige, and crossed directly in rear of the enemy. Between here and Arcola, and around it, lay the wide morasses, across which narrow dykes only furnished highways. Arcola must be reached and taken before he could rush between the great

divisions of the Austrian army, and strike fatally with his comparatively inferior force. By daybreak, in three columns he charged upon the same number of dykes leading to Arcola. Like the struggling light of morning, the truth broke upon the minds of the astonished Austrians that Napoleon with his tried troops was again upon them. Augereau first stood upon the narrow bridge on which they must pass. The deadly tempest of iron and lead drove his brave column back. Napoleon saw that, if ever, Arcola must be taken before Alvinzi arrived; and, seizing a standard, he dashed on to the bridge, exclaiming, "Conquerors of Lodi! follow your general!" The heroic grenadiers swept into the hurricane of battle, and again gave way; Napoleon was himself carried on the tide of combat to the very feet of the Austrians to the morass, and well-nigh smothered, while the soldiers of the enemy closed between him and his troops. "Forward to save your general!" rang over the tumult, and, like the falling flood of a cataract, the columns under the tricolor dashed over the trembling bridge, rescued their commander, and carried the passage. This was the battle and victory of Arcola.

"This movement revived in the Austrian lines their terror at the name of Bonaparte;

and Alvinzi saw that no time was to be lost if he meant to preserve his communication with Davidowich. He abandoned Caldiero, and, gaining the open country behind Arcola, robbed his enemy for the moment of the advantage which his skill had gained. Napoleon, perceiving that Arcola was no longer in the rear of his enemy, but in his front, and fearful lest Vaubois might be overwhelmed by Davidowich, while Alvinzi remained thus between him and the Brenta, evacuated Arcola, and retreated to Ronco.

"Next morning, having ascertained that Davidowich had not been engaged with Vaubois, Napoleon once more advanced upon Arcola. The place was defended bravely, and again it was carried. But this second battle of Arcola proved no more decisive than the first; for Alvinzi still contrived to maintain his main force unbroken in the difficult country behind; and Bonaparte once more retreated to Ronco.

"The third day was decisive. On this occasion also he carried Arcola; and, by employing two stratagems, was enabled to make his victory effectual. An ambuscade, planted among some willows, suddenly opened fire on a column of Croats, threw them into confusion, and, rushing from the concealment, crushed them down in the opposite bog, where most

of them died. Napoleon was anxious to follow up this success by charging the Austrian main body on the firm ground behind the marshes. But it was no easy matter to reach them there. He had, in various quarters, portable bridges ready for crossing the ditches and canals; but the enemy stood in good order, and three days' hard fighting had nearly exhausted his own men. In one of his conversations at St. Helena, he thus told the story. 'At Arcola, I gained the battle with twenty-five horsemen. I perceived the critical moment of lassitude in either army — when the oldest and bravest would have been glad to be in their tents. All my men had been engaged. Three times I had been obliged to re-establish the battle. There remained to me but some twenty-five *guides*. I sent them round on the flank of the enemy with three trumpets, bidding them blow loud and charge furiously. *Here is the French cavalry* was the cry; and they took to flight.' The Austrians doubted not that Murat and all the horse had forced a way through the bogs; and at that moment Bonaparte, commanding a general assault in front, the confusion became hopeless. Alvinzi retreated finally, though in decent order, upon Montebello.

"In these three days Bonaparte lost eight thousand men; the slaughter among his oppo-

nents must have been terrible. Once more the rapid combinations of Napoleon had rendered all the efforts of the Austrian cabinet abortive. For two months after the last day of Arcola, he remained the undisturbed master of Lombardy. All that his enemy could show, as a set-off for the slaughter and discomfiture of Alvinzi's campaign, was that they retained possession of Bassano and Trent, thus interrupting Bonaparte's access to the Tyrol and Germany. This advantage was not trivial, but it had been dearly bought."

With the dawn of a new year (1797) Alvinzi was mustering a fifth army for another campaign against the French. The gentry and the peasantry emulated each other in enthusiastic devotion to the common cause, and even the women wrought banners and animated the troops in their preparation for the harvest of death. Napoleon, to prevent the enlistment of the Tyrolese, proclaimed that every man found in arms should be shot. The haughty Austrian replied that for every slain peasant he would hang a French prisoner of war. These murderous threats were ended in Napoleon's assurance to Alvinzi, that the execution of a Frenchman would secure the gibbeting of his nephew, who had been taken captive.

The Austrian general sent a spy toward Mantua, to convey if possible to Wurmser his proximity and readiness to afford relief. The peasant wandered over the country in the plainest guise; but nothing escaped Napoleon's vigilance. He was arrested and brought before the commander-in-chief, when in alarm he confessed that the ball of wax containing the message was in his stomach; he had swallowed it. The means were immediately applied to recover the despatch, and soon the surrender was made, and Napoleon possessed of the intelligence which decided his line of march.

Upon the tempestuous 12th of Jan., at nightfall, tidings came to the French camp that Alvinzi was moving down upon their battalions from the Tyrol, in two different directions. Napoleon was at Verona watching the movements; Joubert was stationed at Rivoli, and Augereau's division was ordered to look after Provera, whose troops were following the Brenta, to form a junction with the force before the walls of Mantua. The plan was to unite the Austrian strength by separate marches, in the rescue of Wurmser, which, if successful, would have rendered the position of the French one of great peril. On the 13th, word was sent to Napoleon that Joubert had with difficulty resisted the superior force which was wasting

his ranks. With another astonishingly rapid movement, Napoleon reached, at two o'clock in the morning, the heights of Rivoli, and in the clear, still moonlight, surveyed the slumbering host, many of whom were enjoying their last repose.

"Napoleon's keen eye, observing the position of the five encampments below, penetrated the secret of Alvinzi; namely, that his artillery could not yet have arrived, otherwise he would not have occupied ground so distant from the object of attack. He concluded that the Austrian did not mean to make his grand assault very early in the morning, and resolved to force him to anticipate that movement. For this purpose, he took all possible pains to conceal his own arrival; and prolonged, by a series of petty manœuvers, the enemy's belief that he had to do with a mere outpost of the French. Alvinzi swallowed the deceit; and instead of advancing on some great and well-arranged system, suffered his several columns to endeavor to force the heights by insulated movements, which the real strength of Napoleon easily enabled him to baffle. It is true that at one moment the bravery of the Germans had nearly overthrown the French on a point of preëminent importance; but Napoleon himself, galloping to the spot, roused by his voice and action

the division of Massena, who, having marched all night, had lain down to rest in the extreme of weariness, and seconded by them and their gallant general, swept everything before him. The French artillery was in position; the Austrian (according to Napoleon's shrewd guess) had not yet come up, and this circumstance decided the fortune of the day. The cannonade from the heights, backed by successive charges of horse and foot, rendered every attempt to storm the summit abortive; and the main body of the imperialists was already in confusion, and, indeed, in flight, ere one of their divisions, which had been sent round to outflank Bonaparte, and take higher ground in his rear, was able to execute its errand. When, accordingly, Lusignan's division at length achieved its destined object — it did so, not to complete the misery of a routed, but to swell the prey of a victorious, enemy. Instead of cutting off the retreat of Joubert, Lusignan found himself insulated from Alvinzi, and forced to lay down his arms to Bonaparte. 'Here was a good plan,' said Napoleon, 'but these Austrians are not apt to calculate the value of minutes.' Had Lusignan gained the rear of the French an hour earlier, while the contest was still hot in front of the heights of Rivoli, he might have made the 14th of January one of the darkest,

instead of one of the brightest, days in the military chronicles of Napoleon.

"He, who in the course of this trying day had had three horses shot under him, hardly waited to see Lusignan surrender, and to intrust his friends, Massena, Murat, and Joubert, with the task of pursuing the flying columns of Alvinzi. He had heard, during the battle, that Provera had forced his way to the Lago di Guarda, and was already, by means of boats, in communication with Mantua. The force of Augereau having proved insufficient to oppose the march of the imperialists' second column, it was high time that Napoleon himself should hurry with reinforcements to the lower Adige, and prevent Wurmser from either housing Provera, or joining him in the open field, and so effecting the escape of his own still formidable garrison, whether to the Tyrol or the Romagna.

"Having marched all night and all next day, Napoleon reached the vicinity of Mantua late on the 15th. He found the enemy strongly posted, and Serrurier's situation highly critical. A regiment of Provera's hussars had but a few hours before nearly established themselves in the suburb of St. George. This danger had been avoided, but the utmost vigilance was necessary. The French general himself passed the

night in walking about the outposts, so great was his anxiety.

"At one of these he found a grenadier asleep by the root of a tree; and taking his gun, without wakening him, performed a sentinel's duty in his place for about half an hour. When the man, starting from his slumbers, perceived with terror and despair the countenance and occupation of his general, he fell on his knees before him. 'My friend,' said Napoleon, 'here is your musket. You had fought hard, and marched long, and your sleep is excusable; but a moment's inattention might at present ruin the army. I happened to be awake, and have held your post for you. You will be more careful another time!'

"It is needless to say how the devotion of his men was nourished by such anecdotes as these flying ever and anon from column to column. Next morning there ensued a hot skirmish, recorded as the battle of St. George. Provera was compelled to retreat; and Wurmser, who had sallied out and seized the causeway and citadel of La Favorita, was fain to retreat within his old walls, in consequence of a desperate assault headed by Napoleon in person.

"Provera now found himself entirely cut off from Alvinzi, and surrounded by the army of

the French. He and five thousand men laid down their arms. Various bodies of the Austrian force, scattered over the country between the Adige and the Brenta, followed the example; and the brave Wurmser, whose provisions were by this time exhausted, found himself at length under the necessity of sending an offer of capitulation."

The Austrian general was now in extremity. His garrison was reduced one-half, the salted horseflesh gone, and famine stalked before his anxious mind. Klenau, the bearer of despatches, entered the tent of General Serrurier, and, with a flourish of deceptive words, conveyed the impression that Wurmser could hold the citadel for several days longer, but would yield upon honorable conditions of surrender. Napoleon started up from a corner of the tent, and presenting through the folds of his cloak his calm face and piercing eye, glanced upon the aide-de-camp, and then rapidly wrote a few lines, which he handed to the astonished messenger, saying, "These are the terms to which your general's bravery entitles him. He may have them to-day; a week, a month hence, he shall have no worse. Meantime, tell him that General Bonaparte is about to set out for Rome." On Feb. 2d, Mantua was evacuated. Napoleon, to spare the heroic Wurmser's feel-

ings, delegated Serrurier to receive the veteran's sword; a delicate and beautiful expression of generosity, which greatly affected the Austrian commander. Besides sparing him the humilation of being present at the capitulation, Napoleon allowed him to retire with two hundred horse and five hundred men unmolested to Austria.

CHAPTER III.

Napoleon and the Pope.—Venice.—Archduke Charles.— Battle of Tagliamento.— Incidents.— Retreat of Charles.— Negotiations.— Pichegru.—The Directory.—Treaty of Campo Formio.— Court of Milan.— Josephine.— Napoleon at Rastadt.— He reaches Paris.— His reception.— Life at the Capital.— Napoleon and England.— He is appointed to command an Invasion of England.— He urges an expedition to Egypt.— Embarkation.— Malta taken.— He arrives at Alexandria.—Addresses the Army and the Egyptians.— March up the Nile.—The Mamelukes.— Battle of the Pyramids.— Cairo taken.— Battle of Aboukir.— Napoleon's Power.— Expedition to the Red Sea.— Siege of Acre.— The Plague.— Napoleon retreats to Egypt.— Scenes in the March.—The Turks defeated at Aboukir.— Napoleon returns to France.— Reasons.—The Domestic Sorrow.— The Reconciliation.—The Crisis.

NAPOLEON now turned his attention to the Pope, whose army of forty thousand men had hovered around the French, waiting only for the opportunity to strike with effect in the holy war for his trembling throne. The intelligence of the surrender of Mantua, and the routing of the Austrian troops, whose splendid array of two hundred thousand soldiers since the war began had melted away before the republican forces, spread terror through the Vatican. But it was decided to offer resistance to the victorious foe. Pope, cardinals, and monks, appealed to every motive of a religious and political nature, to rouse the zeal and heroism of the battalions. In every hamlet the tocsin tolled, and

unceasing prayers were offered. Victor, with four thousand French, and an equal number of Italians, advanced toward Imola, where, on the banks of the Senio, were encamped eight thousand of the enemy. The commander, Cardinal Burea, unused to the weapons and rules of carnal warfare, sent a flag of truce to Napoleon, assuring him that if he continued to advance he should fire upon him — an announcement which sent a shout of laughter along the ranks of the elated victors. Bonaparte, by a rapid march, threw his horse across the river under cover of darkness, to cut off retreat, and then, with the morning, opened the conflict, which in an hour drove all but the dead and captured in confusion from the field. He pressed forward to Faenza, whose closed gates and defiant walls soon gave way, and the unpitied populace were swept before the crimson bayonets like autumnal leaves in the tempest. Three thousand, with Colli, surrendered, and Ancona was entered.

The Directory, with the sanguinary spirit of the revolutionary movement, desired Napoleon to treat with unsparing severity the hostile parties in the conquered realms, especially the despotic hierarchy of Rome. He, on the contrary, with respectful attention, promised the priests in exile in the papal states protection

and food within the monasteries which came beneath his banner. This unexpected mercy emboldened the Pope to send an envoy to open a treaty with Napoleon, which was consummated the 12th of Feb. 1797. Avignon was formally ceded; Ferrara, Bologna, and Romagna, with Ancona, were abandoned; the works of art, before pledged, were presented; and a million and a half pounds sterling paid into the treasury. The pontiff was left in possession of a crown which was, after all, the mockery of royal authority — his holiness swelled the vassal-train of the Corsican. Venice alone remained unsubdued, disputing the claim of the conqueror to universal mastery of northern Italy. With more than fifty thousand troops, that government demanded the right of neutrality, while, Napoleon urged an alliance with France. These soldiers were the wild Sclavonians — the defense of a people discordant and revolutionary. Bonaparte, in view of their condition and his own immediate work, consented to their proud demand, and said, "Be neutral, then, but remember that, if you violate your neutrality, if you harass my troops, if you cut off my supplies, I will take ample vengeance."

Nine days had passed since the conflict began with the Pope, whose consecrated scepter had

made kings kiss the dust of his feet, and the youthful general of France was greater than he. Napoleon now turned to his discomfited, brave, and unyielding enemy. His face was toward Vienna, the capital of Austria. Under Archduke Charles, a talented prince in the prime of manhood, a sixth campaign was opened. Of the French force, ten thousand men remained to guard the Venetian neutrality, while Napoleon took up headquarters at Bassano. His army was reinforced by twenty thousand troops; but he still had but fifty thousand with which to oppose nearly double the number that would pour into the arena of combat.

The Austrians lay along the banks of the Tagliamento, with the mountain-barriers separating Italy from Germany in their front. Napoleon reached the dividing-stream, and after a flourish of his battalions retired to encamp, as if from weariness, and to seek repose. The stratagem was not detected by Prince Charles, whose ranks also withdrew to their tents for the night. Two hours vanished, and the trumpets sounded. The French dashed into the river, and, before the Austrians could recover self-possession, were half-way over. Upon the unformed lines, the confident columns of Napoleon rushed with resistless impetuosity.

This was on the 12th of March. The archduke retreated, and the French pursued, storming Gradisca, and taking five thousand prisoners. Through the strongholds of Trieste and Fiume, and over mountain passes, left crimson with the blood of foemen, they followed the thinning ranks of the gallant Austrians. Meanwhile, General Laudon had descended upon the Tyrol and gained possession of the defended points. The Venetians, encouraged by this success, raised the flag of open hostility, and their friends, wherever in the ascendant, commenced a brutal slaughter of French prisoners in the hospitals of the insurrectionary cities. With these advantages behind the French, Charles thought to retire upon Vienna, forcing the French to march into the center of Austrian territory, and, under the walls of the capital, encounter the valor of the empire where it would glow most intensely and make a decisive display on the field of glory.

At this crisis came orders from the court of Vienna to close the wasting conflict of six years, and embrace the earliest opportunity for negotiating a treaty of peace. A few days before, Charles had refused the appeal of Napoleon to terminate the desolating war, which he maintained alone, and which ravaged the land with no prospective benefit to his country

or honor to his arms. Terror now reigned at Vienna. Princes and royal treasures were already across the Hungarian boundary, and all hearts longed for a cessation of hostilities, which as yet gave the laurel of conquest to "the man of destiny." The result was the treaty of Leoben, April 18, 1797. The preliminary expressions recognizing the French *Republic,* Napoleon ordered stricken out, evidently with his marvelous foresight, anticipating a change in the government, which might require unfettered action, when he should lay aside the sword for the reins of authority. Without waiting to watch the completion of the negotiation, he gave it to safe hands, and, like the lion coming down upon his helpless prey, marched toward the treacherous Venetians, who, trembling with alarm, sought terms of submission. Napoleon replied, "French blood has been treacherously shed; if you could offer me the treasures of Peru, if you cover your whole dominion with gold, the atonement would be insufficient: the lion of St. Mark must bite the dust." His scornful allusion to the armorial bearing of Venice, conveying the assurance of merciless vengeance, spread fear over the city. Amid the chaos of conflicting interests and emotions in the city, Napoleon appeared on the coast of the Lagoon.

On May 31st, intelligence was received that the Senate made no further resistance. But it was his time for revenge, and he began the work. The chiefs in the insurrections of Lombardy were demanded; a democratic government was formed; Italian lands were ceded; five ships of war, and three million francs in gold, and the same amount in naval stores, were claimed; and, added to all, he selected twenty pictures and five hundred valuable manuscripts.

Among the papers of the Count D'Entraigues, an exiled agent of the Bourbons, whom the unfaithful Venetians delivered to Napoleon, he found undoubted proof of the criminal negotiations of General Pichegru on the Rhine with the Bourbon princes, and his disguised action on the field against the republic. The facts were sent immediately to Paris. Pichegru, displaced by Hoche, returned to the capital, became a member of the council of five hundred, and on the meeting of the chambers took the presidency of that royalist assembly.

At this juncture, the troubled, jealous Directory sent for Napoleon. He had assumed responsibility never before attempted by any commanding general. When General Clarke appeared in behalf of the government at Leoben, to dictate the terms of treaty, he set him

aside with perfect coolness and decision and, in the pending cause with Austria, he disregarded the wishes of the republican rulers and surrendered Mantua to that country. At this time, he likewise laid his hand on the revolution in Genoa, and gave the city a new form of government. It is not strange that the central power of France should inquire, "Does the lecturer of the Ligurian republic mean to be our Washington, our Monk, or our Cromwell?" Napoleon despatched Augereau to Paris at the head of the national guard, and assured the Directory that he was prepared to aid them with fifteen thousand men, in the threatened collision with the royalists. Meanwhile Hoche was ordered there by the government with his troops from the Rhine; on Sept. 4, 1797, the minority of the Directory were subdued, and Pichegru, with one hundred and fifty others, was sent into exile. Bonaparte was displeased with the movement, independent of himself, and at the lenity shown Pichegru.

After arranging his affairs in Italy, he was joined by Josephine, at the fine old castle of Montebello, near Milan, where he fixed his miniature court, a delightful country-seat six miles from the city. Here Josephine began to enjoy what circumstances hitherto had denied her since her second marriage — the tranquil-

lity and joy of *home*. She won the affection and homage of the gay Milanese; many lavished upon her attentions expressive of gratitude to the victor, whom they regarded as their liberator. Thus from pure admiration or motives of policy all classes sought with enthusiasm to honor the wife of Napoleon, and enhance the pleasures of her sojourn among the romantic scenery of that country, whose southern boundary was beautiful, fallen Italy.

But she soon became weary of the pomp and ceremony of what was to her, except in name, a splendid court. Balls and the drama, fêtes and concerts, which she felt obliged to grace with her presence, were to her imaginative and sensitive nature the tiresome whirl of a dazzling panorama of vanishing views, and she longed for more elevated communion. She therefore went forth, and under a sky which bent lovingly over her as when she was the charming *creole* of Martinique, looked upon the glorious summits and the unrivaled lakes that slept in their embrace. Her excursions to the Apennines, Lake Como, and especially to Lake Maggiore, afforded her refreshment of spirit and of frame. On the latter clear expanse repose the Borromean Islands, celebrated by Tasso and Ariosto in glowing language. These lie in a gulf, ornamented with tasteful

dwellings and terraced gardens, with the orange, citron, and myrtle to lend shade and beauty to the esplanade. In the distance the Alps lift their solemn brows into the azure, girdled with cultivated fields, mantling foliage, and glittering with ice-plains, that flash in the sunlight like a motionless sea of diamonds. On the other side is the open country, covered with vineyards, dotted with villages and cities, and presenting all the variety of picturesque landscape so attractive to the traveler in Southern Europe. Josephine stood here entranced, like the Peri of this Paradise. At her feet lay the crystal waters, reflecting the green slopes, the mansions of wealth, and the wandering clouds; while the white wings of distant sail-boats passed each other upon the bright undulations. Napoleon loved this resort, where the grand and beautiful encircled him, invested with associations of the glory of a former age. His expanding genius and soaring ambition were pleased with scenes that embellished the majestic heights guarding the land of his victories, and which were silent exponents of his own dawning greatness. Even in his social intercourse he manifested a consciousness of superiority — an isolation of character in avoiding a disclosure of his purposes and feelings, while his penetrating glance and admirable tact drew from others

their every shade of changing thought. Josephine complains of this restless independence and distrust, which withheld from her the unrestrained intercourse of confiding affection. There was in her a transparent candor and lively sympathy, which Napoleon doubtless feared; for secrecy he well knew was his only security while his movements, which had the stamp of destiny, were under the inspection of a legion of powerful foes. And there is always connected with great genius an *egoism,* as the Germans term this self-reliance and irritability, which is unfavorable either to friendship or to domestic felicity. But as far as any object besides the scepter of Europe could reign over his heart, Josephine had control, and was cherished in moments of rest from his stupendous plans with the fondness of early attachment. He was exceedingly kind to her son and daughter, alike in correspondence, and when projecting their advancement and happiness, in proportion to his own exaltation and resources of usefulness to friends. He was not destitute of deep emotion — nor a stranger to the better feelings of our nature; and yet there was ever a conflict between these and the attainment of his chief good — the unquestioned preëminence of power which should overshadow a continent — a principle of action that, in its legitimate result,

would, if possible, map out the heavens and give away to his favorites the stars.

One little incident illustrates his regard for his wife amid the stirring events that heralded his name, and betrays the same superstitious faith in omens she cherished. Isaby, a celebrated artist, painted a miniature of Josephine at the time of her marriage, which he constantly wore near his heart, in the feverish repose of his tent, and in the smoke of battle. When the war-cloud rolled away from the bed of the slain, and the shout of victory drowned the groans of the dying, with the pause of joy that succeeded to the conflict, he not unfrequently drew forth this talisman of his purest hopes and most rational delight, and then hastened to communicate the tidings of conquest to the original. In these the expression once occurs, "In the contest, I think of France, afterward of *you*." By some accident it happened that the glass covering the picture was broken, and immediately the presentiment awakened that Josephine was dead — a solicitude which was calmed only with the return of a courier sent to learn if she were among the living.

The final settlement with the emperor's commissioners, though long delayed, was at length completed, and the treaty of Campo-Formio was signed on the 3rd of Oct., 1797. By this

act the emperor yielded to France Flanders and the boundary of the Rhine, including the great fortress of Metz. The various new republics of Lombardy were united, and recognized under the general name of the Cisalpine Republic. To indemnify Austria for the loss of those territories, the fall of Venice afforded new means — of which Napoleon did not hesitate to propose, nor Austria to accept, the use. France and Austria agreed to effect a division of the whole territories of the ancient republic. Venice herself, and her Italian provinces, were handed over to the emperor in lieu of his lost Lombardy, and the French assumed the sovereignty of the Ionian islands and Dalmatia.

At the TE DEUM, after the proclamation of peace, the imperial envoy would have taken the place prepared for Bonaparte, which was the most eminent in the church. The haughty soldier seized his arm and drew him back. "Had your imperial master himself been here," said he, "I should not have forgotten that in my person the dignity of France is represented."

When about quitting Milan for Rastadt, he presented a flag to the Directory by General Joubert, the messenger appointed for the occasion, on one side of which was the inscription, "To the army of Italy, the grateful country;" on the other a condensed, yet ambitious, bulletin

of his campaign: "One hundred and fifteen thousand prisoners; one hundred and seventy standards; five hundred and fifty pieces of battering cannon; six hundred pieces of field artillery; five bridge equipages; nine sixty-four gun ships; twelve thirty-two gun frigates; twelve corvettes; eighteen galleys; armistice with the King of Sardinia; convention with Genoa; armistice with the Duke of Parma; armistice with the King of Naples; armistice with the Pope; preliminaries of Leoben; convention of Montebello with the republic of Genoa; treaty of peace with the Emperor at Campo-Formio.

"Liberty given to the people of Bologna, Ferrara, Modena, Massa-Carrara, La Romagna, Lombardy, Bressera, Bormio, the Vallentina, the Genoese, the Imperial Fiefs, the people of the departments of Coreigra, of the Ægean Sea, and of Ithaca. 'Sent to Paris all the masterpieces of Michael Angelo, of Genercino, of Titian, of Paul Veronese, of Correggio, of Albano, of Carracci, of Raphael, and of Leonardo da Vinci.'"

But the Directory were, in return for his success, envious of his popularity, which with the word *Liberty,* was traversing the valleys and echoing among the snow-crowned tops of the Alps and Apennines; and they annoyed both himself and Josephine by the subtle vigilance

of spies, whose presence failed to obtain from either treasonable or unlawful aspirations, with which to check, by the interposition of authority, the splendid course of this hero, whose youthful promise was that of bearing at length the prize alone in the Olympic games of blood, whose honors kings and generals had struggled for, and alternately lost and won.

Leaving Josephine and her family at Milan, he reached Mantua, celebrated the funeral of General Hoche, attended to the erection of a monument to the memory of Virgil, then, amid the acclamations of the people, marched toward Rastadt. In addition to the portrait given incidentally in the preceding narration of Napoleon's personal appearance, an additional extract from a letter written at this time by an observer of the triumphal procession, is interesting, and has an air of fidelity in the description:

"I beheld with deep interest and extreme attention that extraordinary man who has performed such great deeds, and about whom there is something which seems to indicate that his career is not yet terminated. I found him very like his portrait, small in stature, thin, pale, with the air of fatigue, but not in ill-health as has been reported. He appeared to me to listen with more abstraction than interest, as if occupied rather with what he was thinking of, than

with what was said to him. There is great intelligence in his countenance, along with an expression of habitual meditation which reveals nothing of what is passing within. In that thinking head, in that daring mind, it is impossible not to suppose that some designs are engendering which shall have their influence on the destinies of Europe."

With the ardent affection of a noble army, who still wept over his farewell; the enthusiastic admiration of thousands in the Cisalpine Republic which he created, who hoped for a future grand Italian union under a democratic constitution; and attended in his rapid course through the hamlets of Switzerland and the cities of the plains with the homage of the people, he reached Rastadt, and appeared before the assembled congress of the German powers.

As only minor points divided the princes, Napoleon, after a few days, hastened to Paris. This congress continued its session from Dec. 9th, 1797, to April 7th, 1799, while Napoleon was on a broader field of intellectual, civil, and military display. For a while, he lived in obscurity, waiting the opportunity for another evolution in the march of events, to unfold his own stupendous plans. He pursued his studies — visited with a select few — and passed with Josephine the quiet hours. The Parisians mar-

veled at the invisibility of their idol. But policy and taste both kept him from the public gaze, in the residence which he occupied before he went to Italy, and which was named in honor of the illustrious tenant, *Rue de la Victoire*. Upon one of the social occasions, when genius and beauty shone around his greater intellect, Madame de Staël, the distinguished daughter of M. Necker, inquired, "Whom do you consider the greatest of women?" Napoleon replied, "She, madame, who has borne the greatest number of children." From this cutting rebuke to her vanity she became his bitter enemy until death.

He was sensitive to the opinions of others, but his conscious superiority and natural independence, made him regardless of it, if personal plans or inclination led him into conflict with the pride and the views of the meanest or the most gifted minds. He became with advancing greatness more formal and reserved in his intercourse with officers and friends, but maintained a familiar converse with the common soldiery. He knew that, from the former, he must keep himself apart, if he would control them and awe the multitude; while, in the absence of encroachment upon his realm of influence from the adoring soldier, his freedom with them had an air of sympathy and conde-

scension which won the deeper love of the troops and the admiration of all.

On Jan. 2nd, 1798, Napoleon left his retirement for the great court of Luxembourg. The treaty of Campo-Formio was in his hands, and the hour of public presentation to the Directory had been appointed. When he came, "followed by his staff, and surrounded on all hands with the trophies of his glorious campaigns, the enthusiasm of the mighty multitude, to the far greater part of which his person was, up to the moment, entirely unknown, outleaped all bounds, and filled the already jealous hearts of the directors with dark presentiments. They well knew that the soldiery returning from Italy had sung and said through every village that it was high time to get rid of the lawyers, and make 'the little corporal' king. With uneasy hearts did they hear what seemed, too, like an echo of this cry, from the assembled leaders of opinion in Paris and in France. The voice of Napoleon was for the first time heard in an energetic speech, ascribing all the glories that had been achieved to the zeal of the French soldiery — for 'the glorious constitution of the year THREE'— the same glorious constitution which, in the year *eight,* was to receive the *coup de grace* from his own hand; and Barras, as presiding director, answering that 'Nature had

exhausted all her powers in the creation of a Bonaparte,' awoke a new thunder of applause."

Talleyrand introduced him, and both his address and that of Napoleon were brief yet brilliant. When the hero ceased, the concourse shouted wildly, "Vive Napoleon, the conqueror of Italy, the pacificator of Europe, the savior of France!" This splendid scene of delirious joy was the homage of the people, and the government keenly felt it. He was elected member of the Institute, the distinguished literary establishment of the capital, in place of Carnot, exiled, and it was believed dead, and was welcomed with similar demonstrations of honor and delight by the cultivated constellation of minds gathered within its spacious halls. Napoleon's economy, personally, was a singular quality of his character. He might have amassed wealth by millions, but limited himself to a moderate allowance. This fact made the meanness and jealousy of the Directory the more conspicuous and significant to him, when the motion was lost in the Chambers to grant him the estate of Chambord. But when the government could use his name or presence, they were very willing to concede his eminence. On the contrary, he wished to have as little to do with them as possible, and secretly despised their authority. It was with this mutual distrust

ripening that Napoleon refused the invitation to celebrate, with the republican leaders, the 21st of Jan., the anniversary of the violent death of Louis XVI. He at last yielded to the urgency of the Directory, and appeared, greatly to their annoyance, in citizen's dress, instead of the general's uniform with which to grace and sanction the ceremony he condemned, as the commemoration of a lamentable, if indeed a necessary, tragedy. His presence was discovered, and the festival of death became a triumphal fête to Napoleon. The air was rent with shouts, and the populace bowed to him, as the forest bends before the wind.

The next grand scene in the Napoleonic drama was the proposed invasion of England; the only great power openly hostile to the new republic. He disapproved the abrupt termination of negotiations with Lord Malmesbury the year before, by the government, but was ready to accept the command of the amply recruited army, and undertake another enterprise, equal in grandeur and difficulty to his genius. In company with a few of his ablest generals, he immediately commenced a survey of the coast opposite England. The result was the decision not to venture upon the doubtful, and if unsuccessful fatal, encounter with a mighty and patriotic army on their own soil. To Bour-

rienne, who inquired if the plan was possible, he replied, "No! it is too hazardous. I will not undertake it. I will not risk on such a stake our beautiful France."

He then turned his thoughts to an indirect blow upon his haughty foe, by a campaign to Egypt, which would, if victorious, atone for the loss of colonies in the West Indies, and embarrass England in her trade with southern Asia.

The expedition to Egypt was finally decided upon by the Directory, who were willing to place the envied general in a command that would remove him to a dangerous climate, and perhaps rid them altogether of his dreaded pre-eminence. He received his appointment April 12th, 1798, and with a troop of *a hundred savans,* to gather antiquarian embellishments for the gallery of the Louvre, which he had already adorned by his contributions from the cabinets of Italy, and also to make scientific researches, he hastened to Toulon to join his assembled army and magnificent fleet.

His own ambitious views are finely expressed in his own words: "They do not long preserve at Paris the remembrance of anything. If I remain long unemployed, I am undone. Everything here passes away. My glory is declining. The little corner of Europe is too small to sup-

ply it. We must go to the East. All great men of the world have there acquired their celebrity." He also said, "Europe presents no field for glorious exploits; no great empires or revolutions are found but in the East, where there are six hundred millions of men."

"The attention of England was still riveted on the coasts of Normandy and Picardy, between which and Paris Bonaparte studiously divided his presence — while it was on the borders of the Mediterranean that the ships and the troops really destined for action were assembling.

"The various squadrons of the French fleet were now assembled at Toulon in readiness for departure. As soon as Bonaparte arrived, he called his army together and harangued them. 'Rome,' he said, 'combated Carthage by sea as well as land; and England was the Carthage of France.— He was come to lead them, in the name of the goddess of Liberty, across mighty seas, and into remote regions, where their valor might achieve such glory and such wealth as could never be looked for beneath the cold heavens of the West. The meanest of his soldiers should receive seven acres of land;'— *where* he mentioned not. His promises had not hitherto been vain. The soldiery heard him with joy, and prepared to obey with alacrity.

"The English government, meanwhile, although they had no suspicion of the real destination of the armament, had not failed to observe what was passing in Toulon. They had sent a considerable reinforcement to Nelson, who then commanded on the Mediterranean station; and he, at the moment when Bonaparte reached Toulon, was cruising within sight of the port. Napoleon well knew that to embark in the presence of Nelson would be to rush into the jaws of ruin, and waited until some accident should relieve him from this terrible watcher. On the evening of the 19th May, fortune favored him. A violent gale drove the English off the coast, and disabled some ships so much that Nelson was obliged to go into the harbors of Sardinia to have them repaired. The French General instantly commanded the embarkation of all his troops; and, as the last of them got on board, the sun rose on the mighty armament: it was one of those dazzling suns which the soldiery delighted afterward to call 'the suns of Napoleon.'"

For six leagues along the Mediterranean shore the grand armament, in the form of a semicircle, unfurled its thousand snowy wings, and threw upon the breeze its gay streamers; while the uniform of forty thousand "picked

soldiers," reflected the unclouded beams of the ascending orb.

On June 14th, the fleet reached the island of Malta. The once brave knights of St. John, soon yielded to the summons of Napoleon, and opened the gates of the renowned fortress. In the eastward sailing of the invading army, they touched at Candia, to obtain supplies; by this circuitous route he escaped the pursuit of Nelson, who, missing the French fleet in the harbor of Toulon, had taken the direct course toward Alexandria, where he suspected Napoleon might next display his troops. Hearing of Nelson's design, he determined to change his course to another port. But the English admiral, finding no vessels in the bay of Alexandria, immediately sailed to Rhodes, and thence to Syracuse, if possible to intercept his enemy.

On July 1st, the French vessels were in the destined harbor, tossing amid the waves of a tremendous gale. Just then a sail appeared in the haze of distance. Napoleon exclaimed, "Fortune, I ask but six hours more — wilt thou refuse them?" It was a false alarm, and the troops disembarked; the horses swimming to the shore, while many a poor soldier went down to sleep beneath the waters.

Egypt was taken by surprise. Her two hundred thousand Copts, or descendants of the

ancient race of the land, the Arabs who were the dominant people in numbers, the Janizaries or Turks, and the wild, fierce Mamelukes, composed the two and a half millions to be conquered. They were at peace with France, but their alliance with England, and the blessings of conquest by French arms, were the pretext of this expedition. While the battalions of Napoleon formed in the order of attack at Marabout, a mile and a half from Alexandria, where they landed, the intelligence preceded their march, and the Turks rallied in haste for the defense of their city. The gates were closed, and a desperate conflict began. The walls were scaled, and the French rushed impetuously and unsparingly upon the furious Mamelukes. With a short and terrific carnage, in which the French loss was small, Napoleon planted the tri-color on the crumbling walls of the city. His apology for the merciless havoc of this first conflict, as in other instances of sanguinary conquest, was the necessity of making at the outset an impression of his resistless force, which should spread panic among his foes. Leaving three thousand men to hold Alexandria, he despatched a flotilla on the Nile, with the munitions of war, to meet the main army at a point fifty miles from Cairo, between which and himself lay sixty miles of burning sands.

On the 6th of July, the regiments filed away into the arid desert, whose furnace heat was filled with tormenting insects, and on whose glowing plain sparkled no cooling fountains. Murat and Lannes dashed their cockades beneath their blistering feet, and many a poor soldier laid him down to gasp and die. The unmoistened brow, unshrinking glance of a seer, and the majestic step of a king, which marked the leader of that feverish host, alone kept the reeling ranks unbroken. Flying groups of Arab horsemen picked up the lingering soldier, and him who left the line of march for a moment.

After a skirmish at Chebreis, and an attack on the flotilla, July 21, the Pyramids rose upon their straining vision. "While every eye was fixed on these hoary monuments of the past, they gained the brow of a gentle eminence, and saw at length spread out before them the vast army of the beys, their right posted on an intrenched camp by the Nile, their center and left composed of that brilliant cavalry with which they were by this time acquainted. Napoleon, riding forward to reconnoiter, perceived that the guns in the entrenched camp were not provided with carriages; and instantly decided on his plan of attack. He prepared to throw his force on the left, where the guns could not be available. Mourad Bey, who commanded in chief, speedily

penetrated his design, and the Mamelukes advanced gallantly to the encounter. 'Soldiers,' said Napoleon, 'from the summit of yonder pyramids forty ages behold you;' and the battle began.

"The French formed into separate squares, and awaited the assault of the Mamelukes. These came on with impetuous speed and wild cries, and practised every means to force their passage into the serried ranks of their new opponents. They rushed on the line of bayonets, backed their horses upon them, and at last, maddened by the firmness which they could not shake, dashed their pistols and carabines into the faces of the men. Nothing could move the French: the bayonet and the continued roll of musketry by degrees thinned the host around them; and Bonaparte at last advanced. Such were the confusion and terror of the enemy when he came near the camp that they abandoned their works and flung themselves by hundreds into the Nile. The carnage was prodigious. Multitudes more were drowned. Mourad and a remnant of his Mamelukes retreated to Upper Egypt. Cairo surrendered: Lower Egypt was conquered."

Such was the battle of the Pyramids. It smote with fear the tribes and nations that sur-

rounded and spread away from the Egyptian capital, even beyond the boundaries of Africa.

Napoleon, who had won by the fiery onset of his troops the title of Sultan Kebir, or King of Fire, and in less than a month had gained the sovereignty of Egypt, was an unhappy man. False rumors of the infidelity of Josephine had reached him.* He was becoming weary of the conqueror's laurels, and evidently had hours of despondency amid the grand and awful game of destiny his youthful hand was playing.

The soldiers of the conqueror, whose heart was corroded with ennui, meanwhile rioted on the splendid spoils of the slain Mamelukes, and the gathered luxuries in the deserted harems and gardens of the chiefs. The *savans* did not forget their mission among the pyramids and other monuments of antiquity. Napoleon entered upon extensive plans of improvement to the country. Canals were opened, which neglect had closed, and means devised to develop the resources of Egypt.

During these events, Nelson had returned from his search, to the coast, where lay at anchor the hunted fleet. And on the 1st of August, ten days after the victory under the

* The suspicions of Josephine's honor, hinted at in a remarkable letter, disturbed Napoleon during the whole of his Egyptian campaign. Bourrienne describes his distress and his plans of divorce six months afterwards, in consequence of some information from Junot.

shadow of the Pyramids, the English directed their prows toward the curve of water between the enemy and the shore — a mode of attack Admiral Brueyes deemed impossible, on account of his proximity to the land. Nelson's plan was a great stroke of naval science; it was to bring his adversary between his lines of cannonade, and embrace them in his divided fleet, whose greeting would be the volcanic fires of death. For twenty-four hours the battle raged, with one awful interlude at midnight, when the *l'Orient* blew up, shaking like a subterranean earthquake, the land and sea. Brueyes perished; three thousand men were slain and five thousand taken prisoners; two riddled ships alone escaped to proclaim the defeat of Aboukir.

The French fleet was annihilated, and with a few more frigates, Nelson might have entered the harbor of Alexandria and taken from the enemy their stores. As it was, he blockaded the coast, and made Napoleon an involuntary exile —with no resources but his arms, and the savage country he had invaded. When the intelligence reached him, it extorted a sigh, and, with unruffled dignity and composure, he remarked, "To France the fates have decreed the empire of the land — to England that of the sea." He then commenced the reconstruction of the government — established councils —

maintained law, order, and justice; and soon commanded the homage, respect, and admiration of the Moslem. That a new impulse was given to agriculture, education, and internal improvements, is undeniable. It alleviates the horrors of devastating conquest to know that Napoleon always attempted the elevation and progress of a conquered people. But this pleasant view of his triumphs does not change the motives he avowed in the beginning of the Egyptian campaign — the pursuit of glory — the attainment of unrivaled power and renown.

He was not a monster of cruelty — a ruthless invader — against whom the kings of a continent conspired in righteous warfare of self-defense; nor was he a Christian hero — a republican patriot, who regarded human life and destiny for two worlds with sacred interest and philanthropic sympathy. He was as often the assailed as the aggressor, and monarchs who opposed him cared more for their crowns and empire than for the peace and freedom of Europe. This was apparent in the joy that spread over the despotic realms when the tidings of the "Battle of the Nile" fell on the ears of the haughty rulers of the servile masses.

Though the country was virtually conquered, the Mamelukes were not all submissive. Mourad Bey, with thousands of his horsemen, was in

upper Egypt. Desaix went there, and with bloody defeats subdued them, while Napoleon was planning in thought, and preparing his strength to beat back, the threatened armies of England and Turkey.

Meanwhile he made an excursion to the Red Sea, to survey the route of a proposed canal to connect the Mediterranean with its waters, and provide a defense on that boundary of Egypt against the Ottomans. Upon one occasion, with a select company, he ventured at low tide upon the sand-flats spreading toward the shores of Asia, where, tradition has it, the Hebrews passed over in their exodus from Egypt.

Upon his return to Cairo, with intelligence confirming the tidings of the allied forces sweeping through the Bosporus and the Straits of Gibraltar, to concentrate their power upon the African coast, Napoleon marched with ten thousand picked soldiers toward Syria, to attack the Turkish armament there before the fleet should arrive to strengthen their arms. He crossed the intervening desert, and "took possession of the fortress El-Arish, in February, whose garrison, after a vigorous assault, capitulated on condition that they should be permitted to retreat into Syria, pledging their parole not to serve again during the war. Pursuing his march, he took Gaza, that ancient city of the

Philistines without opposition; but at Jaffa, the Joppa of holy writ, the Turks made a resolute defense. The walls were carried by storm; three thousand Turks died with arms in their hands, and the town was given up during three hours to the fury of the French soldiery — who never, as Napoleon confessed, availed themselves of the license of war more savagely than on this occasion."

Twelve hundred of these desperate men, who poured down their fire from every window of a large edifice in which they had taken shelter, were the last to surrender. They proved to be the Turks who were released at El-Arish and had been faithless to their pledge of neutrality. These, after consultation, and repeated murmurs of the enraged troops at the delay, were led forth under General Bon among the sand-hills and formed into squares. The blazing musketry soon mowed them down, and their bones whiten the sands where they fell. Much has been said of this slaughter in condemnation of Napoleon. It was a fearful extermination, but, under the circumstances, only an incident in the general warfare of invasion.

At this date, the middle of March, 1798, the plague broke out in the French army in all its horrors. The sufferers grew despairing — the healthy shrank from the couch of pain — and

Napoleon himself went to the relief of the grateful soldier. He walked without an emotion, or at least sign of fear, among the dying and the dead in the hospitals, and encouraged the victims to hope on, and be of good courage. Such scenes exhibit the manly nature of Bonaparte, whose apparent cruelty was the unflinching iron will, which, without religious control, and devoted to military glory, did not turn aside for a barrier of snowy summits, nor when the price of victory was a hecatomb of dead men.

A formidable resistance, it was known, would be made by the ferocious Achmet, pasha of Syria, at Acre, renowned in the annals of the crusades. This bold chief spurned all inducements offered by Napoleon to abandon the Porte and form an independent province under the protection of France; and sent back the first messenger from the republican invader. The second soldier despatched to Achmet was slain. Napoleon prepared to lead his exasperated troops against the fortified city, before which Sir Sidney Smith, to whom, while cruising in the Levant, the pasha had applied for aid, appeared with two British ships of the line. He unexpectedly captured on the passage, at Mount Carmel, the French flotilla bearing the siege-train — a most serious loss to Na-

poleon. In addition to these unpromising events, Colonel Phillippeaux, a classmate at Brienne, but a royalist, conducted with skill and energy the plan of defense.

On March 18th, Napoleon opened the trenches. For ten days he continued the ineffectual attack, when a breach was made, into which the French rushed. The garrison at first suffered a momentary defeat, and this so enraged their commander, Djezzar, that he hurled his pistols at the heads of his swaying columns, which checked them and swept the besiegers back.

Then darkened on the horizon an army of thirty thousand Mussulmans, from the mountains of Samaria, to complete the defense of Acre. At Mount Tabor, April 16th, Kléber looked suddenly down upon the Turkish army, encamped on the plains of Palestine. In the unclouded sunrise, it was a splendid pageant. A shout of rage and defiance rose from the Turkish battalions. After a bloody conflict, threatening the extinction of Kléber's band, Napoleon came to the rescue, and soon the Turks on their flying chargers were hastening from the field. Then he returned to the siege of Acre, on the issue of which hinged the success of his expedition. Day after day, the murderous work went on; and explosions, putrefaction,

and disease, added their terrors to the protracted conflict. Sir Sidney Smith displayed skill and courage in the unyielding strength of his resistance. When sixty days had passed, making a charnel-house and hospital of fortress and tent, the repeated assaults, and momentary promise of victory, were followed by retreat, leaving the noblest officers and men in the French battalions ghastly forms of blackened corruption. Just then a Turkish fleet, with twelve thousand men, appeared in the seaward horizon, moving down upon Acre, to reinforce the exulting Djezzar. Napoleon saw the case was hopeless. On May 21st, 1799, keeping up the bombardment to deceive his foes, he led his army toward Jaffa. The following was his address to the troops: "Soldiers! you have traversed the desert which separates Asia from Africa with the rapidity of an Arab force. The army which was on its way to invade Egypt is destroyed. You have taken its general, its field artillery, camels, and baggage. You have captured all the fortified posts which secure the wells of the desert. You have dispersed at Mount Tabor those swarms of brigands collected from all parts of Asia, hoping to share the plunder of Egypt. The thirty ships which, twelve days ago, you saw enter the port of Acre, were destined for an attack upon Alexandria.

But you compelled them to hasten to the relief of Acre. Several of their standards will contribute to adorn your triumphal entry into Egypt. After having maintained the war, with a handful of men, during three months in the heart of Syria, taken forty pieces of cannon, fifty stands of colors, six thousand prisoners, and captured or destroyed the fortifications of Gaza, Jaffa, and Acre, we prepare to return to Egypt, where, by a threatened invasion, our presence is imperiously demanded. A few days longer might give you the hope of taking the pasha in his palace; but, at this season, the castle of Acre is not worth the loss of three days, nor the loss of those brave soldiers who would consequently fall, and who are necessary for more essential service. Soldiers! we have yet a toilsome and a perilous task to perform. After having by this campaign secured ourselves from attacks from the eastward, it will perhaps be necessary to repel efforts which may be made from the west."

From Jaffa, Napoleon marched directly to Egypt. The sickening scenes of suffering and death, before described, in their passage over the desert-sands, were renewed. And no exhibition of the Satanic and brutal elements of war, besides the murderous strife, was ever more shocking than that transit across the burning

plain. Reaching Cairo, he again gave his attention to the political interests of the conquered land of the ancient Pharaohs. But while his capacious mind was planning governmental bases for the new order of things, rumors came of the descent of the beys of the Upper Nile and of the foreign allies upon the coast at or near Alexandria. The oriental sky thus darkened above him, and his anxious thoughts turned toward France, from which for several months he had received no tidings.

It was an evening in July, when walking beneath the shadow of the Pyramids, he descried a horseman flying over the plain. He proved to be an Arab, with despatches from Alexandria. Eighteen thousand Turks had landed there; the combined fleets of Russia, Turkey, and England, were in the bay, and Mourad Bey, with a Mameluke force from Upper Egypt, was on the march thither. Leaving Desaix in command of Cairo, he descended the Nile, and on the 25th of July, at nightfall, reached the enemy, already in possession of Aboukir. Looking toward the extended camp of his foes, Napoleon remarked to Murat, "Go how it will, the battle to-morrow will decide the fate of the world!" "Of this army, at least," replied Murat; "but the Turks have no cavalry, and if ever infantry

were charged to the teeth by horse, they shall be so by mine."

The morning dawned, and the strife began. The outposts yielded to the valor of the French, but the batteries and cannonade of the ships near the shore checked their advance. Rout might have followed but for the eagerness of the Turks to despoil and maim the troops that fell before them. Murat improved the moment, and, charging their main body in flank with his furious cavalry, spread disorder in their ranks, while Napoleon swept with his infantry through the entrenchments. Then the unsparing massacre became universal. It was personal combat, till the Turks turned from the storm of death, which the more rapid fire of the French poured upon their decimated ranks. They plunged by thousands headlong into the sea, until the waters were covered with floating turbans and were red with blood. Six thousand surrendered unconditionally, and twelve thousand perished on land and in the waters of the Mediterranean. When the daring Murat, who dashed into the Turkish camp, and with a stroke of his sword disabled Mustapha Pasha, the general, and brought the haughty Turk to Napoleon, the victor said, "It has been your fate to lose this day; but I will take care to inform the Sultan of the courage with which you have contested

it." "Spare thyself that trouble," answered the proud pasha, "my master knows me better than thou."

The defeat was complete and the triumph one of the most wonderful in the annals of war. Napoleon, on the 10th of Aug., was again in Cairo. His purpose of leaving Egypt in care of subordinates, and embarking for France, was maturing. Sir Sidney Smith, either as an act of courtesy or to annoy his adversary, sent Napoleon a file of English papers. He learned from them the loss of Italy — the uprising in Rome, which threatened the life of Joseph — the invasions, under the imbecile Directory, of Switzerland and Sardinia, to establish republics after their model — arousing the indignation of the more intelligent republicans, the royalists, and Catholics. These, with many other discordant elements, and imminent perils to France, decided Napoleon to hasten to its coast. His plan was communicated only to Bourrienne, Berthier, and Gantheaume; the latter immediately got ready the frigates and two smaller vessels at Alexandria. Departing from Cairo, with the pretext of an exploration down the Nile, with his selected band of friends, he crossed the desert and arrived at Alexandria, Aug. 22d. Then he apprised the company of his design to return to France; and with accla-

mation they received the announcement. Soon after, the little fleet, the flying representative of the gallant squadron which a few months before sailed toward that shore, was gliding over the blue waves of the same unchanging sea. The usual converse — the intellectual entertainments the master spirit always gave — and other incidents of a voyage — transpired. We glance onward to the gorgeous capital to which Napoleon's restless thoughts were ever turning from the deck of his fugitive ship.

Gohier, President of the Directory, on the 9th of Oct., 1799, gave a splendid levee, assembling the noble and the beautiful of the capital. The ample entertainment went forward — the viands disappeared, and the wine-cup became the inspiration of wit and the pledge of affection. But while the converse of excited genius rang out in sparkling repartee, and beauty smiled, suddenly Gohier received a message which checked his gaiety, and held the throng in suspense. With a serious air, he repeated the announcement —"*Bonaparte landed this morning at Fréjus.*"

There was a blending of vague apprehension, and wonder, and hope. The multitude, during his former campaigns, had begun to regard the rapid and almost miraculous exertions of that intellect, embodied in action that dwarfed all

the great of antiquity into common men, with mysterious awe; and his unexpected appearance on the theater he seemed to have deserted and lost sent a wave of surprise and agitation over these rejoicing hearts, and with the morning light over millions more.

But Napoleon henceforth lived for the most part in retirement; dividing the hours between domestic society and that profound contemplation with which he always matured his magnificent schemes.

He found France retrograding in every respect. The Congress of Rastadt had resulted in the assassination of French plenipotentiaries, and open war. Suwarrow with his battalions had overswept Italy and taken from him his miniature republics. On nearly all of the national boundaries the foe hung menacingly, glorying over spoils of victory, and, to complete the discord and danger, the Directory, distracted by the conflict of royalty with extreme republicanism, was the centralization of anarchy and imbecility rather than of power and dignity. There was necessarily almost universal discontent, and poor France turned with disgust from that substitute for appalling terrorism — the oppressive mockery of a republic.

CHAPTER IV.

Napoleon in Paris.—The 18th Brumaire.— Napoleon at St. Cloud.—The consular government.—The motives of Napoleon.— Reforms.—The new constitution.— Napoleon at the Tuileries.— Josephine.— Personal appearance of the first consul.— News of Washington's death.—The Bourbons.— Napoleon's policy.— Propositions of peace with England.— Causes of war.— Movements of the armies.— Capitulation of Genoa.— Napoleon at Marengo.—The battle.—The results.— Napoleon at Milan.— Renewed hopes of the Bourbons.— A new campaign.— Battle of Hohenlinden.—The emperor sues for peace.— Napoleon returns.— His work of reform of national advancement.—The spring of 1801.—The battle of Copenhagen.—The English take Egypt.— Invasion of England.— Peace of Amiens.—Napoleon's designs of reform.—Treaty with the Pope.— Legion of Honor.— Consulate for life.— Colonial conquests. — Napoleon and the invasion of Hayti.

Napoleon retired again to his quiet dwelling in the *Rue de la Victoire,* to contemplate the events of the past and wait for the moment in the future when the reins of government might be safely seized. He was conscious of the capacity to govern France, and of the sympathies of the people. His purpose, which had for many years been unfolding in his gigantic mind, was now matured. Yet there was preliminary work to be done before the decisive blow was given, which should crush the Directory, and sweep away the Council of the Ancients and of the Five Hundred. Besides, Bernadotte was opposed to him, and Moreau was

likely to resist his power. When he appeared first at Luxembourg, he was welcomed with enthusiastic expressions of devotion. Not a murmur arose over his flight from Egypt. His studied and mysterious reserve did not cool the ardor of the people. He accepted an invitation to a public dinner, gave a toast —"The union of all parties"— and retired. The parties, besides the subdued royalists, were the Jacobins, under Barras, and the *moderates*, or republicans, led by Sieyes. Both of these sought an alliance with Napoleon, whose influence would be a tower of strength. He chose the latter, as better suited to his grand design. His brother Lucien was president of the Council of Five Hundred, who, with the shrewd and unprincipled Talleyrand, was his confidential friend. The 17th Brumaire (Nov. 8th, 1799) came, and with it the distinct and ominous tokens of civil commotion. The dragoons, the officers of the national guard, and of the garrison, who had requested an interview with Napoleon on the evening of that day were astir with excitement; Napoleon had named the next morning for their reception at the *Rue de la Victoire*. The 18th Brumaire dawned, and at six o'clock the military bands were moving toward the humble residence of Napoleon, marching to the strains of martial music, which drew the populace in

throngs along the streets. Bernadotte was there *in citizen's dress.* Having desired Napoleon's arrest as a deserter upon his arrival from Egypt, he refused all the proposals to join the new party, and left the splendid cavalcade around the man who had little cause to fear his hostility, with the promise that as a citizen he would do nothing against him. The Council of the Ancients assembled at the Tuileries at seven o'clock in the morning, and the president declared the necessity of bold measures to save the republic; and announced two decrees for immediate adoption. One was to remove their sittings to the chateau of St. Cloud, a few miles from the capital; the other conferred upon Napoleon the supreme command of all the military force in and around Paris. The motions passed, and the tidings were carried to Napoleon. Mounting a steed he rode off to the Tuileries, to finish the victory so nearly won. He addressed the Council in these words: "You are the wisdom of the nation; I come, surrounded by the generals of the republic, to promise you their support. Let us not lose time in looking for precedents. Nothing in history resembled the close of the eighteenth century — nothing in the eighteenth century resembled this moment. Your wisdom

has devised the necessary measure; our arms shall put it in execution."

While these scenes were transpiring at the *Rue de la Victoire* and St. Cloud, the three Directors, who were not dreaming of a revolution, awoke as from a deep sleep to the crisis. Moulins suggested that they should send a battalion of troops, surround Napoleon's house, and take him prisoner. But he was already in the palace, encircled by devoted and brave men in arms. Barras sent his secretary with an appeal to Napoleon, and received the haughty reply: "What have you done for that fair France which I left you so prosperous? For peace, I find war; for the wealth of Italy, taxation and misery. Where are the one hundred thousand brave French whom I knew — where are the companions of my glory?— They are dead." Sieyes and Ducos had resigned, and now Barras, dreading the exposure of his corruption and bribery, followed.

Bernadotte, whose pledge did not allow of active hostility as a citizen, offered his command to the opposition, urging that this would give the troops a choice of leaders. The offer was rejected, and the Directory of France passed away before the advancing power of Napoleon. The Council of Five Hundred only remained. When they heard of the decree which changed

their place of meeting to St. Cloud, they separated, indignantly shouting, "*Vive la République!*" "*Vive la Constitution!*" Next morning, attended by all who sympathized with them, they repaired for a final struggle to St. Cloud. Napoleon was in the Tuileries, the soldiers were ready for action, and the people anxiously awaiting the issue of these far-reaching events. Murat led a formidable force to the arena of civil strife. On the 19th Brumaire, the assemblies gathered to their chambers.

"The Council of Ancients were ushered into the Gallery of Mars, and, the minority having by this time recovered from their surprise, a stormy debate forthwith commenced, touching the events of the preceding day. Bonaparte entered the room, and, by permission of the subservient president, addressed the assembly. 'Citizens,' said he, 'you stand over a volcano. Let a soldier tell the truth frankly. I was quiet in my home when this council summoned me to action. I obeyed: I collected my brave comrades, and placed the arms of my country at the service of you who are its head. We are repaid with calumnies — they talk of Cromwell — of Cæsar. Had I aspired to power, the opportunity was mine ere now. I swear that France holds no more devoted patriot. Dangers surround us. Let us not hazard the ad-

vantages for which we have paid so dearly — Liberty and Equality!' A democratic member, Linglet, added aloud, 'And the Constitution.' 'The Constitution!' continued Napoleon — 'it has been thrice violated already — all parties have invoked it — each in turn has trampled on it: since that can be preserved no longer, let us, at least, save its foundations — Liberty and Equality. It is on you only that I rely. The Council of Five Hundred would restore the Convention, the popular tumults, the scaffolds, the reign of terror. I will save you from such horrors — I and my brave comrades, whose swords and caps I see at the door of this hall; and if any hireling prater talks of outlawry, to those swords shall I appeal.' The great majority were with him, and he left them amid loud cries of *'Vive Bonaparte!'*

"A far different scene was passing in the hostile assembly of the Five Hundred. When its members at length found their way into the Orangery, the apartment allotted for them, a tumultuous clamor arose on every side. *Long live the Constitution! — The Constitution or death! — Down with the Dictator!* — such were the ominous cries. Lucien Bonaparte, the president, in vain attempted to restore order: the *moderate* orators of the Council with equal ill-success endeavored to gain a hearing. In

the midst of the tumult Napoleon himself, accompanied by four grenadiers, walked into the chamber — the doors remained open, and plumes and swords were visible in dense array behind him. His grenadiers halted near the door, and he advanced alone toward the center of the gallery. Then arose a fierce outcry — *Drawn swords in the sanctuary of the laws! — Outlawry! — Outlawry! — Let him be proclaimed a traitor! — Was it for this you gained so many victories?* Many members rushed upon the intruder, and, if we may place confidence in his own tale, a Corsican deputy, by name Arena, aimed a dagger at his throat. At all events, there was such an appearance of personal danger as fired the grenadiers behind him. They rushed forward, and extricated him almost breathless; and one of their number (Thomé) was at least rewarded on the score of his having received a wound meant for the general.

"It seems to be admitted that, at this moment, the iron nerves of Bonaparte were, for once, shaken. With the dangers of the field he was familiar — he had not been prepared for the manifestations of this civil rage. He came out, staggering and stammering, among the soldiery, and said, 'I offered them victory

and fame, and they have answered me with daggers.'

"Sieyes, an experienced observer of such scenes, was still on horseback in the court, and quickly reassured him. General Augereau came up but a moment afterward, and said — 'You have brought yourself into a pretty situation.' 'Augereau,' answered Napoleon, 'things were worse at Arcola. Be quiet; all this will soon right itself.' He then harangued the soldiery — I have led you to victory, to fame, to glory. Can I count upon you?' 'Yes, yes, we swear it,' was the answer that burst from every line — *'Vive Bonaparte!'*

"In the Council, meantime, the commotion had increased on the retreat of Napoleon. A general cry arose for a sentence of outlawry against him; and Lucien, the president, in vain appealed to the feelings of nature, demanding that, instead of being obliged to put that question to the vote, he might be heard as the advocate of his brother. He was clamorously refused, and in indignation he flung off the insignia of his office. Some grenadiers once more entered, and carried him also out of the place.

"The president found the soldiery without in a high state of excitement. He immediately got on horseback, that he might be seen and heard the better, and exclaimed: 'General Bon-

aparte, and you, soldiers of France, the president of the Council of Five Hundred announces to you that factious men with daggers interrupt the deliberations of the senate. He authorizes you to employ force. The assembly of Five Hundred is dissolved.'

"Napoleon desired Leclerc to execute the orders of the president; and he, with a detachment of grenadiers, forthwith marched into the hall. Amid the reiterated screams of '*Vive la République*,' which saluted their entrance, an aide-de-camp mounted the tribune, and bade the assembly disperse. 'Such,' said he, 'are the orders of the general.' Some obeyed; others renewed their shouting. The drums drowned their voices. 'Forward, grenadiers,' said Leclerc; and the men, leveling their pieces as if for the charge, advanced. When the bristling line of bayonets at length drew near, the deputies lost heart, and the greater part of them, tearing off their scarfs, made their escape, with very undignified rapidity, by way of the windows. The apartment was cleared. It was thus that Bonaparte, like Cromwell before him,

'Turn'd out the members, and made fast the door.'

Some of his military associates proposed to him that the unfriendly legislators should be shot, man by man, as they retreated through the gar-

dens; but to this he would not for a moment listen.

"Lucien Bonaparte now collected the *moderate* members of the Council of Five Hundred; and that small minority, assuming the character of the assembly, communicated with the Ancients on such terms of mutual understanding that there was no longer any difficulty about giving the desired coloring to the events of the day. It was announced, by proclamation, that a scene of violence and uproar, and the daggers and pistols of a band of conspirators, in the Council of Five Hundred, had suggested the measures ultimately resorted to. These were — the adjournment of the two Councils until the middle of February next ensuing; and the deposition, meantime, of the whole authority of the state in a provisional *consulate* — the consuls being Napoleon Bonaparte, Sieyes, and Ducos.

"Thus terminated the 19th of Brumaire. One of the greatest revolutions on record in the history of the world was accomplished, by means of swords and bayonets unquestionably, but still without any effusion of blood. From that hour the fate of France was determined."

Napoleon immediately returned to Paris and communicated to the waiting, anxious Josephine the tidings of that day's decisive scenes; the convulsive throes in which a monarchy was

born of a monster republic. After a cordial embrace, he said to her triumphantly, "Good night, my Josephine! To-morrow we sleep in the palace of the Luxembourg."

The next morning, the consuls met in council. Napoleon displayed his versatile talent by the superiority of his knowledge on all questions of governmental, civil, and social reform. And the words of Sieyes, when he returned to his house, where Talleyrand and others were assembled, fell like a knell upon their ears; and their ambition to divide the power with Napoleon vanished forever. "Gentlemen," he exclaimed, "I perceive that you have got a master. Bonaparte can do, and will do, everything himself." Then, thoughtfully pausing a few moments, he added, "But it is better to submit than to protract dissension forever."

This stride of the Corsican General, not yet thirty years old, toward the summit of absolute rule, has been the theme of bitterest condemnation, and is one of the most difficult questions in all his surprising career rightly to consider and justly to settle. That France was not prepared for the rational construction and enjoyment of a republic like our own cannot be denied. Furthermore, that wearied with ten years of successive revolutions, and new constitutions, the masses were ready for any form

of stable authority, under the disguise of freedom, is equally clear. On the other hand, Napoleon was ambitious, and without an effort to mold into form and durability the elements of democratic government, he dissolved the legislative assemblies, and, by a resort to arms, which if opposed might have ended in sanguinary civil war, crushed out every germ of a republican state, and sat down upon a throne, which the populace did not at first behold, because obscured by the satellites he kept in servile evolutions between *it* and those who bowed before their idol.

Dizzy and dazzled with his own premature greatness, Napoleon doubtless believed he was doing the best for France, while bringing her under the undisputed sway of his transcendent genius. But he was responsible for the absence of those moral qualities, that enlightened conscience, and regard for man as possessed of inalienable rights, and sighing the world over for freedom, which gave the world a Washington. How great the temptation to the Father of American liberty, at one crisis in the great struggle, to become a king; and how indignantly he spurned it, and would rather have been a bleeding sacrifice upon the demolished altar of freedom, than grace a throne of willing subjects! Napoleon has been maligned by Eng-

lish historians, but "no sorcery of words," nor admiration of the biographer, can make him compare, except in glaring contrast, with the youthful chieftain of Valley Forge and the sage of Mount Vernon.

Napoleon, with no opposition but the hatred of the powerless Jacobins, set about the reorganization of the empire and the administration of its chaotic affairs. The first act of the consuls was to arrange the finances of the nation, which were in a disordered and burdensome condition. Twenty-five per cent. was added to the regular taxes, and the revenue fixed on a systematic basis of income and expenditure. The "Law of Hostages" which confined multitudes of innocent people in prison, on account of the real or imagined crimes of their exiled friends, was wiped from the statute book, and the captives ushered into the light of day. The humane deed spread joy over France and increased the popularity of Napoleon. The next and most honorable stroke of policy was the reopening of the Christian temples for religious worship, in the face of that skeptical, materialistic philosophy which has ever been the curse of the nation, and was imported into the heritage of the noble pilgrims, from that fair land, during the revolutionary war. Without a belief in the personality, holiness, and power of

God, and the spiritual worship and religious institutions which attend it, a republic never did long, and never can permanently, exist. Napoleon understood this want among a people, although he was not a Christian. He carried the measure restoring nominally Christianity on the ground of its utility —the necessity of it in the progress and control of a great nation. He secured immediately the devoted fidelity of not less than twenty thousand of the clergy who had pined for months or years in prison. Shipwrecked exiles were set free. Lafayette and other conspicuous revolutionists who had been banished were recalled — of whom Carnot was made secretary of war, and soon showed the wisdom of the choice by his reforms in the army, which neglect of the Directory had weakened and divided. The time had arrived for the formation and announcement of a new government for the people. Sieyes presented a plan to Napoleon, in which the chief magistrate was to be styled grand Elector — having a splendid salary, but only the form of authority. Napoleon, with contempt, rejected the proposal, and a constitution was accepted, December 14, 1799, which made him First Consul.

The *first consul* was virtually sole regent, whose authority, by the confirmation of the legislative body, was nearly dictatorial. He was

elected for ten years, and was re-eligible. He was also irresponsible, and appointed all the employés of peace and war. He was the head of the army. By the organ of the council of state, and of the ministry, who were entirely dependent on him, he had the right of proposing laws. He controlled the finance, police, war, peace and alliances. Indeed, the checks upon supreme rule were rather apparent than real.

Finding his republican residence too small for his court and ambition, he obtained a removal of the consular domicile to the Tuileries, although the very center of kingly associations and of that hated pomp which the people had trodden in the dust with the blood of their monarch. Everything opposed to the leveling democracy was proposed and carried forward under disguise. The ancient halls of royalty were named the Government Palace, and given into the hands of rulers whose chief wore, in place of a crown, a conqueror's cockade, and for a scepter a sword, which he grasped with more devotion than ever did a despot the symbol of power.

The occasion of this transfer was one of great splendor — resembling an English coronation in the ceremony and jubilant festivity of the scene. The consul's tried and brave compan-

ions-in-arms were many of them in the train which delighted to do him honor. Upon the street walls was engraved in golden letters the word *République* — completing the deception which calmed the fears of the masses unconsciously rendering homage to Jupiter, while, as they supposed, bowing to the goddess of liberty.

The evening of this memorable day brought the arena of Josephine's glory. The spacious drawing-rooms occupied by her were crowded by eight o'clock with the beauty and chivalry of France. Foreign ambassadors, in decorations that were indices of the courts that they represented, veteran officers, and the remnant of an ancient nobility, all assembled to congratulate the hero of Egypt and Italy upon his accession to the guardianship of their beloved France. Beautiful women, in rich apparel and with jeweled brows, shed the light of their admiring eyes upon the flashing star, coronet, and plume, that were the attractive insignia of greatness in that gay assembly. The horrors of civil war which for ten years had agitated and ravaged the realm were forgotten — the dead slumbered in the covered caves of their hurried burial — the guillotine had ceased to haunt the ear with the ominous echo of its frequent stroke, and the nation's heart beat once more freely be-

neath the protecting ægis of that single arm, which had hewn down the riotous mob, annihilated armies, then, overthrowing a miserable government, in the name of a *citizen* had taken the reins of supreme dictation over a submissive and delighted people.

The illusion was successful that met their observation in all this outward parade. The royalists read with hope in this returning grandeur, the indications of a full restoration of monarchy. Guests from every class of citizens, therefore, participated in this magnificent entertainment, with unusual joy. Josephine, attended by Talleyrand, the minister of foreign affairs, entered the salon greeted with the murmur of universal admiration. Her dress was simple, and her manner, then as always indeed, perfectly graceful. The tresses of her hair fell negligently upon her neck, around which a simple ornament of pearls threw their luster, and her features, beaming with benignity, made her a charming contrast with the unfortunate wife of Louis, her admired predecessor. She received the presentation of ambassadors with quiet dignity, and passed through the thronged apartments, smiling on the company with the sympathy and affection of an ingenuous spirit beneath the unaffected majesty of a queen. She was now thirty-six, but retained to a remarkable

degree the freshness and buoyancy of her youth. Her tasteful and unostentatious attire, and the sparkling sweetness of her conversation, contributed much to the manifold attractions she possessed.

"Josephine was rather above than below the middle size, hers being exactly that perfection of stature which is neither too tall for the delicacy of feminine proportion, nor so diminutive as to detract from dignity. Her features were small and finely modeled, the curves tending rather to fullness, and the profile inclining to Grecian, but without any statuelike coldness of outline. The habitual character of her countenance was a placid sweetness, for the real charm of this mild countenance resided in its power of varied expression, changing with each vicissitude of thought and sentiment. 'Never,' says a very honest admirer, 'did any woman better justify the saying, "The eyes are the mirror of the soul."' Josephine's were of a deep blue, clear and brilliant, even imposing in their expression, when turned fully upon any one; but in her usual manner they lay half-concealed beneath their long and silky eyelashes. She had a habit of looking thus with a mild, subdued glance upon those whom she loved, throwing into her regard such winning tenderness as might not easily be resisted, and, even in his

darkest moods, Napoleon confessed its tranquillizing power.

Napoleon, on the occasion described, appeared in plain uniform, decorated only with the tricolored sash, and a simple and beautiful badge, worn with no less policy than taste. A glow of satisfaction played upon his pale features, and upon his countenance meditation as a mysterious presence was always visible. His figure was rather diminutive, as before described, and he stooped in walking carelessly with his friends. Bonaparte turned away with weariness at times from the cares and pleasures of the Tuileries, and sought with Josephine the tranquil scenes of Malmaison.

The tenth day of the decade, and after the restoration of the hebdomadal calendar, every Saturday and Sabbath were passed at their charming villa.

The death of Washington, Dec. 14th, 1799, was announced in France; and Napoleon expressed his admiration of the illustrious patriot, and increased the deceptive halo of freedom, concealing his throne of royalty, by issuing the following order to the army: "Washington is dead! That great man fought against tyranny. He established the liberty of his country. His memory will be ever dear to the freemen of both hemispheres, and especially to the French sol-

diers, who like him and the American troops, have fought for liberty and equality. As a mark of respect, the First Consul orders that, for ten days, black crape be suspended from all the banners and standards of the republic."

The absence of truthfulness in this language is apparent. Liberty was not secured, and France was no more a republic than the empire of Russia is to-day.

Meanwhile the scattered Bourbons and their friends, within and beyond the confines of France, who saw the proportions of a new monarchy appearing through the illusion before the minds of the masses, began to hope that when the preparatory work was completed, the dethroned dynasty would be restored to the sovereignty of the nation. An audience, at night, was granted to the agents of the exiled princes, when Napoleon assured them that the attempt would be sanguinary; he refused all negotiations with any who adhered to the policy of the Bourbons. He quelled the civil war of the royalists in the populous province of La Vendée, and won the principal chiefs to his advancing interest. His rule of action at this period, was expressed in the remark to Sieyes: "We are creating a new era — of the past, we must forget the bad, and remember only the good." He carried out the principle in the consolidation

of power with his own surpassing skill and prophetic eye on the future. He selected one consul from the republicans, another from the royalists — opposite in principles, and yet the creatures of his will — and prevented them by their relation to each other from conspiring against him; and when the unreliable character of Talleyrand was urged as an objection to his elevated position, Napoleon replied, "Be it so, but he is the ablest minister for foreign affairs in our choice, and it shall be my care that he exerts his abilities." Carnot, in like manner, was objected to as a firm republican. "Republican or not," answered Napoleon, "he is one of the last Frenchmen that would wish to see France dismembered. Let us avail ourselves of his unrivaled talents in the war department, while he is willing to place them at our command." All parties equally cried out against the falsehood, duplicity, and, in fact, avowed profligacy, of Fouché. "Fouché," said Bonaparte, "and Fouché alone, is able to conduct the ministry of the police: he alone has a perfect knowledge of all the factions and intrigues which have been spreading misery through France. We cannot create men: we must take such as we find; and it is easier to modify by circumstances the feelings and con-

duct of an able servant than to supply his place."

Civil liberty was enjoyed, although political liberty was not secured. There was equality in the presence of law for all Frenchmen, while the same forms of trial were decreed for the people.

With a tranquil kingdom at his feet, Napoleon's next and serious care was the menacing attitude of Austria and England. Russia had abandoned the alliance, and the autocrat seemed to have been suddenly smitten with admiration for Napoleon. Austria, in his absence during the Egyptian campaign, had invaded northern Italy, and England, with Nelson's victories to revive her courage, was unchanged in her attitude toward France. The consul hoping, however, that by advances from himself, peace might be secured, he disregarded the etiquette of diplomacy, and directed the following letter to George the Third.

"French Republic — Sovereignty of the People — Liberty and Equality."

"*Bonaparte, First Consul of the Republic, to his Majesty the King of Great Britain and Ireland:*

"Called by the wishes of the French nation to occupy the first magistracy of the republic, I have thought proper, in commencing the dis-

charge of its duties, to communicate the event directly to your majesty.

"Must the war, which for eight years has ravaged the four quarters of the world, be eternal? Is there no room for accommodation? How can the two most enlightened nations of Europe, stronger and more powerful than is necessary for their safety and independence, sacrifice commercial advantages, internal prosperity, and domestic happiness, to vain ideas of grandeur? Whence comes it that they do not feel peace to be the first of wants as well as of glories? These sentiments cannot be new to the heart of your majesty, who rule over a free nation with no other view than to render it happy. Your majesty will see in this overture only my sincere desire to contribute effectually, for the second time, to a general pacification — by a prompt step taken in confidence, and freed from those forms, which however necessary to disguise the apprehensions of feeble states, only serve to discover in the powerful a mutual wish to deceive.

"France and England, abusing their strength, may long defer the period of utter exhaustion; but I will venture to say, that the fate of all civilized nations is concerned in the termination of a war, the flames of which are

raging throughout the whole world. I have the honor to be, etc., etc., etc.

"BONAPARTE."

In accordance with the constitution of England, the response was made through the ministry; and Lord Grenville, Secretary of State, thus wrote to Talleyrand:

"The king of England had no object in the war but the security of his own dominions, his allies, and Europe in general. He would seize the first favorable opportunity to make peace — at present he could see none. The same general assertions of pacific intentions had proceeded, successively, from all the revolutionary governments of France; and they had all persisted in conduct directly and notoriously the opposite of their language — Switzerland, Italy, Holland, Germany, Egypt, what country had been safe from French aggression? The war must continue till the causes which gave it birth ceased to exist. The restoration of the exiled royal family would be the easiest means of giving confidence to the powers of Europe. The king of England pretended by no means to dictate anything as to the internal policy of France; but he was compelled to say, that he saw nothing in the circumstances under which the new government had been set up, or the

principles it professed to act upon, which tend to make foreign powers regard it as either more stable, or more trustworthy, than the transitory forms it had supplanted."

It is evident that England, with justice, felt that the sanguinary revolutions, whose last phase was the elevation of Napoleon to supreme command of the restless masses, offered no basis of pacific negotiations. Nothing had transpired, in all the career of the first consul, to inspire confidence in his future reign. The cabinet knew that he loved war, and policy only kept his legions from the gates of London. It is also true, that England was determined to have peace only on the ground of protection to the monarchs whose thrones had trembled before the tramp of Napoleon's battalions.

The king was too haughty and exacting: the first consul, flushed with conquest, was ready, if his terms of amity were not accepted, to open again the sluices of human blood.

And who that surveys the awful excesses and blasphemies of the French nation up to this period can marvel at the suspicions of England, especially when her own preëminently superior institutions and general progress were to her view safe only under the ægis of the limited monarchy she boasted. The spirit with which Napoleon negotiated, and saw the result, is

expressed in his own emphatic language: "The answer filled me with satisfaction. It could not have been more favorable. England wants war. She shall have it. Yes! yes! war to the death!"

On the other hand, the extravagant demands of the British government were rebuked by a letter purporting to be from the heir of the House of Stuart, claiming from the hand of George the Third the throne of the realm over which his ancestors had held the scepter. England was not anxious to close the war with France, nor was Napoleon grieved at the fact; and he did not long wait to declare it. He had the *casus belli,* in British intervention and arrogance, which he embraced with his cherished enthusiasm for glory on the field of Mars.

It was desirable that France should rest from conflict; that the sagacious consul knew and therefore desired it. Had England been more just and generous, disentangled from alliance with corrupt and tottering thrones of despotic power, peace would have stopped the slaughter of men and the sufferings it spread in the homes of Europe.

Three days after the date of Lord Grenville's letter, Jan. 7th, Napoleon's edict was published, creating an army of reserve, comprising the

veterans of former service, strengthened by the addition of thirty thousand recruits.

Bonaparte again addressed the troops in his stirring style of appeal, which kindled into a flame the zeal of the nation: "Frenchmen! you have been anxious for peace. Your government has desired it with still greater ardor. Its first efforts, its most constant efforts, have been for its attainment. The English ministry has exposed the secret of its iniquitous policy. It wishes to dismember France, to destroy, and either to erase it from the map of Europe, or to degrade it to a secondary power. England is willing to embroil all the nations of the continent in hostility with each other, that she may enrich herself with their spoils, and gain possession of the trade of the world. For the attainment of this object she scatters her gold, becomes prodigal of her promises, and multiplies her intrigues."

The preparations for a mighty struggle now went forward with the energy which attended all the grand designs of the pervading genius.

"The chief consul sent Massena to assume the command of the 'army of Italy'; and issued, on that occasion, a general order, which had a magical effect on the minds of the soldiery. Massena was highly esteemed among them; and, after his arrival at Genoa, the de-

serters flocked back rapidly to their standards. At the same time, Bonaparte ordered Moreau to assume the command of the two corps of the Danube and Helvetia, and consolidate them into one great 'army of the Rhine.' Lastly, the rendezvous of the 'army of reserve' was appointed for Dijon: a central position, from which either Massena or Moreau might, as circumstances demanded, be supported and reinforced; but which Napoleon really designed to serve for a cloak to his main purpose. For he had already, in concert with Carnot, sketched the plan of that which is generally considered as at once the most daring and the most masterly of all the campaigns of the war. In placing Moreau at the head of the army of the Rhine, fully one hundred and fifty thousand strong, and beyond all comparison the best disciplined as well as largest force of the republic, Bonaparte exhibited a noble superiority to all feelings of personal jealousy. That general's reputation approached the most nearly to his own; but his talents justified this reputation, and the chief consul thought of nothing but the best means of accomplishing the purposes of the joint campaign. While this service was given to Moreau, the chief consul was not without a daring plan for his own action."

Moreau, though gifted, was not able fully to grasp Napoleon's bold outline of the campaign, and modified it to suit his more moderate action. The consul yielded to individual law of mind, and purposed himself to lead an army into the field. The movements at Dijon were only a disguise in which to cheat the enemy and conceal his greater design. While Austria supposed he was there preparing to rally the army of Italy, and march to Genoa, his troops were pouring from every part of France into the valleys of Switzerland, no detachment being apprised of the destination of any other.

On the 4th of May he left Malmaison, and, embracing Josephine upon his departure, bade her adieu with these words: "Courage, my good Josephine! I shall not forget thee, nor will my absence be long." Two days after, he was reviewing the vanguard of the army of reserve at Lausanne, consisting of six tried regiments of his best troops under Lannes. Immediately orders were given for the whole force, led by Victor, Murat, and other brave commanders, amounting to thirty-six thousand men, to move forward to St. Pierre, a hamlet at the foot of St. Bernard. From this village to St. Remi, over that gigantic crest of the Alps, Great St. Bernard, the route is environed with difficulties apparently insurmountable, and which frown

upon the daring adventurer with hopeless terror. A survey of the fearful ascent resulted in the decision of a bare *possibility* of success; upon which Napoleon said confidently, "Let us forward then!" The mighty cavalcade went steadily up the rugged heights — over precipices well-nigh perpendicular, dragging the heavy artillery upon the trunks of trees after them, while martial music was pouring in thrilling echoes on the ear of the mountain solitude, and the occasional interlude of a charge was beaten, to revive the courage of the struggling host. The eagle left his eyrie to look on a scene that his flashing eye had never witnessed before, and sent down to the dark defiles the cry of alarm; while the wild goat paused in his flight to watch the tortuous advance of the vast Hydra which hung upon the snow-clad declivity, from its base to its cloud-covered brow.

The wondrous marches under the shadow of frowning fortresses, and along the ridges of majestic perilous cliffs, on which Napoleon would lie down and snatch a brief repose — the almost unearthly daring of the troops, and mysterious charm of their leader's voice — cannot be portrayed with pen or pencil. The chieftain descended the glittering glaciers in a sledge, and on the 2nd of June entered Milan

amid the shouts of the populace, who supposed he was sleeping beneath the waters of the Red Sea.

Meanwhile, Genoa, which had been under blockade by forty thousand Austrians under General Ott, and the English fleet under Lord Keith, on the coast, was compelled to surrender; and Massena, on account of his unrivaled bravery amid famine and threatened insurrection of the inhabitants, was allowed to march his troops to the headquarters of Suchet, on the frontier of France, holding the last line of defense on that boundary. General Ott, by his delay at Genoa, gave Napoleon the advantage of rapid advance. Melas, perplexed with the movements of the consul, while Suchet demanded attention for a time, accomplished nothing. But the Austrian commander at length saw his peril and moved on toward Marengo; General Ott was also in motion. Napoleon, who had not heard of the fall of Genoa, was contemplating its relief as a surprise to Melas, when, on the 9th of June, Lannes, who had advanced to Montebello, suddenly came on the Austrian army. At eleven o'clock the battle opened. The Austrians from the surrounding slopes swept the plain with their batteries. The field of carnage was a waving harvest-field of tall rye, which so concealed the opposing bat-

talions that often before they knew their proximity the hostile bayonets met. Lannes fought like a demon, piled around with the dead, and breasting the tide of battle till Victor's division could arrive. It came, and the conflict raged afresh. Lannes said of this horrid slaughter beneath the amphitheater of batteries, "*I could hear the bones crash in my division like glass in a hail-storm.*"

At nightfall the roar of combat died away, and five thousand prisoners were in the hands of the French, and the bloody field was won. When Napoleon rode up, he contemplated proudly the blackened hero amid the ghastly forms of the slain; and immediately gave him the title of Duke of Montebello, in honor of his bravery. The victory fanned the enthusiasm of the French, and roused the desperate courage of the Austrians. The daring Desaix, who followed Napoleon from Egypt, a few months later, found upon landing the consul's request to join him in the new campaign. He is said to have remarked of his beloved commander, "He has gained all, and yet he is not satisfied." He hastened toward the scene of action, to fight under the banner which had streamed in the smoke of battle beneath the shadow of the pyramids. Napoleon moved onward to the village of Marengo, and, finding

no traces of the enemy, sent Desaix to watch the road toward Genoa, and Murat toward Scrivia. On the 14th, Melas with forty thousand men, entered the plain of Marengo, before the dawn kindled on his forest of burnished bayonets. Napoleon had twenty thousand troops; Desaix, with six thousand more, was thirty miles from Marengo. When the conflict began, he caught the sound of the heavy cannonade coming like the roar of thunder to his ear, and, springing on his steed, hurried his division forward. Napoleon sent successive couriers to urge the rushing ranks, on whose timely aid hung the fortunes of the terrible day. The tempest of fire was too wasting to be resisted. The battalions began to reel, fall back, and retreat. While Napoleon with his falling columns slowly yielded to the living masses of exulting Austrians, Melas, confident of victory, retired to his tent, and prepared for swift messengers the tidings of the grand event. At this critical moment, Napoleon's restless eye caught the outline of Desaix's division sweeping into the field. The brave commander dashed onward to salute the first consul; and, beholding the flight on every hand, exclaimed, "I see the battle is lost." Napoleon replied, "The battle, I trust, is gained. Charge with your column. The disordered troops will rally

in your rear." Desaix turned, and met the tide of fiery devastation as a wall of granite meets the angry billows.

Kellerman was ordered to charge in flank, while Napoleon's voice rang along the lines, reassuring his men, and giving with his own miraculous rapidity of action a new aspect to the crimson plain of Marengo. The Austrian army was compelled to halt, and receive the onset of Desaix. The fire was answered, and the hero fell pierced through the heart, declaring his only regret to be that he died before his fame was secure — a transit to eternity no devout mind can contemplate with pleasure. The enraged troops poured a fresh storm of bullets upon the enemy; and Napoleon, who greatly admired Desaix, said, "Why is it not permitted me to weep? Victory at such a price is dear!" The day declined, and the last smile of the sun, after the twelve hours' carnage on whose beginning it rose, flashed over twenty thousand men, mangled and bleeding — the dead and dying, in hideous chaos, among the pools of yet warm life-blood. The tricolor again waved over the triumphant consul, and unnumbered living hearts were breaking beneath the swelling shout of conquest.

The next day, Melas opened a negotiation, whose terms Napoleon accepted. The Austrians

abandoned Genoa, Piedmont, Lombardy, and the Legations, and were allowed to leave the field undisturbed and gain the rear of Mantua.

Napoleon then entered Milan, a conqueror with the mysterious greatness of a military prodigy, and the boundless enthusiasm of the people of France. Four days after the affair of Marengo, he wrote to his associates in office, at the capital: "To-day, whatever our atheists may say to it, I go in great state to the *Te Deum* which is to be chanted in the cathedral of Milan;" an expression indicating that external regard to forms of religious worship which his convictions of the Divine sovereignty, and sagacious policy in governing men, approved.

Massena received the command of the army of Italy. Jourdan was minister in Piedmont. The first consul started for Paris. His journey was the march of a nation's idol, to whom their wildest and most sounding homage was paid. On July 2nd he arrived at the Tuileries, and the Parisians seemed frantic with joy. Illuminations nightly made the city flash and glow like a magnificent temple, whose dome was the bending sky, filled with acclamations.

During the month of Aug., the Jacobins, who hated as bitterly the royalist, as they had ardently admired their republican leader, before his

apostasy, plotted his assassination. Ceracchi, a sculptor, who modeled a bust of Napoleon, came from Italy to aid in the design. The plan was to surround Napoleon in the entrance of the theater and stab him. But a conspirator betrayed his comrades, and they were arrested at the moment the consul was expected, and quietly given into the hands of justice.

On Sept. 5th, Malta surrendered to the English under Lord Keith, which increased the indisposition to close the war with France on the part of England, whose government had bound Austria to her consent, before a treaty could be definitely signed.

"During the armistice, which lasted from the 15th of June to the 17th of Nov., the exiled princes of the house of Bourbon made some more ineffectual endeavors to induce the chief consul to be the Monk of France. The Abbé de Montesquieu, secret agent for the Count de Lille, afterward Louis XVIII., prevailed on the third consul, Le Brun, to lay before Bonaparte a letter addressed to him by that prince. These intrigues, however, could not fail to transpire; and there is no doubt that, at this epoch, the hopes of the royalists were in a high state of excitement."

When the armistice expired, Austria, having employed the time in mustering her forces for

war, put her splendid army under the command of Archduke John. Napoleon was also ready for the contest. General Brune marched against the enemy on the plains of Italy, with Vienna in view; General Macdonald was among the Alps, with victory attending his progress over the fields of snow; and Moreau with twenty thousand men was on the Rhine. On Dec. 3rd he was in the dismal forest between the Isar and the Inn, when at midnight, in a howling, wintry storm, he met the archduke with seventy thousand troops. The roads, which were covered with snow, were lost; the Austrians were bewildered, and the combatants came together not unfrequently column against column. The cannon-balls cut down trees, whose crash added a faint echo to the sounds of carnage and death re-echoing through that horrible midnight. The tri-color again waved over the field of battle, and, with ten thousand dead, the exulting army of the Rhine pursued the retreating Austrians, whose loss in killed and wounded was not less than fifteen thousand.

The capital of Austria was threatened by three proud armies, and its emperor was in extremities. He must let England go, or fall himself into the hands of the French. He dispatched a messenger of peace, and the result

was the treaty at Lunéville, February 9th, 1801. The Rhine was acknowledged to be the boundary of France, which gave to the nation Austrian and Prussian territory; Tuscany was given up, which the consul purposed offering the House of Parma as a royal reward for Spanish services in the war; the new republics were secured against intervention; the Italian prisoners were released from Austrian dungeons; while France was at peace with Europe, England excepted. The terms of this memorable treaty were not immoderate; and they left without excuse the king and cabinet of the British empire, whose isolated position and all-conquering navy were the sources of security, as well as of injury to the French. In the pause of the open hostilities which succeeded the treaty, Napoleon, with characteristic design, transferred his inspiring presence again to the peaceful arena of national glory. Revenues, roads, and bridges, appeared with magical rapidity; and the legal code was cast from the crucible of his molding, creative mind, where everything connected with personal and public interest was fused under its glowing activity, and went forth bearing indelibly the stamp, *Napoleon.*

The spring of 1801 opened with a new aspect of continental affairs favorable to the interests of France. A treaty had been formed with the

United States; Pope Pius VI. had died, and was succeeded by the bishop of Imola, a favorite of Napoleon; and, at the request of the emperor of Russia, to whom the queen of Naples went in mid-winter to implore his mediation, peace was made with that kingdom March 28th. Thus instead of re-establishing the "Roman Republic," upon the second conquest of Italy, the papal reign was continued, as more subservient to the consolidation of the consul's power, than his removal would be. It was no longer difficult to enlist Paul of Russia in the plans of Napoleon. His vanity was flattered; and the Russian prisoners were sent home, equipped and clothed at the expense of the state. England claimed the right of a general blockade of France, and to search merchant vessels of every nation. She was the undisputed mistress of the seas. The neutral powers, it is true, had consented to the principle of blockade and search; but when Russia revived the opposition felt at the first this exercise of authority, Prussia, Denmark, and Sweden soon followed, and united their powers in an alliance against England. Meanwhile, the British fleet, under Lord Nelson, had passed the Sound, to secure an engagement with those allies, before the forces of France and Holland should be added to them. On April 2nd, with a favor-

ing wind, Nelson advanced with twelve ships of the line, besides frigates and fireships, upon the Danish armament, which included six ships of the line, eleven floating batteries, and an immense number of smaller vessels chained together and to the shore, and covered by crown batteries and the fortifications of Amack. The terrible battle opened and raged with fiendish fury. For four hours limbs fell like autumnal leaves — the brains flew on every hand, and blood ran in streams upon the decks. Another complete victory was gained by the naval power of England, and at so fearful a sacrifice that Nelson said, "I have been in above a hundred engagements, but that of Copenhagen was the most terrible of them all." The prince-regent of Denmark was compelled to abandon the alliance with France. A few days before this event, the emperor of Russia was assassinated in his palace, and was succeeded by Alexander, who consulted the wishes of the nobility in a change of policy toward Napoleon.

Malta, meanwhile, had surrendered to British arms, and now came the loss of Egypt, while Napoleon was preparing to send reinforcements thither. The brave Kléber was killed by a Turkish assassin, and Menou, his successor, was unpopular. At this crisis, the English un-

der Lord Keith, on the sea, and Abercrombie on land, made the descent, March 8th, at Aboukir. The French were beaten in a single campaign, and the remnant of the splendid army which sailed under Napoleon two years before was transported free in English vessels home again.

Upon hearing of the fate of his dearly purchased colony, he remarked, "Well, there remains only the descent on Britain." An army of one hundred thousand men was rapidly concentrated on the coast of the English channel, and flat-bottomed boats were ready to convey the troops across the Rubicon, whenever the possibility of avoiding the English fleet should occur. Lord Nelson was again the formidable and watchful commander of the opposing naval force, and, after repeated surveys of the French preparations for invasion, at length determined to move down upon the flotilla, under the fire of the batteries, and cut out the boats of the enemy. On Aug. 4th, before dawn, the bold attempt was made. But the boats were chained to each other, and to the land; and after a brief and furious fire, Nelson retired, without any show of success. A more desperate assault was made August 16th, with more decided results. Everything now conspired to urge measures for peace. Ireland

was restless, and combustible material of a serious kind was accumulating in England. The increase of taxation, to meet the enormous expenses of prolonged conflict, was oppressive, and corruption prevailed in Parliament. The probabilities of a victorious descent upon British soil were becoming daily less, and Napoleon also desired a cessation of hostilities. Pitt, the champion of the anti-revolutionary party, who was too obstinate to yield to any pressure but that of self-preservation, retired from office, and was succeeded by Addington. Lord Hawkesbury, the new secretary of foreign affairs, expressed immediately the king's willingness to make peace.

The congress met at Amiens, midway between London and Paris. Lord Cornwallis, who was conspicuous in the American Revolution, was the English minister, and Joseph Bonaparte was the ambassador of the court of France. About this time Louis Bonaparte was married to Hortense, the daughter of Josephine and the mother of the late emperor of France.

On March 27th, the treaty was concluded and hailed with joy and festivity by both nations. England restored all her conquests, excepting Ceylon and Trinidad, ceded to her by the Batavian republic and Spain. Egypt was

to be restored to the Porte; Malta given again to the knights of St. John, and declared a free port. Neither nation was to have any representatives in the Order, and the garrison was to be troops of a neutral power. This article, which occasioned much discussion, was subsequently the pretext of another hostile struggle. With tranquillity came a ceaseless flow of travel from Britain to France, where, amid the new order of things, Napoleon was the great object of curiosity to the distinguished visitors who resorted to the Tuileries. Fox and the Consul parted with the most friendly regard. The aristocracy were pleased with the regal order of the consular court.

The treaties of Lunéville and Amiens, which thus gave fresh grandeur, and the promise of abiding greatness to the new dynasty, afforded Napoleon the opportunity of prosecuting his vast designs — "vast indeed, for he aspired to nothing less than making France the world-swaying state, and himself its unlimited lord. The measures which he conceived and executed to arrive at this result, were prudent, energetic, persevering, for the most part salutary in their more immediate effects, but also frequently unprincipled, unjust, criminal, and, in respect to their ultimate object, altogether execrable. It was necessary, in the first place, to heal

the yet bleeding wounds which France had received in the Revolution, and to gain the confidence and the gratitude of the people for the first consul. He therefore first tranquillized and subjected all parties, in showing to all equal favor, without giving himself up to any. Then an active life that corresponded with the progress of politics, and especially with the interests of national economy, came into all branches of the administration. Roads were laid out, canals dug, harbors, dikes, and bridges constructed, everywhere ways of intercourse made or facilitated, the spirit of invention was encouraged by honors and rewards, and even the genius of foreign countries was rendered subservient to the French interest. Such establishments and institutions in France itself, and in its vassal states, mark the whole period of Bonaparte's power, and — however many are his faults and his iniquities — the half of Europe is full of those monuments of his creative genius and his greatness as a regent.

"But besides such praiseworthy works, the most artful manœuvers of despotism, and the most insatiable ambition, were early displayed. Fouché, his minister of police, organized an omnipotent army of Arguses and police servants, which soon mastered the domain of thought itself. At the same time the first con-

sul established *special tribunals* through the whole kingdom, composed of judges whom the consul appointed, chiefly officers, truly *revolutionary* tribunals now in the service of the monarch."

By a decree of the senate, April 26th, the emigrants were allowed to return to France upon taking the oath of allegiance. But a greater measure soon followed in the *Concordat*, or peace between the consul and the Pope. This restored the Roman Catholic religion to its supremacy in France, but shorn of its power by the overshadowing authority of Napoleon. In nothing, however, did Napoleon encounter more opposition, than when the Church was the object of regard. The atheism born of a corrupt, despotic system of Christianity, was roused in the minds of the revolutionary leaders into hostility, at the mention of religion. While Napoleon never identified himself with the Church, he defended it, as necessary to the preservation of the state.

The *Concordat* dissatisfied the high Catholic party, and the bishops made trouble for the consul in their reluctant assent to its practical workings; yet it was ratified by the people as the best that could be done in the emergency. It was celebrated in the cathedral of Notre Dame, where Napoleon appeared in state.

A national system of education, as a substitute for the institutions of learning which disappeared with the influence and position of the clergy was adopted; and the Polytechnic School was established under Monge — an institute which furnished France with gifted men during the succeeding years of its prosperity. The deliberations concerning the *new civil code* were opened, but awoke so much opposition from those jealous of his extending power, that he withdrew, for the time, his projected reform. Then came the splendid link in the lengthening chain which would gather the people within its folds to his throne which he called the *legion of honor.*

The proposition to form this order, met with violent hostility. The idea was evidently suggested by the idolatrous admiration the crowd paid to the insignia of royalty, which glittered on the forms of foreign ambassadors who appeared at the Tuileries. But republican senators saw in it a stride toward monarchy.

The law which created the legion of honor was passed by a small majority, and in the face of great opposition, in the spring of 1802. Merit and not birth, it is true, was the ground of distinction; but still it was a reward which amounted simply to a mark of favor from the prince — a regal smile upon the loyal subject,

whose eminent services were deemed worthy of reward.

Napoleon, with great display and public demonstration, had accepted the office of President of the Cisalpine republic, at the hands of the four hundred and fifty deputies, at Lyons, in January; and the next bold step in taking the reins of absolute rule to himself, was the consulate for life.

The peace of Amiens suggested to the tribune the presentation of some signal expression of national regard. Cambacérès proposed that Napoleon be created first consul without further limitation; the measure was carried, and the statesman repaired immediately to Malmaison, and laid the question before him. He had anticipated the event, and with expressions of devotion to the glory of France, accepted the prospective honor. The polls were opened throughout the kingdom, and the prefects with other officials were busy in behalf of their future emperor. It was a difficult, and even dangerous, thing to say "no!" Carnot alone ventured to enter his protest in the council of state. There were three million five hundred and seventy-seven thousand three hundred and seventy-nine votes cast, of which eleven thousand only were in the negative. Lafayette recorded his enlightened patriotism in these

words, "I cannot vote for such a magistracy until public freedom is sufficiently guarantied. When that is done, I give my voice to Napoleon Bonaparte."

Napoleon was declared consul for life, August 2d, 1802. The proposition was also made to include in the enthronement of the nation's idol the power of appointing a successor; the last act in the creation of an hereditary imperial scepter. This was wisely refused, or rather deferred for a while, by Napoleon. But the words *"Liberty, Equality, Sovereignty of the People"* were effaced from the governmental papers, without exciting alarm among a people whose unstable character, whose vanity and enthusiasm, rendered the yoke of a brilliant dynasty easy, and the throne, reared by their hands, a fascinating substitute for the simpler sovereignty of a republic. The monarchists were in ecstasies, and the consul was well pleased with the change.

Meanwhile, Napoleon, like England before him, was extending his scepter over colonies, near and remote, as fast as the work could be securely accomplished. "Spain had agreed that Parma, after the death of the reigning prince, should be added to the dominions of France; and Portugal had actually ceded her province in Guiana.

"Nearer him, he had been preparing to strike a blow at the independence of Switzerland, and virtually united that country also to his empire. The contracting parties in the treaty of Lunéville had *guarantied* the independence of the Helvetic republic, and the unquestionable right of the Swiss to model their government in what form they pleased. There were two parties there as elsewhere — one who desired the full reëstablishment of the old federative constitution — another who preferred the model of the French republic 'one and indivisible.' To the former party the small mountain cantons adhered — the wealthier and aristocratic cantons to the latter. Their disputes at last swelled into civil war — and the party who preferred the old constitution, being headed by the gallant Aloys Reding, were generally successful. Napoleon, who had fomented their quarrel, now, unasked and unexpected, assumed to himself the character of arbiter between the contending parties. He addressed a letter to the eighteen cantons, in which these words occur: 'Your history shows that your intestine wars cannot be terminated, except through the intervention of France. I had, it is true, resolved not to intermeddle in your affairs — but I cannot remain insensible to the distress to which I see you a prey:— I recall my resolution of neu-

trality — I *consent* to be the mediator in your differences.' Rapp, adjutant-general, was the bearer of this insolent manifesto. To cut short all discussion, Ney entered Switzerland at the head of forty thousand troops. Resistance was hopeless. Aloys Reding dismissed his brave followers, was arrested, and imprisoned in the castle of Aarburg. The government was arranged according to the good pleasure of Napoleon, who hence forth added to his other titles that of 'grand mediator of the Helvetic republic.' Switzerland was, in effect, degraded into a province of France; and became bound to maintain an army of sixteen thousand men, who were to be at the disposal of the grand mediator whenever it should please him to require their aid.

And here we may properly glance again at the conduct of Napoleon toward Hayti.

Eight years after the government of France had, in accordance with the demands of her citizens, abolished slavery forever in the French territory of St. Domingo, and after the blacks of that colony had manfully and successfully battled with the fleets and armies of England, and saved the colony to France, the first consul sought to reward them by reinstating the system of slavery. His deputy, M. Vincent, who had newly arrived from the Island with favor-

able impressions of the blacks, advised him to desist, hinting at the same time that even the conquerors of Europe might fail to gather laurels in such an enterprise.

For this suggestion, M. Vincent was banished to Elba, and the first consul, to make assurance doubly sure, despatched an immense fleet with twenty-five thousand troops under the command of his brother-in-law, General Le Clerc, to reëstablish the "*ancient system*" in St. Domingo.

This force was, in every sense, of a most imposing character. There were the troops of the Rhine, of Egypt, of the Alps, and of Italy; — the flower of the victorious armies of France; — well tried and gallant soldiers — worthy of a better master and a higher cause.

Whether this splendid armament was really sent forth for the glory of France, or whether the first consul was seeking the aggrandizement of his house, by giving to the husband of his sister the "heathen for an inheritance," cannot be known; but, whatever might have been the motive, the result of the expedition was disastrous in the extreme.

On the arrival of the fleet off the Cape François, General Le Clerc despatched messengers to the commandant of the town to indicate his intentions, and also to suggest that he

had splendid marks of favor for him from the consular government. But the officer, acting under the instructions of Toussaint, affected to believe that the ships could not be from France upon such an errand, and forbade the landing of a single man. Finding, however, that the force was overwhelming, and that its commander was resolute, he cleared the place of the women and children, and informed the messenger that upon the entrance of a single ship, the town would be given to the flames. Notwithstanding the hopeless chance of resistance, the outer fort expended its last shot upon the approaching ships; and as soon as the first vessel had passed the outer reef, the Cape was in a blaze — so that in less than six hours this miniature Paris was a mass of ruins.

At every point the approach of the French troops was the signal for conflagration; thus towns, villages and hamlets were reduced to ashes in rapid succession. Consequent upon the peculiarity of the climate, the exposed situation of the French, and the harassing guerrilla warfare of the blacks, the invaders became dispirited and perplexed. Pestilence and famine were soon added to the horrors of war, and in an incredibly short time, out of all the French troops, twenty-four thousand were dead, and

one half of those who remained were in the hospital.

The position of General Le Clerc became one of unmixed anguish. The only ray of light which gleamed upon his gloomy path flashed from the desperate hope of ridding the country of Toussaint, whose name alone was stronger than an "army with banners." To effect this great end fairly and openly, he felt to be impossible; but the French commander soon found that Toussaint had not acquired even the first rudiments in political depravity, for upon receiving an invitation to a friendly conference (in relation to the welfare of a part of the French army which was in distress), the black chief, in good faith, repaired to the isolated spot (near the sea coast) which had been named, and in this wild place he was seized, manacled, and sent to France.

On his arrival at Brest, he was hastily transferred to an ice-bound dungeon in the mountains of Switzerland, where, after a close confinement of ten months, he died.

CHAPTER V.

Omens of discord between England and France.—Violations of treaty.—Abuse of Napoleon.— Remonstrance.— Interview of the First Consul with Lord Whitworth.— Declaration of war.— Successes.— Descent upon England.— Conspiracy.— Pichegru.— Duke d'Enghien.— Napoleon emperor.—The coronation.— Napoleon's sway.— Coronation at Milan.— Napoleon hastens to Paris.— Omens of war.— New coalition against France.— Napoleon desires peace.— The conflict opens.— Napoleon is victorious.—Address to the soldiers.— Marches toward Vienna.—Austerlitz.— Treaty of peace at Presburg.— Death of Pitt.— Royal plans.— Naples seized.— Sub-kingdoms.— Napoleon and Mr. Fox.—Another campaign.— Prussia enters the field.— Battle of Jena and Auerstadt.— Napoleon enters Berlin.— Pardons Prince Hatzfeld.

The year 1803 brought with it omens of a rupture between France and England. The subjection of Switzerland to the consulate, and the rapid enlargement of the empire by diplomatic means, and, as we have seen, daring invasions of independent nations, aroused the fears of England. Sheridan expressed the jealousy and hate of the Pitt party, when he said "The destruction of this country, is the first vision that breaks on the French consul through the gleam of the morning; this is his last prayer at night, to whatever deity he may address it, whether to Jupiter or to Mohammed, to the goddess of battle or the goddess of reason. Look at the map of Europe, from which France

was said to be expunged, and now see nothing but France. If the ambition of Bonaparte be immeasurable, there are abundant reasons why it should be progressive."

On the other hand, Fox, who represented the conservative minds of the nation, used the following language: "France, now accused of interfering with the concerns of others, we invaded, for the purpose of forcing upon her a government to which she would not submit, and of obliging her to accept the family of Bourbons, whose yoke she spurned. . . . No doubt France is great, much greater than a good Englishman ought to wish, but that ought not to be a motive for violating solemn treaties."

England refused to surrender Malta, the fortress of the Mediterranean, according to the treaty of Amiens. In stubbornly refusing to yield Malta to the protection of a neutral power, she thus clearly, perseveringly violated the most solemn pledge. Whatever infringement of the spirit of the treaty Britain may have discovered in the spreading power of France, the letter of the engagement she treated with unblushing contempt. Justice demands the indictment, in this re-opening of bloody conflict. In an interview with Lord Whitworth, Napoleon, with great earnestness, not unmixed with a dictator-

ial tone, and at considerable length, declaimed against the conduct of England. Among other things, he said:

"Every gale that blows from England is burdened with enmity; your government countenances Georges, Pichegru, and other infamous men, who have sworn to assassinate me. Your journals slander me, and the redress I am offered is but adding mockery to insult. I could make myself master of Egypt to-morrow, if I pleased. *Egypt, indeed, must sooner or later, belong to France;* but I have no wish to go to war for such a trivial object. What could I gain by war? Invasion would be my only means of annoying you, and invasion you shall have, if war be forced on me — but I confess the chances would be a hundred to one against me in such an attempt. In ten years I could not hope to have a fleet able to dispute the seas with you; but, on the other hand, the army of France could be recruited in a few weeks to four hundred and eighty thousand men. United we might govern the world — why can we not understand each other?"

At a levee in the palace of the Tuileries, March 13th, Napoleon exclaimed to Lord Whitworth with much warmth, "You are then determined on war. We have been at war for fifteen years. You are resolved to have fifteen

years more of it; you force me to it." And turning to other members of the ministry, he added: "The English wish for war; but if they draw the sword first, I will be the last to sheath it again. They do not respect treaties — henceforth we must cover them with crape."

On May 18th, England declared war. Before the proclamation reached Paris, orders were given to seize French vessels wherever found; and Napoleon retaliated, as soon as the fact was known, by issuing commands to arrest all the British subjects residing or traveling in his dominions. Several thousands, including eminent citizens, were thus made exiles in a hostile realm.

The English prosecuted the war with energy, recapturing French territory; while Bonaparte sent Mortier with twenty thousand men into the Electorate of Hanover, belonging to the patrimonial possessions of the king of England.

The mighty contest, affecting the destinies of the world, had no longer the interest of former campaigns of the republic. Principles ceased to be the spirit of conflict, and the war became the desperate struggle of kings for their regal rights, and the stability of their thrones. Liberty had plainly disappeared from the arena

of prizes for which the nations were contending.

Within ten days after the opening of the conflict by the enemy, the army of the consul had taken sixteen thousand troops, four hundred cannon, thirty thousand muskets, and three thousand five hundred horses, from which the gallant riders parted, like the Hungarians more recently, with tears. Napoleon assured the emperor of Austria and the cabinet of England, that, in this conquest, "he had only in view to obtain pledges for the evacuation of Malta, and to secure the execution of the treaty of Amiens."

"These successes enabled Napoleon to feed large bodies of troops at the expense of others, and to cripple the commerce of England, by shutting off her communication with many of the best markets on the continent. But he now recurred to his favorite scheme, that of invading the island itself, and so striking the fatal blow at the heart of his last and greatest enemy. Troops, to the number of one hundred and sixty thousand, were mustered in camps along the French and Dutch coasts, and vast flotillas, meant to convey them across the channel, were formed and constantly manœuvred in various ports, that of Boulogne being the chief station.

"The spirit of England, on the other hand, was effectually stirred. Her fleets, consisting of not less than five hundred ships of war, traversed the seas in all directions, blockaded the harbors of the countries in which the power of the consul was predominant, and from time to time made inroads into the French ports, cutting out and destroying the shipping, and crippling the flotillas. At home, the army, both regular and irregular, was recruited and strengthened to an unexampled extent. Camps were formed along the English coast opposite to France, and the king in person was continually to be seen in the middle of them. By night, beacons blazed on every hill-top throughout the island; and the high resolution of the citizen soldiery was attested on numberless occasions of false alarm by the alacrity with which they marched on the points of supposed danger. There never was a time in which the national enthusiasm was more ardent and concentrated; and the return of Pitt to the prime ministry was considered as the last and best pledge that the councils of the sovereigns were to exhibit vigor commensurate with the nature of the crisis. The regular army in Britain amounted, ere long, to one hundred thousand; the militia to eighty thousand; and of volunteer troops there were

not less than three hundred and fifty thousand in arms.

"Soult, Ney, Davoust, and Victor were in command of the army designed to invade England, and the chief consul personally repaired to Boulogne and inspected both the troops and the flotilla. He constantly gave out that it was his fixed purpose to make his attempt by means of the flotilla alone, but while he thus endeavored to inspire his enemy with false security, for Nelson had declared this scheme of a boat invasion to be *mad,* and staked his whole reputation on its miserable and immediate failure, if attempted, the consul was in fact providing indefatigably a fleet of men-of-war, designed to protect and cover the voyage. These ships were preparing in different ports of France and Spain, to the number of fifty: Bonaparte intended them to steal out to sea individually or in small squadrons, rendezvous at Martinique, and, returning thence in a body, sweep the channel free of the English, for such a space of time at least as might suffice for the execution of his great purpose. These designs, however, were from day to day thwarted by the watchful zeal of Nelson, and the other English admirals, who observed Brest, Toulon, Genoa, and the harbors of Spain so closely, that no squadron nor hardly a single

vessel could force a passage into the Atlantic."

Still the consul hoped to take advantage of the frequent calms in the channel, which would leave British ships motionless, while his flat-bottomed boats could be rowed rapidly across; or, if all other means failed, he purposed to watch the recurrence of a tempest, which would compel the English vessels to stand out to sea, and then attempt the transit when it subsided, and before the foe could return. In the most favorable condition of things, the truth of Napoleon's remark to Lord Whitworth, was apparent: "It is an awful temerity, my lord, to attempt the invasion of England." Meanwhile, another great conspiracy was formed against the first consul. The theater of it was London, and the leader Count d'Artois, with whom were combined French royalists in the English capital. More than a hundred daring men, under Georges Cadoudal, were to reach France secretly, and, lying in wait near Malmaison, assassinate the first consul when leaving or returning to his mansion. To insure success in the plot to restore the Bourbon dynasty, the aid of the army was indispensable. This object was sought through Moreau, the hero of Hohenlinden, who, jealous of Napoleon, had become hostile and revengeful. General Pichegru, who escaped from banishment in Cay-

enne, and reached London, a man of popular talent, and still a favorite with many of the people, was selected to confer with Moreau. Early in 1804, Napoleon suspected some grand movement was in progress to undermine his throne. At this crisis, a spy who had been arrested, and was on the way to execution, confessed that he was one of Cadoudal's men, and revealed the whole conspiracy. In February, Moreau was arrested. General Pichegru, who eluded pursuit a few weeks longer, while asleep, with his weapons by his side, was suddenly taken by the gendarmes, who, rushing upon him, bound the struggling assassin. Of the Bourbon princes who were suspected of being involved in the deeply laid plot, was the Duke d'Enghien, grandson of the prince of Condé, a promising scion of royalty, who was at Ettenheim, near Strasburg. Circumstances connected with the plan of destroying the consul, made it strongly probable that he was acquainted with it. Orders were issued for a body of dragoons to cross the Rhine into the German territory, press on to Ettenheim, arrest the duke, and remove him to Strasburg. An apology was sent to the grand duke of Baden, for the entrance upon his territory. The prince was seized in bed and hurried away. He denied any sympathy with the conspirators, but

avowed his adherence to the former monarchy and enmity towards Napoleon. When arraigned, he earnestly pleaded for an interview with the consul. This was refused, and before M. Real, counselor of state, commissioned to examine him in Napoleon's behalf, arrived, he was led forth by torch-light, and his career finished by a discharge of musketry, from a file of soldiers awaiting his appearance.

The death of this gallant young Bourbon went over Europe like an electric shock. The emperor of Russia, and the kings of Denmark and Sweden, draped their courts in mourning, and through their diplomatic representatives remonstrated against the tragical deed. With all the reasons suggested by the perils around the first consul for summary justice, the execution of the duke will be regarded as a sanguinary deed of a revolutionary period, for which Napoleon was responsible; but there is not evidence satisfactory to the unbiased mind that he had decided to execute the duke, or knew, until too late, that such would be the prompt action of the court. Retaliation was, however, the law of Napoleon's dealings with his foes, and his blows fell when and where they would be most deeply felt.

Chateaubriand, who was then high in favor with Napoleon, and had just been appointed

minister plenipotentiary to the Valais, instantly resigned his appointment on hearing of the duke's death. This was a strong rebuke to Bonaparte, for, as Bourrienne remarks, "It said plainly, 'You have committed a crime, and I will not serve a government which is stained with the blood of a Bourbon!'" In England, Bonaparte was constantly styled in some of the leading journals, "the assassin of the Duke d'Enghien." On the fatal morning of the 21st of March, before he had finished his toilet, Josephine rushed into the room from her own distant apartments, with her countenance bathed in tears, and every personal care neglected, crying, "The Duke d'Enghien is dead! oh, my friend, what hast thou done?" and threw herself on his bosom. Napoleon is said to have shown extraordinary emotion, and to have exclaimed, "The wretches! they have been too hasty!" Napoleon was not naturally cruel; he pardoned many of his guilty enemies; but he neglected nothing which advanced his lofty aims; and, without the shadow of doubt, desired the death of a Bourbon, to strike terror to the hearts of the royal assassins who thirsted for his blood.

A few days later, Pichegru was found dead in prison, with a handkerchief around his neck;

whether a suicide or a murdered man is unknown, but probably the former.

Moreau was tried, and condemned to two years of exile; and Georges Cadoudal followed in the public trial, and with eighteen others was condemned to die. The defeated conspiracy confirmed Napoleon's authority, and prepared the way for the last stride toward royalty — the right of succession to the crown in the Bonaparte family. On April 30th, a month after the Duke d'Enghien was shot, Curée proposed to the Tribune, "that it was time to bid adieu to political illusions — that victory had brought back tranquillity — the finances of the country had been restored, and the laws renovated — and that it was a matter of duty to secure those blessings to the nation in future, by rendering the supreme power hereditary in the person and family of Napoleon. Such was the universal desire of the army and of the people. The title of emperor, in his opinion, was that by which Napoleon should be hailed, as best corresponding to the dignity of the nation."

Carnot, as before, when the question of the consulate was under discussion, alone dissented. He admitted the greatness of Napoleon, and his indispensable power; but added: "Fabius, Camillus, Cincinnatus were dictators also.

Why should not Bonaparte, like them, lay down despotic power, after the holding of it had ceased to be necessary to the general good? Let the services of a citizen be what they might, was there to be no limit to the gratitude of the nation? But at all events, even granting that Bonaparte himself could not be too highly rewarded or too largely trusted, why commit the fortunes of posterity to chance? Why forget that Vespasian was the father of Domitian, Germanicus of Caligula, Marcus Aurelius of Commodus?"

The senate passed unanimously the decree, and on May 18th, 1804, proceeded in a body to present it to Napoleon, and salute him Emperor of France.

The decree immediately appeared, published in the name of "Napoleon, by the grace of God, and by the constitutions of the Republic, Emperor of the French," and was sent down to the departments, and was ratified by a majority of the popular vote, although but a small part of the nation was represented at the ballot-box. The empire was to descend in the male line; and, in case of having no son, Napoleon might adopt any son or grandson of his brothers; but, in the failure of such provision, Joseph and Louis Bonaparte were named as next in order of succession. Lucien and Jerome were omit-

ted, because the emperor was displeased with their matrimonial affairs, and not in this slight alone made them feel his anger. The members of the Bonaparte family were declared princes royal of France. The senate was the servant of the emperor, over whose decision to the contrary he had the right to publish a law as constitutional; the legislative branch, whose president he appointed, was entirely dependent upon the royal will; and the liberty of the press was annihilated.

On May 18th (1804), Napoleon displayed the imperial insignia, and named Cambacérès, his former colleague, Chancellor, and Le Brun Treasurer of the Empire. His group of splendid generals were created marshals. The theater of enthusiasm was not now in the walks of the people, but at Boulogne, in the camps of the soldiers. There, on a magnificent throne on the margin of the ocean, he distributed the crosses of the Legion of Honor, amid the shouts of his great army. Congratulations poured in from the kings of Europe, excepting Russia, Sweden, and England.

Napoleon, to complete his claim to hereditary power, sent a request to Pius VII. to repair to Paris and crown him — even in this proud act subordinating the Church of Rome to his scep-

ter. The unwilling Pope obeyed, and on December 2nd the coronation was performed.

It surpassed in magnificence all that had ever preceded it. The drapery of the throne was crimson velvet, under a canopy of which appeared Napoleon and Josephine, attended by his brothers, and the members of the imperial family. Four hours were consumed in the religious services by a choir of three hundred, and martial airs from a band whose number was still greater, filling the wide arches of that temple with a tide of harmony such as never before was poured over a silent throng within its consecrated walls. At length Napoleon arose, and taking the diadem of wrought gold, calmly placed it upon his brow. Resolved to impress the people from the commencement of his reign, that he ruled in his own right, the Roman See was permitted to do no more than consecrate the bauble that made him king — Napoleon calmly placed the crown upon his own ample brow. Then raising to his head, the crown designed for Josephine, he passed it to her own.

The coronation at Paris was followed, very naturally, by a petition from the Italian senators, that Napoleon should accept the iron crown of Charlemagne, worn by the Lombard

kings. He immediately set out for Milan, accompanied by Josephine.

It was decided to cross the Alps by Mont Cenis. The passage was a novel and sublime spectacle. The sovereign of an empire, with his charming queen, toiling up the heights over which he had led conquering armies — his thoughts busy with those mighty scenes — *hers* wandering over the waste of wonders, and above them through eternity, of which the solemn peaks seemed silent yet eloquent witnesses.

From Turin the next place of rendezvous was Alessandria, near the plain of Marengo; and here Napoleon could not resist the inducement to stand once more upon that field which had rocked to one of the world's decisive battles, and sent his name like a spell-word around the globe. On the historic plain he reviewed with imperial dignity the national troops of Italy. Reaching Milan, May 26th, 1805, the ancient crown was brought from seclusion, and the dust in which it had been entombed removed from the neglected symbol of royalty. In the grand cathedral of the city, the second in magnificence to St. Peter's, Napoleon receiving the crown from the archbishop's hand, placed it, as on a former occasion, upon his own head.

He repeated during the ceremony, in Italian, these words — "God has given it — woe to the

gainsayer;" raising the iron circlet also to the brow of Josephine. The assemblage of nobility and beauty dispersed; Napoleon calmly received their display of loyalty, and the gay Milanese again, with wonted hilarity, thronged the market-place and busy streets of the capital.

Napoleon's title was now Emperor of the French and King of Italy.

The Ligurian republic sent the doge to Milan to offer congratulations, and desire the addition of their territory to the empire of France. This was granted, and became a serious affair in the subsequent course of events. Eugene Beauharnais, Josephine's son, was appointed viceroy at Milan.

Here the first intimations of threatening dissatisfaction, on the part of Austria and Russia, reached the emperor. Although he continued his tour through the peninsula, so rich in picturesque scenery and historic recollections — in everything that awakens thought and kindles the imagination — his mind was occupied with coming events, whose foreshadowing he beheld in the blackening horizon of the north. Arriving at Genoa, the tidings of a coalition were confirmed, based in part at least, it was apparent, upon the coronation in Milan. The departure was impetuous, for the eagle eye of Napoleon saw clearly the hastening tempest,

and he caught in fancy the thunders of its terrible shock.

He reached Paris, and on the 29th of Jan. 1805, in his new character of emperor, addressed a letter to King George III., in person, and was answered, as before, by the British Secretary of State for foreign affairs, who said that in the present state of relations between the cabinet of St. James and that of St. Petersburg, it was impossible for the former to open any negotiation without the consent of the latter.

This sufficiently indicated a fact of which Napoleon had just suspicion some time before. The murder of the Duke d'Enghien had been regarded with horror by the young emperor of Russia; he had remonstrated vigorously, and his reclamations had been treated with indifference. The king of Sweden, immediately after he heard of the catastrophe at Vincennes, had made known his sentiments to the czar: a strict alliance had been signed between these two courts about a fortnight ere Napoleon wrote to the king of England; and it was obvious that the northern powers had, in effect, resolved to take part with Great Britain in her struggle against France.

The cabinets of London, St. Petersburg, and Stockholm were now parties in a league which

had avowedly the following objects: — To restore the independence of Holland and Switzerland; to free the north of Germany from the presence of French troops; to procure the restoration of Piedmont to the king of Sardinia; and, finally, the evacuation of Italy by Napoleon. Until, by the attainment of these objects, the sway of France should be reduced to limits compatible with the independence of the other European states, no peace was to be signed by any of the contracting powers; and, during several months, every means was adopted to procure the association of Austria and Prussia. But the latter of these sovereigns had a strong French party in his council, and, though personally hostile to Napoleon, could not as yet count on being supported in a war against France by the hearty good-will of an undivided people. Austria, on the other hand, had been grievously weakened by the campaign of Marengo, and hesitated, on prudential grounds, to commit herself once more to the hazard of arms.

The czar visited Berlin; and the two sovereigns repaired to the vault of Frederick the Great, and there swore over his ashes to strike for the independence of Germany. Austria, upon hearing of the scenes at Milan, yielded to the policy of England, and suddenly entered,

with eighty thousand troops, the field of strife — an opening campaign of carnage — for which the British king and cabinet were chiefly responsible. The combined armies swept over Bavaria, an ally of France, and while the elector begged to be let alone in his neutrality, endeavored to compel him to join the allies. He withdrew into Franconia; and the enemy, taking possession of Munich and Ulm, penetrated the Black Forest, and fortified their position by commanding the outposts bordering on the valley of the Rhine.

Napoleon was not, as anticipated, taken by surprise, and overwhelmed in the weakness of unavailable strength. He had issued orders to the commanders of the army of invasion, to be ready, upon the first hostile movement of Austria, to advance against her. His vast arrangements went forward with usual precision and haste — the army went wild with enthusiasm in view of the campaign; and the marvelous activity of their leader made him their wonder and their idol. Twenty thousand carriages conveyed the battalions, as if by a magical flight, from Boulogne to the beautiful Rhine, upon whose green banks a hecatomb of youthful soldiers, who had impatiently waited for the conflict, were trodden in gore beneath the iron hoof.

When Napoleon appeared before his army, and the shouts of the welcome had subsided, he made this stirring address: "Soldiers! the campaign of the third coalition has commenced. Austria has passed the Inn, violated its engagements, attacked and chased our ally from his capital. We will not again make peace without sufficient guaranties. You are but the advance-guard of the great people. You have forced marches to undergo, fatigues and privations to endure. But, whatever obstacles we may encounter, we shall overcome them, and never taste of repose till we have placed our eagles on the territory of our enemies."

Mack, the Austrian general, was not equal in military skill to those who preceded him in command. While he was anticipating an assault in front of the Ulm, the main body of the French troops entered the German dominions, and, crossing the Danube, appeared in his rear, and cut off his communication with Vienna.

"Napoleon's gigantic plan was completely successful. The Austrians were surrounded beyond all hope of escape. In twenty days, without a single pitched battle, by a series of marches and a few skirmishes, the Austrian army of eighty thousand men, was utterly destroyed. A few thousand only, in fugitive

bands, eluded the grasp of the victor, and fled through the defiles of the mountains. The masterly manœuvres of the French columns had already secured thirty thousand prisoners almost without bloodshed. Thirty-six thousand were shut up in Ulm. Their doom was sealed."

The emperor summoned the Austrian commander to surrender. Notwithstanding the expected reinforcements by the advance of the Russian army, and a full supply of stores for the garrison, Mack, who, on the 16th of Oct., prepared for desperate defense, overcome by his fears, upon the 17th signed articles of capitulation. Prince Maurice was sent to the French camp to offer the evacuation of Ulm, if the troops would be allowed to retire into Austria.

Napoleon, with a smile, assured the envoy that such a sacrifice would be absurd, when a week would secure the surrender without conditions. The 20th of Oct. poured its cold and cloudless splendor upon the more than thirty thousand soldiers, who, marching through the gates of Ulm, laid down their glittering arms at the feet of Napoleon. Turing to the imposing array of captive officers, he said, "Gentlemen, war has its chances. Often victorious, you must expect sometimes to be vanquished. Your master wages against me an unjust war.

I say it candidly, I know not for what I am fighting. I know not what he requires of me. He has wished to remind me that I was once a soldier. I trust he will find that I have not forgotten my original avocation. I want nothing on the continent. I desire ships, colonies, and commerce. Their acquisition would be as advantageous to you as to me."

This splendid campaign spread unutterable joy over the army and nation. Like the summary of successes on the flag sent to the Directory after the Corsican's first triumph, Napoleon gave an eloquent outline of his victories in an address which was a tocsin of thrilling import to Europe:

"SOLDIERS OF THE GRAND ARMY — In fifteen days we have finished our campaign. What we proposed to do has been done. We have chased the Austrian troops from Bavaria, and restored our ally to the sovereignty of his dominions.

"That army which, with so much presumption and imprudence marched upon our frontiers, is annihilated.

"But what does this signify to England? She has gained her object. We are no longer at Boulogne, and her subsidies will not be the less great.

"Of a hundred thousand men who composed that army, sixty thousand are prisoners; but they will supply our conscripts in the labor of husbandry.

"Two hundred pieces of cannon, ninety flags, and all their generals are in our power. Not more than fifteen thousand men have escaped.

"Soldiers! I announced to you a great battle; but thanks to the ill-devised combinations of the enemy, I was able to secure the desired result without any danger; and, what is unexampled in the history of nations, these results have been gained at the loss of scarcely fifteen hundred men, killed and wounded.

"Soldiers! this success is due to your entire confidence in your emperor, to your patience in supporting fatigue and privations of every kind, and to your remarkable intrepidity.

"But we will not stop here. You are impatient to commence a second campaign.

"The Russian army which the gold of England has brought from the extremity of the world, we have to serve in the same manner.

"In the conflict in which we are now to be engaged, the honor of the French infantry is especially concerned. We shall then see decided, for the second time, that question which has already been decided in Switzerland and

Holland; namely, whether the French infantry is the first or second in Europe?

"There are no generals among them, in contending against whom I can acquire any glory. All I wish is to obtain the victory with the least possible bloodshed. My soldiers are my children."

When advancing into the heart of Germany, the neutral territory of Anspach, belonging to Prussia, was violated, threatening immediate war with the power; but this grand result hushed the tones of indignation, and kept the king in dread of the avenger. Ney, on the right of Napoleon, was successful in the Tyrol; and Murat, on his left, had watched the Austrians retreating to Bohemia; and both rejoined Napoleon, with Augereau's fresh reserve from France, who guarded the mountain passes at Vorarlberg. He was thus prepared to march toward the German capital. Meanwhile, the Czar of Russia, with one hundred and sixteen thousand troops, had advanced to Moravia, and gathered around the hostile standard the available force of Austria. England sent thirty thousand men to Hanover to press on to the field of conflict.

The French army, amid the astonishment of kings, fired with their leader's spirit, swept forward toward Vienna. On Nov. 7th, Francis

fled from his defenseless capital, and repaired to the headquarters of the czar. A general panic seized the nation. On the 13th the exultant army of Napoleon entered the capital, and took possession of the rich supply of stores and arms in the arsenals of the empire. Here he heard of the terrible defeat of the united naval force of France and Spain. The tidings added fuel to the flame of determined vengeance upon his combined enemies. Although he was many hundred miles from Paris, on the verge of winter, instead of halting to fortify a position of defense, he gave orders to march onward to meet the enemy. He has been severely condemned for "the rashness of thus passing the Danube into Moravia, while the archduke Ferdinand was organizing the Bohemians on his left, the archdukes Charles and John in Hungary, with still formidable and daily increasing forces on his right, the population of Vienna and the surrounding territories ready to rise, in case of any disaster, in his rear; and Prussia as decidedly hostile in heart as she was wavering in policy. The French leader did not disguise from himself the risk of his adventure; but he considered it better to run all that risk than to linger in Vienna until the armies in Hungary and Bohemia should have had time to reinforce the two emperors."

The French continued to advance.

"Napoleon's preparations were as follows: his left, under Lannes, lay at Santon, a strongly fortified position; Soult commanded the right wing; the center, under Bernadotte, had with them Murat and all the cavalry. Behind the line lay the reserve, consisting of twenty thousand, ten thousand of whom were of the imperial guard, under Oudinot; and here Napoleon himself took his station. But besides these open demonstrations, Davoust, with a division of horse and another foot, lay behind the convent of Raygern, considerably in the rear of the French right — being there placed by the emperor, in consequence of a false movement, into which he, with a seer-like sagacity, foresaw the enemy might, in all likelihood, be tempted." Napoleon was on the field of Austerlitz, confronting the superior, confident army of the allied enemy. It was December 1st; and no sooner had he discerned their plan of attack, than he exclaimed, with deligth: "To-morrow, before nightfall, that army shall be my own." The day was devoted to untiring preparation for the carnage at hand. Amid the gloom of night, as he rode over the field of encampment, a sudden shout, and torch-light illuminations greeted him. It was the anniversary of his imperial honors — the first celebration of his cor-

onation. The enthusiastic soldiers assured him the dawning day should be one of glorious commemoration. "Only promise us," cried a veteran grenadier, "that you will keep yourself out of the fire."

He replied, in language repeated in the proclamation immediately issued to the army: "I will do so; I shall be with the reserve *until you need us.*" This entire confidence between Napoleon and his vast armies was sublime, and without a similar instance of devotion in the annals of war.

The unclouded sunrise was hailed with rapture, and ever after called "the sun of Austerlitz." Soon the advancing columns of the czar disclosed the certainty that they had been taken in the snare, and were making an onset upon the right, to which the emperor had hoped to direct their attention. Davoust sustained the shock, while Soult rushed into the gap made by the regiments which had left the heights in the very center of the allied host. Napoleon exclaimed, "Soldiers! the enemy has imprudently exposed himself to your blows. We shall finish this war with a clap of thunder!" It was on the hill of Pratzen that the second army, which for a moment beat back the French, lost the day. The right wing gave way, and then the victors poured the tide of slaughter upon the

left, till, in ghastly confusion of the dead, the dying, and the flying, the mighty struggle closed, and another stupendous triumph shed its fearful glory upon the arms of Napoleon. A grand division of the foe were making their escape across a frozen lake which swayed to their tramp, when the batteries of the conqueror thundered, and the balls and shells, falling among the fugitives, tore in fragments the surface of the ice, engulfing, as the Red Sea did the Egyptians, the entire throng, with their heavy ordnance and neighing steeds.

The morning succeeding the battle, Francis, Emperor of Germany, rode with his escort to the headquarters of Napoleon. Partially sheltered by a mill, and standing in the chill breath of the winter winds, he saluted the monarch, saying to his majesty, "I receive you in the only palace which I have inhabited for the last two months."

Francis replied, "You have made such use of it that you ought not to complain of the accommodations." For two hours the kings conversed; and Napoleon said to the charge of injustice on the part of England, "The English are a nation of merchants. In order to secure for themselves the commerce of the world, they are willing to set the continent in flames" — a remark of much truth, so far as the policy and

power of Pitt were concerned. Having agreed upon an armistice with Germany, Francis proposed to include Russia, on the condition that Alexander and his army should withdraw to his dominions. Napoleon immediately agreed to the terms, and sent an envoy to the headquarters of the emperor, to obtain his pledge that he would cease to fight against France. On Dec. 15th the treaty was signed with Francis at Presburg, and on the 26th at Vienna with Prussia.

Austria paid the expenses of the campaign. She also "yielded the Venetian territories to the kingdom of Italy: her ancient possessions of the Tyrol and Vorarlberg were transferred to Bavaria, to remunerate that country's elector for the part he had taken in the war; Würtemberg, having also adopted the French side, received recompense of the same kind at the expense of the same power; and both of these electors were advanced to the dignity of kings. Bavaria received Anspach and Bareuth from Prussia, and, in return, ceded Berg, which was erected into a grand duchy, and conferred, in an independent sovereignty, on Napoleon's brother-in-law, Murat. Finally, Prussia added Hanover to her dominions, in return for the cession of Anspach and Bareuth, and acqui-

escence in the other arrangements above mentioned."

Pitt was astonished and greatly depressed by the tidings of the terrible defeat of the allies at Austerlitz. His health, which had declined, now rapidly failed, and on Jan. 23, 1806, he expired, with the sad exclamation, "Alas, my country!" on his dying lips. He was no more jealous of England's glory than was Napoleon of the honor of France; and he cordially hated the revolutionary *republicanism* of his enemy, and, equally so, the gigantic influence it gave to the enthroned Corsican, who rose from a Jacobin officer to the proudest throne in Europe. While this scene was transpiring in England, Napoleon was concluding a peace with all the hostile nations except "the sea-girdled isle." His communications at this period reveal his new designs of seizing the ancient monarchies of Europe, and forming of them sub-kingdoms for his family — a stroke of ambition which ultimately reached the base of his own throne, rending his empire — opening both the path of unrighteous dominion, and of ultimate ruin. At this date, the inter-marriage of near relations with princes and potentates was also declared.

Napoleon had also at this time the design to include Naples, the immediate provocation of

which was the unprincipled disregard of that kingdom, which was under the scepter of a Bourbon, of her pledge of neutrality, and upon the withdrawal of St. Cyr's army from her ports to join the emperor's campaign, inviting the English fleet into her harbors, and then turning her battalions against France. The truth is, Naples was terrified into a submission which was scorned as soon as there was hope of deliverance from Napoleonic power. It was dishonorable, and an occasion for hostility. Having now the might, the emperor resolved to dethrone the reigning sovereign, and confiscate the realm for his brother.

Napoleon meanwhile began his marches slowly toward France, making all possible provision for the wounded which were left behind till the warmer air of spring. He hastened to the capital, and prevented a grand reception by entering the city at dead of night. He immediately commenced a scrutiny of the disordered bank of the kingdom, and surveyed at a glance the details of finance, and magnificent plans of internal improvement.

Holland, which had been overswept in her revolutionary struggles by England, and delivered from the enemy by the interposition of France, was now induced to ask the emperor for a king in the person of Louis Bonaparte. This

amiable prince, who had married the graceful Hortense, Josephine's daughter, was established at the Hague, May 6th, 1806. He became a deservedly popular ruler.

The kings of Würtemberg and Bavaria, with fourteen other princes of various degrees of rank, occupying the valley of the Rhine in the west of Germany, now associated themselves together in an alliance called the *Confederation of the Rhine,* and Napoleon became, according to his design, *Protector.* This reach of authority virtually dismembered the German Empire, and added some of its most beautiful portions to the realm of France. Napoleon, while thus increasing his power, was raising barriers against his foreign foes. He was a monarch in his schemes of national progress and universal sway, but nevertheless, a king whose law of conquest and control, was *force* — and whose pole-star of wondrous thought was *glory,* with little reverence for man in his individual worth, and as little for God in his real character and spiritual worship.

Mr. Fox had succeeded Pitt in the cabinet of England, and was his antagonist in politics. His friendly relations with Napoleon awakened new hope and expectation among the people of peace. But the aristocracy of England were unchanged in that hostility to the emperor

which had its stern and unalterable expression in the government of Pitt. Napoleon's views were expressed in a letter to Mr. Fox: "France will not dispute with England the conquests England has made. Neither does France claim anything more on the continent than she now has. It will, therefore, be easy to lay down the basis of a peace, if England has not inadmissible views relative to commercial interests. The emperor is persuaded that the real cause of the rupture of the peace of Amiens was no other than the refusal to conclude a commercial treaty. Be assured that the emperor, without refusing certain commercial advantages, if they are sought, will not admit of any treaty prejudicial to French industry, which he means to protect by all duties and prohibitions which can favor its development. He insists on having liberty to do at home all that he pleases, all that is beneficial, without any rival nation having a right to find fault with him."

The entire intercourse between Napoleon and Mr. Fox was frank and cordial. Exchange of several prisoners of note was made, and no bitter words passed. Besides the storm in parliament, the prospect of a treaty declined as the conditions were more distinctly announced. England wanted Malta, and also Hanover given to Prussia by Napoleon after the peace of Pres-

burg. Napoleon was determined to have Sicily. To complete the difficulties, and remove the last ground of anticipated reconciliation, Mr. Fox died, Sept., 1806.

Prussia had never been satisfied with Napoleon's apology for violating her territory, when, surrounding Mack at Ulm, he crossed Anspach with his troops. Of this, amid the returning hostility to France in Russia, and its fresh intensity in England, she complained; and mustering her legions, joined the new coalition with those mighty empires, to crush Napoleon. She marched her army, two hundred thousand strong, into Saxony.

"The conduct of Prussia, in thus rushing into hostilities without waiting for the advance of the Russians, was as rash as her holding back from Austria, during the campaign of Austerlitz, had been cowardly. As if determined to profit by no lesson, the Prussian council also directed their army to advance toward the French, instead of lying on their own frontier — a repetition of the great leading blunder of the Austrians in the preceding year. The Prussian army accordingly invaded the Saxon provinces, and the elector of Saxony, seeing his country treated as rudely as that of the elector of Bavaria had been on a similar occasion by the Austrians, and wanting the means

to withdraw his own troops as the Bavarian had succeeded in doing under like provocation, was compelled to accept the alliance which Prussia urged on him, and to join his troops with those of the power by which he had been thus insulted and wronged."

Napoleon led his legions forward, confused the Prussians by rapid movements, and soon encamped in their rear, cutting off supplies, and all possibility of retreat. He again made efforts to save the needless flow of blood, and wrote the king, urging the cessation of hostilities and carnage. No reply was received, and his troops advanced in three divisions: Soult and Ney in the direction of Hof; Murat, Bernadotte, and Davoust toward Saalburg, and Lannes and Augereau upon Saalfeld. At Saalfeld there was a fierce battle with the corps of Prince Louis of Prussia, in which the French were victorious, and blew up Naumburg with its magazines. The prince was mortally wounded, and the Prussian forces were completely surrounded by the enemy.

At Jena and Auerstadt, the great armies met in decisive conflict. Napoleon perceived, on the evening of Oct. 13th, that the battle must come the following day, although his heavy train of artillery was still many hours behind. But he encouraged his men, who, with what

seemed superhuman strength, drew the guns which they had up a lofty plateau in front of Jena, and prepared for the desperate action. "Lannes commanded the center; Augereau the right; Soult the left; and Murat the reserve and cavalry. Soult had to sustain the first assault of the Prussians, which was violent and sudden; for the mist lay so thick on the field that the armies were within half gunshot of each other ere the sun and wind rose and discovered them; and on that instant Mollendorf charged. The battle was contested well for some time on this point; but at length Ney appeared in the rear of the emperor with a fresh division; and then the French center advanced to a general charge, before which the Prussians were forced to retire. They moved for some space in good order; but Murat now poured his masses of cavalry on them, storm after storm, with such rapidity and vehemence that their rout became miserable. It ended in the complete breaking up of the army — horse and foot all flying together, in the confusion of panic, upon the road to Weimar. At that point the fugitives met and mingled with their brethren flying, as confusedly as themselves, from Auerstadt. In the course of this disastrous day, twenty thousand Prussians were killed or taken; besides twenty generals, three

hundred guns, and sixty standards. The commander-in-chief, the Duke of Brunswick, being wounded in the face with a grape-shot, was carried early off the field, never to recover. The loss of superior officers on the Prussian side was so great that of an army which, on the evening of the 13th of Oct., mustered not less than one hundred and fifty thousand, but a few regiments were ever able to act in concert for some time after the 14th. The various routed divisions roamed about the country, seeking separately the means of escape; they were in consequence destined to fall an easy prey. Mollendorf and the Prince of Orange-Fulda laid down their arms at Erfurt. General Kalkreuth's corps was overtaken and surrounded among the Harz mountains; Prince Eugene of Würtemberg and sixteen thousand men surrendered to Bernadotte at Halle. The Prince of Hohenlohe at length drew together not less than fifty thousand of these wandering soldiers, and threw himself at their head into Magdeburg. But it turned out that that great fortress had been stripped of all its stores for the service of the Duke of Brunswick's army before Jena. Hohenlohe, therefore, was compelled to retreat toward the Oder. He was defeated in a series of skirmishes; and at length finding himself devoid of ammunition or provisions, laid down

his arms at Prenzlow; twenty thousand surrendered with the prince. His rear, consisting of about ten thousand troops, under the command of the celebrated general Blücher, was so far behind as to render it possible for them to attempt escape. Their heroic leader traversed the country with them for some time unbroken, and sustained a variety of attacks, from far superior numbers, with the most obstinate resolution. By degrees, however, the French under Soult hemmed him in on one side, Murat on the other, and Bernadotte appeared close behind him. He was thus forced to throw himself into Lübeck, where a severe action was fought in the streets of the town, on the 6th of Nov. The Prussians, in this battle, lost four thousand prisoners, besides the slain and wounded: he retreated to Schwerta, and there, it being impossible for him to go further without violating the neutrality of Denmark, on the morning of the 7th, Blücher at length laid down his arms — having exhibited a specimen of conduct and valor such as certainly had not been displayed by any of his superiors in the campaign."

Bonaparte entered Berlin on the 25th of Oct. The Prussian monarchy had crumbled before the march of his resistless battalions, and lay in ruins at his feet. Napoleon took possession of the royal palace, with triumphal display;

and in his bulletin, having spoken severely of the queen who rode at the head of her troops, animating them with her fiery valor and beauty, Josephine remonstrated in a letter to him. In his reply here annexed, under date Nov. 6, 1806, he narrates briefly the pardon of the Prince of Hatzfeld, who was governor of Berlin under Napoleon's protection, but secretly in correspondence with the Prussian army. He was arrested, taken before a court-martial, and sentenced to be shot.

"I have received your letter, in which, it seems, you reproach me for speaking ill of women. True it is, that above all things I dislike female intriguers. I have been accustomed to kind, gentle, conciliatory women. Such I love, and if they have spoiled me, it is not my fault, but yours. However, you will see that I have acted indulgently toward one sensible and deserving woman. I allude to Madame Hatzfeld. When I showed her her husband's letter, she burst into tears; and said in a tone of the most exquisite grief and candor, 'It is indeed his writing!' This was too much; it went to my heart. I said, 'Well, madame, throw the letter into the fire, and then I shall have no proof against your husband.' She burned the letter, and was restored to happiness. Her husband is now safe. Two hours

later, and he would have been lost. You see, therefore, that I like women who are feminine, unaffected and amiable for they alone resemble you."

Such an incident, is a pleasant interlude to the clangor of arms, the groans of the dying and the wail of anguish from the living. Napoleon had feeling, but with rare exceptions it was subordinated altogether to his lofty plans of national and personal grandeur. It never turned aside the wasting strokes of his avenging arms, when the terror they inspired was auxiliary to the ultimate object. Madame Hatzfeld was restored to happiness; but a great company, in the march of empire, were consigned to hopeless sorrow.

CHAPTER VI.

The position of the hostile parties.— The Berlin Decrees.— The war goes on.— Battle of Eylau.— Offers of peace rejected.— Preparations for another campaign.— Battle of Friedland.—The Peace of Tilsit.— Friendship of Napoleon and Alexander.— Napoleon's magnificent plans.— Code Napoleon.— Designs upon Spain and Portugal.—Tour to Italy.— Disagreement with Lucien.— Portugal taken.— Invasion of Spain.—The abdication.— Joseph designated for the vacant throne.— His reluctant and unquiet reign.—The meeting of the emperors at Erfurt.— Josephine's divorce suggested. — Revolution in Spain. —Victories. — Joseph again enthroned.— His complaint of Napoleon.— Intelligence of an Austrian campaign.— Battles of Eckmühl and Wagram.— Quarrel with the Pope.— Peace.— Divorce of Josephine.

A WEEK's campaign had changed the fortunes of Prussia. With a remnant of his almost annihilated army the king had fled to the frontier of Poland, and was welcomed with sad surprise by the advancing Alexander of Russia. He refused renewed propositions of peace, and prepared with his powerful ally again to meet France on the battle-plain.

England, thoroughly aroused, violated the law of nations in her proclamation that France was in a state of blockade in regard to all nations, whether hostile or neutral. Private property of the enemy on the sea was seized, and passengers there were made prisoners.

Napoleon retaliated by issuing a manifesto, and eleven edicts, called the *Berlin Decrees* — a measure famous among the boldest acts of their author. The British islands were declared to be blockaded, and English property on the continent confiscated; Englishmen wherever found were taken prisoners, and all intercourse, commercial or civil, forbidden as treason against the government. The difficulties in the way of a practical working of the decrees were very great. The fabrics of England, and the necessaries of life which she furnished, had become indispensable to domestic comfort. Evasions were sought, and dissatisfaction was general. But the question of right, in a national view, hinges on the disputed fact of *retaliation*. And odious as the Berlin Decrees were to the people of Europe, no careful reader of the conflicting testimony can doubt the provocation given, "by issuing in May, 1806, the blockade of the French coasts of the English channel." It was now the autumn of the same year, and Napoleon was master of Northern Germany, bringing almost the entire coast of Europe under his sway; affording the opportunity he was prompt to improve, of embarrassing and crippling his formidable foe. Another act in the tragedy of wide-spread war was immediately opened.

The emperor "prepared, without further delay, to extinguish the feeble spark of resistance which still lingered in a few garrisons of the Prussian monarchy beyond the Oder; and to meet, ere they could reach the soil of Germany, those Russian legions which were now advancing, too late, to the assistance of Frederick William. That unfortunate prince sent Lucchesini to Berlin, to open, if possible, a negotiation with the victorious occupant of his capital and palace; but Bonaparte demanded Dantzic, and two other fortified towns, as the price of even the briefest armistice; and the Italian envoy returned, to inform the king that no hope remained for him except in the arrival of the Russians.

"Napoleon held in his hands the means of opening his campaign with those allies of Prussia, under circumstances involving his enemy in a new and probably endless train of difficulties. The partition of Poland — that great political crime, for which every power that had part in it has since been severely, though none of them adequately, punished — had left the population of what had once been a great and powerful kingdom in a state of discontent and irritation, of which, had Napoleon been willing to make full use of it, the fruits might have been more dangerous for the czar than

any campaign against any foreign enemy. The French emperor had but to announce distinctly that his purpose was the restoration of Poland as an independent state, and the whole mass of an eminently gallant and warlike population would have risen instantly at his call. But Bonaparte was withheld from resorting to this effectual means of annoyance by various considerations, of which the chief were these: first, he could not emancipate Poland without depriving Austria of a rich and important province, and consequently provoking her once more into the field; and secondly, he foresaw that the Russian emperor, if threatened with the destruction of his Polish territory and authority, would urge the war in a very different manner from that which he was likely to adopt while acting only as the ally of Prussia. In a word, Napoleon was well aware of the extent of the czar's resources, and had no wish at this time to give a character of irremediable bitterness to their quarrel; but though he for these reasons refrained from openly appealing in his own person to the Poles as a nation, yet he had no scruple about permitting others to tamper, in his behalf, with the justly indignant feelings of the people. Some Polish officers were already enlisted in his army, and through these and others he contrived to awaken the

outraged passions of their countrymen, many of whom flocked to his standard, in the fond belief that he was to be the liberator of their nation."

He issued another address to the army many of whose troops were reluctant to leave comfortable quarters for the snow-plains of Russian war, which like a trumpet-call awakened the enthusiasm Napoleon only could inspire — a source of power greater than all others wielded by his genius.

The Russians and Prussians lay, a hundred and twenty thousand strong, on the banks of the Vistula. It was four hundred miles from Berlin to Warsaw, toward which the French battalions marched amid the bitter cold and driving storms of winter. The horrors of this campaign were scarcely less terrific than those of the Egyptian marches upon burning sands — between whose extremes, were gathered all the forms of human suffering and degradation.

After a few skirmishes with the Russians, Murat occupied Warsaw, on the 28th of Nov., and Napoleon at Posen, meanwhile, was surrounded by the excited, hopeful Poles. Said the palatine of Gnesna: "We adore you, and with confidence repose, as upon Him who raises empires and destroys them, and humbles the proud — the regenerator of our country, the

legislator of the universe!" Similar extravagant expressions of admiration and joyful anticipations repeatedly greeted his ear. He assured the deputations that waited upon him of his sympathy, and recruiting his forces from the ranks of the noble patriots, gave no further thought to the difficult enterprise of their liberation from galling oppression.

Then followed severe encounters, which stained for many a league the snow with crimson, and scattered the frozen, ghastly bodies of men along the path of those magnificent armies. The opposing columns soon met on the field of Eylau. Here the whole Russian force, driven more than two hundred miles from the Vistula by the French, made a final, desperate stand. This was on Feb. 7th, 1807; and, as the night came down, Napoleon saw in the calm, cold moonlight, and waving lights of the watchfires, the enemy's line, extending two miles along a gentle swell of glittering ice and drifted snow; while over all, the howling winds wailed, in anticipation of the morrow, a funeral dirge. Two hundred cannon were placed with silent menace, at that midnight hour, to sweep the ranks of the foe. While the next dawn was kindling upon the storm-clouds, the roar of the artillery announced the opening strife.

"The French charged at two different points in strong columns, and were unable to shake the iron steadiness of the infantry, while the Russian horse, and especially the Cossacks, under their gallant Hetman Platoff, made fearful execution on each division, as successively they drew back from their vain attempt. A fierce storm arose at midday; the snow drifted right in the eyes of the Russians; the village of Serpallen, on their left, caught fire, and the smoke also rolled dense upon them. Davoust skilfully availed himself of the opportunity and turned their flank so rapidly that Serpallen was lost, and the left wing was compelled to wheel backward, so as to form almost at right angles with the rest of the line. The Prussian corps of L'Estocq, a small but determined survival from the campaign of Jena, appeared at this critical moment in the rear of the Russian left; and, charging with such gallantry as had in former times been expected from the soldiery of the great Frederick, drove back Davoust, and restored the Russian line. The action continued for many hours along the whole front — the French attacking boldly, the Russians driving them back with unfailing resolution. Ney, with a French division, at length came up and succeeded in occupying the village of Schloditten, on the road to Königsberg. To regain this,

and thereby recover the means of communicating with the King of Prussia, was deemed necessary; and it was carried accordingly at the point of the bayonet. This was at ten o'clock at night. So ended the longest and by far the severest battle in which Bonaparte had as yet been engaged. After fourteen hours' fighting each army occupied the same position as in the morning.

"Each leader claimed the victory."

Deeds of unequaled valor were done, and fifty thousand victims were left on the frozen earth. Of the slain, more than ten thousand were Frenchmen. In one onset, a grenadier, whose arm had been torn away by a shell, rushed into the assaulting ranks, refusing to have his wound dressed, till the position was taken. The sight greatly moved Napoleon. It was devotion too deep for so dark a shrine beneath the glory of conquest.

It was the first great battle in the career of Napoleon, which did not result in decided victory. The Russians had twelve of the eagles of France, taken by Bennigsen, while the emperor had possession of the field at a sacrifice which could not well bear repetition. We need not pause to dwell on the scenes of blood displayed on the plain of Eylau when the battle was over — the piteous appeals to Napoleon in behalf

of wife, mother, and children — the pools of the red life-current — the heaps of mangled bodies of men and horses — beneath which lay the dying. Nor can fancy catch the sobs of grief and the low moans of unrecorded heart-breaking, in the hamlets and among the mountain homes of a continent. The Russians retired to Königsberg; and on Feb. 19th, Napoleon retreated to the Vistula.

Offers of peace were again made by the emperor and rejected. And with an eloquent address to the decimated army, he entered his winter quarters to prepare for the renewed meeting with his unyielding, and now equal enemy. The spring came, and with it supplies from France and Switzerland, furnishing and recruiting his army, till he was ready with nearly three hundred thousand men to enter the contest afresh. He was at Osterode, in Poland, where he divided his time between his military plans and the immense burdens of state — the educational, civil, and financial interests of his empire. He projected the grand and beautiful Madeleine — a temple of literature, and a monument of fame to the bravery of the grand army.

During this vernal season of preparation for war, the young prince, and intended heir to the throne of France, the son of Hortense and

Louis, then five years of age, died of the croup. The sad tidings reached Napoleon, and bowed his head in sorrow. But Josephine felt the blow with unutterable anguish. She knew that, beyond the loss of a lovely and promising boy, was the necessity of a successor to the crown of France, and her marriage tie would not thwart the ambitious desire of him in whom was enshrined her earthly bliss — her very life. He wrote letters of condolence and affection to Josephine and Hortense, but these did not change the fact, which threw a dismal shadow over the desolate home.

Dantzic, a strongly fortified town, surrendered to Napoleon, May 26th, after a terrible siege of fifty-one days, furnishing a rich supply of stores for his troops. The Russians struck the first blow of general conflict early in June, by an assault on Ney's division, which was at Gustadt. It fell back to Deppen, where the emperor joined the division, and compelled the pursuers to retreat. They were followed, and bloody battles were fought.

Bennigsen finally took his position on the west bank of the river Aller, bringing that stream between him and the French forces. The town of Friedland, from which a narrow bridge crossed the river, was opposite. On the morning of June 14th, the Russians com-

menced the attack on the enemy, hoping to secure victory before Napoleon with the other divisions of the grand army could arrive. Crossing the Aller incautiously, he was inclosed in a deep bend of the river, fighting furiously, when, guided by the thunder of the cannonade, the emperor came; he saw the situation of the Russians, and ordered a general assault, exclaiming, "This is the 14th of June. It is the anniversary of Marengo. It is a lucky day for us!"

Ney rushed upon the dense mass of Russians in and before the town, and the fearful struggle became one wild commotion of desperate men, plunging steeds, tossing plumes, and waving banners. Friedland was in flames, and lit up the scene, as darkness shrouded the ensanguined plain. The allies were conquered; and, retreating, dashed into the waters which swept them down beneath a shower of bullets from the columns of the victors.

Bennigsen retreated toward the Nieman.

"The Emperor Alexander, overawed by the genius of Napoleon, which had triumphed over troops more resolute than had ever before opposed him, and alarmed for the consequences of some decisive measure toward the reorganization of the Poles as a nation, began to think seriously of peace. Bennigsen sent, on the 21st

of June, to demand an armistice; and to this proposal the victor of Friedland yielded immediate assent.

"The armistice was ratified on the 23rd of June, and on the 25th the emperors of France and Russia met personally, each accompanied by a few attendants, on a raft moored on the river Niemen, near the town of Tilsit. The sovereigns embraced each other, and, retiring under a canopy had a long conversation, to which no one was a witness. At its termination, the appearances of mutual good-will and confidence were marked: immediately afterward the town of Tilsit was neutralized, and the two emperors established their courts there, and lived together in the midst of the lately hostile armies, more like old friends who had met on a party of pleasure than enemies and rivals attempting by diplomatic means the arrangement of difficulties which had for years been deluging Europe with blood."

The King of Prussia, who had been invited by Alexander to join him in the negotiations at Tilsit, was treated like a subdued and unregarded foe. He was an ordinary man, and had been the immediate cause of the late hostilities. Napoleon, therefore, despisd him; and assured the Emperor of Russia, that on *his* account only did he consent to admit Frederick

into the royal fraternity. The beautiful queen was no more honored, with all her arts of fascination; she went to her palace broken-hearted, and soon after died. The Prussian king had by the treaty half of his kingdom restored.

The Polish provinces of Prussia were erected into a separate principality, styled "the Grand Duchy of Warsaw," and bestowed on the elector of Saxony, with the exception, however, of some territories assigned to Russia, and of Dantzic, which was declared a free city, to be garrisoned by French troops until the ratification of a maritime peace. The Prussian dominions in Lower Saxony and on the Rhine, with Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, and various other small states, formed a new kingdom of Westphalia, of which Jerome Bonaparte, Napoleon's youngest brother, was recognized as king. Finally, Russia accepted the mediation of France for a peace with Turkey, and France that of Russia for a peace with England.

Russia thus became the ally of France, even beyond the letter of the treaty of Tilsit, and was willing to turn her strength against England, unmoved in a formidable and sublimely resolute, although often unjust, preëminence and hate.

Napoleon and Alexander were united in extending their scepters over coveted territories.

and in opposition to British aggressions. Into this coalition, soon after, Austria, Prussia, and Denmark entered — reversing the order of conflict, and changing the position of the French emperor, from solitary resistance to the rest of Europe, to that of a sovereign of monarchs, in the struggle with a foe secure and defiant in his sea-girdled lair.

The reliable pen of Napier has recorded the subjoined verdict upon the desolating campaigns of the embattled nations: "Up to the peace of Tilsit, the wars of France were essentially *defensive;* for the bloody contest that wasted the continent so many years, was not a struggle for preëminence between ambitious powers — not a dispute for some acquisition of territory — not for the political ascendancy of one or another nation — but a deadly conflict to determine whether aristocracy or democracy should predominate — whether aristocracy or *privilege* should henceforth be the principle of European governments."

Leaving his strong garrisons in Poland and Northern Germany, Napoleon returned to Paris, July 27th, and was received with boundless adulation. He again grasped, with his versatile and rapid thought, the affairs of his vast empire, and projected with the precision and scientific skill of a royal engineer, canals, aque-

ducts, and bridges. The officers of state, from the prince to the policemen, felt the ubiquitous power of the emperor — "the greatest writer of his time, while he was its greatest captain, its greatest legislator, its greatest administrator."

Never before did a ruler so impress himself upon every part of public progress and associate his name so justly with all the history of a realm, whether in acts of benign supremacy or in the exercise of despotic authority.

"The *Code Napoleon,* that elaborate system of jurisprudence, in the formation of which the emperor labored personally along with the most eminent lawyers and enlightened men of the time, was a boon of inestimable value to France. 'I shall go down to posterity,' said he, with just pride, 'with the code in my hand.' It was the first uniform system of laws which the French monarchy had ever possessed; and being drawn up with consummate skill and wisdom, it at this day forms the code not only of France, but of a large part of Europe besides. Justice, as between man and man, was administered on sound and fixed principles, and by unimpeachable tribunals.

"He gratified the French nation by adorning the capital, and by displaying in the Tuileries a court as elaborately magnificent as that of Louis XIV. himself. The old nobility, return-

ing from their exile, mingled in those proud halls with the heroes of the revolutionary campaigns; and over all the ceremonials of these stately festivities Josephine presided with the grace and elegance of one born to be a queen. In the midst of the pomp and splendor of a court, in whose antechambers kings jostled each other, Napoleon himself preserved the plain and unadorned simplicity of his original dress and manners. The great emperor continued throughout to labor more diligently than any subaltern in office. His days were given to labor and his nights to study. If he was not with his army in the field, he traversed the provinces, examining with his own eyes into the minutest details of local arrangement; and even from the center of his camp he was continually issuing edicts which showed the accuracy of his observation during these journeys, and his anxiety to promote, by any means, consistent with his great purpose, the welfare of some French district, town, or even village."

August 15th, 1807, the birthday of Napoleon, was a holiday of enthusiastic joy in the capital, and a scene of festivity in the palace of the Tuileries. But already tokens of warfare, nearer the throne than English anger, were apparent. Portugal and Spain were unquiet. The former opened its harbors to English ves-

sels, while the government of a degraded people was vacillating between alliance with France and open sympathy with Britain.

Spain was ruled by the voluptuous Charles IV., a prince of the Bourbon blood, and was also secretly leaning to the cause of England.

At the middle of November (1807), Napoleon suddenly signified to Josephine his intention of proceeding to Italy, and bade her to be ready to accompany him in a few hours. His ostensible reason was to secure the grand duchy of Tuscany for his sister Eliza, and to confirm by his presence the treaty of Presburg, which had annexed Venice and other Italian provinces to the kingdom of Italy. But his main object was doubtless different from either of these. The conclusion is irresistible that his determination to divorce Josephine was fixed soon after the death of the prince royal of Holland, and that his present journey to Italy, was mainly for the purpose of sounding Eugene upon this point.

The viceroy with his attendants came out to meet him as he approached Milan; "Dismount, dismount," cried Napoleon to Eugene; "come seat yourself with me, and let us enter your capital together." The viceroy did as desired, and the imperial carriage bearing Napoleon, Josephine, and Eugene, entered the

gates of the city. The emperor signified to Eugene his approbation of all that he had done, and loaded him with favors.

Jerome, who had married Miss Patterson of Baltimore during a cruise to this country, was compelled to send her home again upon his return to France, because she had no place in the new dynasty, and Napoleon refused to recognize her alliance with his family. Further incidents of this tour increased the alienation between the emperor and Lucien, who met at Mantua. Napoleon at this period thought of Charlotte, Lucien's daughter, a brilliant woman, for queen of Spain. His letters, and M. Thiers in his history, give some account of the mysterious interview.

The reader may be interested in Thiers's relation of the interview between Napoleon and Lucien:

"M. de Meneval went during the night to bring Lucien from his inn to Napoleon's palace. Instead of throwing himself into his brother's arms, Lucien addressed him with a haughtiness excusable in a man without material power, but perhaps carried further than mere self-respect required. The interview was painful and stormy, but not useless. Among the possible arrangements in Spain one was that of the marriage of a French princess to Ferdi-

nand. Napoleon had just received a letter from Charles IV., repeating his request for such a marriage, and, though he leaned toward a more radical solution, he did not exclude this middle course from his projects. He wished Lucien then to give him his daughter by his first wife to be brought up by the empress-mother, to imbibe the feelings of the family, and to be sent to Spain to regenerate the Bourbons. If it should not suit him to give her this part to play, there were other thrones, more or less lofty, to which he could raise her. As for Lucien, he wished to make him a French prince, and even king of Portugal, which would put him in the neighborhood of his daughter, on condition of his dissolving his second marriage, the divorced wife being indemnified by a title.

"These arrangements were practicable, but they were demanded with authority and refused with anger; and the brothers separated, both excited and irritated, but without a quarrel, since a part of what Napoleon asked — took place a few days after."

Then followed the Milan Decrees,* to avenge

* The Milan Decree, which declared subject to capture every ship which had touched at any port in the British islands or in the British colonies. It was provoked by Orders-in-Council, which declared subject to capture every ship which had *not* touched at a port in the British islands or in the British colonies. Between the two all commerce by sea by any nation whatever was prohibited.— ED.

with greater severity than by the Berlin edicts the increased embarrassment of French commerce under new orders of the English government. Napoleon proclaimed all vessels a lawful prize which should submit to the British policy toward France. The United States were independent of dictation from England, and their government was assured by the emperor of exemption from the rigorous measures adopted by him in retaliation.

Napoleon, after a hasty tour through the other Italian provinces, returned with Josephine to Paris.

Meanwhile an army under Junot had advanced upon Lisbon, whose fugitive court sailed for the coasts of Brazil, to find security in their magnificent dominions there. Portugal, therefore, passed immediately from English into French possession. The people, indignant at the cowardly flight of their rulers, acquiesced for the time in Napoleon's sovereignty.

But Spain, the greater prize, was not his own. He had said before the battle of Jena, referring to the unreliable course of that kingdom, "The Bourbons of Spain shall be replaced by princes of my own family." Manuel Godoy, one of the king's body-guard, had by his fine person and attainments won the affections and control of the licentious queen. Of

the three sons of Charles IV., Ferdinand, Carlos, and Francisco, Ferdinand was the heir-apparent to the crown; and although a profligate youth of twenty-five, more popular than his equally imbecile father or Godoy, with the majority of the people. It was with him Napoleon contemplated the marriage of Charlotte, the daughter of Lucien. Godoy was the object of universal scorn. His house, March 18th, was pillaged, and on the following day he was rescued from violent death by the guards. Charles IV., greatly alarmed, abdicated the throne, and Ferdinand was proclaimed king amid the wild applause of the people. Murat, Grand Duke of Berg, commanding the army in Spain, marched to Madrid, and took possession of that capital. He refused to recognize Ferdinand's right to the crown, and waited for the mandate of Napoleon. The trembling Charles appealed to the emperor.

On April 2nd, Napoleon set out for Bayonne, a town on the frontier, and at the base of the Pyrenees, to meet the new monarch of Spain, who had been persuaded to believe that a personal interview with Napoleon would secure to him his scepter. He arrived on the 20th, and was soon followed by the anxious old king, the queen, and Godoy. Here were mutual recriminations, the repetition of domestic broils, and

disclosures of their almost idiotic follies in government, and brutal vices in private life. If crimes so manifold could justify the policy of a majestic, ambitious mind, then was there an excuse for the grasp of power with which the emperor took this splendid prize.

The result of the conference was the resignation by Charles IV., of all sovereignty, for a magnificent domain and pension, which was immediately followed with a similar submission, as the only alternative, by Ferdinand VII.

Manuel Godoy, who, because of his success in effecting the treaty of Basel, had received the sounding title of Prince of Peace, assented to the disposal of the crown, for the sake of safety and luxury with the guilty queen, whose unblushing shame sought, rather than avoided, the eye of the world.

Napoleon issued his proclamation to the Spaniards, promising them fresh political and commercial life, and a constitution which should secure their national freedom and glory. He announced to the king of Naples his prospective transfer to the vacant throne.

Joseph was a generous, high-minded man, "too kind," as Napoleon expressed it, to be a king. The contrast between these brothers, in the milder virtues of humanity, is seen in their fraternal correspondence. The king of Naples

reached Bayonne on the 7th of June, where he was waited upon by the Spanish congress, and welcomed to the sovereignty of the realm. July 9th he departed with an imposing train, for Madrid. His accession was transmitted to the powers of Europe, and acknowledged by nearly all of them; but by none more cordially than by Alexander of Russia. Napoleon embraced the opportunity, as he regarded it, of "regenerating Spain," and under this brilliant form of ambition, began there the career of kingly piracy which ultimately stranded his proud and resplendent fortunes upon the rocks of St. Helena. It is true, never was the pursuit of glory, and the hallucination that the world's redemption was in the hands of a gifted man, more grand in development and design, and more sadly baptized in blood, than was Napoleon's.

Joseph recoiled from his mission in Spain, and found it, as he anticipated, no pastime to take possession of an ancient throne. His burdened, unquiet heart was known only to his master, to whom he expressed his fears, but received little sympathy.

Napoleon returned to Paris, again to be received as a god — the idolized and dazzling wonder of their deepest homage. His morality beyond a reasonable doubt, was unsullied by

vice, and preëminent among monarchs. While adding vast empires to his own, France was covered with improvements, begun or completed, which emanated from his exhaustless brain. But there are sublime and beautiful exhibitions of a ruling passion in human life, which do not change the selfish, immoral character of the motive, tried by the eternal principles of pure and righteous action. Napoleon can never, without violence to the conscience of mankind, be viewed in the light of self-forgetful love for oppressed humanity — a man whose benign patriotism borrowed strength and excellence from a serious regard to the benevolent sovereignty of the "King of kings." But he was a great conqueror, and a great monarch.

Austria now spread again upon the horizon a cloud of threatening. She had desired an occasion for rupture with expanding France. Prussia was equally restless. To prepare for the rising storm, by renewing the treaty of place and united strength, made at Tilsit, the emperor appointed a meeting with Alexander of Russia, at Erfurt in Germany. He arrived there amid the gathered aristocracy and royalty of kingdoms, Sept. 27th, 1808. The autocrat was friendly and pliable, pledging himself to sustain Napoleon in his plans, if he might be

equally favored in his designs upon Turkey and Sweden.

A distinguished lady* who was an eye-witness of the splendid scenes at Erfurt, thus describes them:

"What an extraordinary commotion reigned at that time in the contracted circle of the city of Erfurt, now so deserted! What an epoch was that in which the all-powerful will of the extraordinary man who for a number of years reposed on the rock of St. Helena, in a marvelous dream of life, brought together as by a stroke of the magician's wand, emperors, kings, and other distinguished men. What a clatter of brilliant equipages, among which crowds of spectators, attracted by curiosity, were hustled to and fro at the risk of being crushed to death. . . . Napoleon had caused the principal performers of the French theater to be present, Talma, Duchesnois, Mars, the beautiful Georges, the charming Bourgoing, appeared many times a week in their most brilliant characters before the august assembly. A small theater had been fitted up in the Jesuits' college for this purpose, with a promptitude and elegance truly French. Box-tickets were distributed for each representation to the native and foreign ladies, and I and my friends had

* Madame de Schopenhauner.

the good fortune to obtain tickets for the representation of *Œdipus,* in which Madame Raucourt and Talma were to appear. . . . Every box, as well as ours, was closely packed; we could scarcely move. The heat was oppressive, but we had no time to think of it. The interest of the grand display which was forming under our eyes in the parquet, so occupied our attention that we thought but little of the inconvenience of our position.

"Immediately in front of the stage were placed two armchairs for the emperors: at each side were ranges of common chairs, for the kings and reigning princes. There were present statesmen and generals from most of the European powers — men whose names were then celebrated, and have become a part of history. The French were distinguished from the more serious and modest Germans, by their richly embroidered uniforms, and an air of vivacity and confidence. There were Berthier, Soult, Caulaincourt, Savary, Lannes, Duroc, and many others equally celebrated. It seemed as if the greatness of the master was reflected from the countenance of each of them. There was Gœthe, calm and full of dignity; the venerable Wieland. The grand duke of Weimar had invited them to Erfurt. The Duke of Gotha, several German princes, reigning or

allied to reigning families, were grouped around the two veterans of German literature

"Drums were heard from without. 'It is the emperor,' was heard from every box. . . . The Emperor Alexander, majestically tall, then entered. The state box opposite the stage dazzled the eyes with its brilliancy. The Queen of Westphalia, covered with diamonds, sat in the center; next to her, the charming Stephanie, grand duchess of Baden, was conspicuous by her graces rather than by the splendor of her apparel. Some German princesses sat near the two reigning princesses; the gentlemen and ladies of the court occupied the back part of the box.

"At this time Talleyrand appeared in a box fitted up for him on a level with the parquet near the stage. The emperor and kings stood before the box, to converse with the ministers conveniently seated. Everybody had arrived. He alone who had collected this magnificent assembly was yet wanting. All, for a long time, awaited his presence.

"At length, a loud beating of drums was heard, all eyes were directed with a restless curiosity to the entrance. At length, appeared the man, the most incomprehensible of this incomprehensible era. Dressed, according to his custom, in the simplest manner, he hastily

bowed to the sovereigns present, who had been obliged to wait so long for him, and seated himself in the armchair at the right of the Emperor of Russia. His appearance poorly contrasted with that of the superb Alexander. The four kings being seated, the play commenced. Immediately after the opening of the tragedy, which Napoleon had, probably, seen a hundred times, he put himself at his ease, and slept profoundly. It was well known that at any hour of the day or night he could sleep when he wished. Ocular witnesses assure us that, in the midst of a battle, he purposely gave himself up to sleep, to recruit his strength, and could awake at any moment he wished. On the day of this representation at Erfurt in which Talma displayed all his art, the general was fatigued from having exercised his troops for many successive hours.

"It was a singular spectacle to us, to see this terrible man give himself up to gentle sleep, whose vast plans caused happiness or unhappiness to half the world. We continued to contemplate with an astonishment mixed with fear this profile of a fine antique, for which the dark uniform of Alexander served as a background.

"Twenty years have rolled away since — in 1828 — scarcely the third part of the life of

man, yet how many changes have happened in this short space of time. Where are the kings, the potentates, the grandees who were assembled in this theater? Where is he, even he who had collected them together? He reposes forever upon the rock round which dash the ocean's waves! The short and fair life of Alexander is finished. The kings of Saxony, Bavaria, and Würtemberg lie in their marble tombs.

"The grand duchess of Baden, the beautiful Stephanie, for a long time lamented her husband, who was taken away in the flower of his age. The Duke of Gotha, who needed not the title of prince to charm the world, is dead, and with him, his race is extinct. The Duke Charles Augustus of Weimar, lives only in the remembrance of his friends. How many imposing names might be added to this melancholy list!"

The divorce of Josephine came into the prospective securities of the throne, which were discussed during this royal conference with the sovereigns of Europe. With this cruel resort of ambition before his mind, he repaired again to Paris. Napoleon gave Josephine no intimation of his design, but continued to treat her with all the cordiality he had ever manifested. Her disposition was naturally joyous. She was inclined to find a brighter view in every picture of life, and it was doubtless this which sup-

ported her so well under the sad apprehension of Napoleon's intentions toward her. Her *hopefulness,* also, led her at times fondly to trust that the storm would retire, while reason pursuaded her that the emperor would not allow her happiness to thwart the plan which she knew he cherished. What was she in comparison with him? What was her poor human heart worth, and what availed the treasure of its affection to him, who made them subordinate to a throne, and the inscription of his name on its columns? Bleeding affections, blasted hopes, and tears, never bowed the will of Napoleon. Josephine perfectly understood that such trifles in his path would be swept away like chaff before the resistless march of the whirlwind.

Let not Napoleon, however, be misunderstood. As we have said before, he loved Josephine, and this, probably, with a stronger affection that he ever gave to any other object. But he would not let one of the purposes or plans which he had formed go unaccomplished, though the world were to perish. With this view, we can easily see that his love for Josephine would not endure for a moment, if it conflicted with any of his designs for self-aggrandizement. The empress understood it, and knowing that one of his cherished schemes

was for the perpetuity of his empire, she now clearly saw that her own sacrifice was inevitable. The Prince of Holland had died; the viceroy, Eugene, though adopted by Napoleon, Josephine knew could never be the successor to the empire. Upon no living member of his own family would the emperor fix his choice, and there was thus left no alternative but his seeking a wife who might bring him up an heir to the throne.

It is not at all unnatural that Napoleon should have so strong a desire for posterity. Aside from political motives, and inordinate self-love, such a desire belongs to every man. It is a wish natural to universal humanity, and there are few to which men cling with such sincere attachment. It belonged to Napoleon in common with his race, and was stronger in him than in any other man, because his power was more extensive, and his influence vaster; it was a desire commensurate with his own greatness, which grew with every victory, and strengthened with every increase of his power, winding itself more and more closely about his heart with every step taken in his ascending career; and which accompanied every thought of glory, and held a power over him only equaled by that which he himself swayed so tremendously over the minds of other men.

The purpose, which was ripening, now disappeared from the surface of affairs, before the stormy events crowding upon him. Spain was in revolt and revolution. England had formed an alliance with that kingdom, and her troops were on its soil, while her fleet swept the coasts. The mountain fastnesses were filled with armed men — Joseph was compelled to flee from Madrid — and the butchery of French soldiers was terrible. Dupont, Moncey, and Duchesne, had been defeated, and the siege of Saragossa, by Lefebvre, was abandoned. Napoleon hastened to Vittoria, where the French legions lay encamped, awaiting his arrival. Immediately the enthusiasm rose, and the forces were in motion.

"Marshals Victor and Lefebvre, with forty thousand men, were commanded to march upon the Spanish troops who were waiting for a junction with the approaching English army, in Biscay. Soult was ordered to put to rout Count de Belvidere in Estremadura, while Napoleon himself, taking the main strength of his army, hastened with the rapidity and resistlessness of an avalanche against the whole left wing of the Spanish host, as it lay stretched from Bilboa to Burgos. Everywhere, he was successful. The Spanish armies melted away like dew before him, and the fate of all those upon the Ebro was finally sealed, almost before the English

forces had heard that Napoleon had arrived in Spain. Following up his successes, the emperor marched at once upon Madrid, which he entered upon the 4th of Dec., after a stern but ineffectual resistance. Leaving the capital he joined the division under Soult, which was in rapid pursuit of Sir John Moore and the English army. Perceiving, however, that Moore was no longer worthy of his own attention, he intrusted the consummation of his ruin to Soult, and returned with his utmost haste to Paris, riding on post-horses, on one occasion, not less than seventy-five English miles in five hours and a half. The cause of this sudden change and extraordinary haste, was a sufficient one; and it ere long transpired."

He had received despatches from France apprising him that Austria, improving his absence in Spain with his army, was uniting with England to advance upon him from the north, to regain the glory lost at Austerlitz. Joseph, not apprised of these decisive indications of a continental war, sent him upon the first of Jan., with his fraternal salutations, warm expressions of his desire for peace. Joseph Bonaparte returned to Madrid, to continue a short time his troubled reign, uncheered by the willing, grateful homage of his subjects. The condition of the unhappy king, of whom Napoleon had com-

plained that he "was changing the government, and becoming too indulgent;" and the dictatorial policy of the emperor, are vividly portrayed in a contemporary protest of Joseph.

Napoleon reached the capital Jan. 22, 1809.

Meanwhile, Soult had chased the enemy to the hills near Corunna, with one of the most ruinous, sanguinary, horrible defeats in the annals of war. It was in this campaign that Sir John Moore, the brave leader of the retreating columns, fell.

On April 6th, Austria issued a declaration of hostilities, and three days later, Archduke Charles crossed the Inn with one hundred and eighty thousand troops. With so large an army in Spain, Napoleon could hope for victory only by the concentrated and rapid action which before had won the field. Sending out couriers to summon his battalions beyond the Alps and on the Rhine to the conflict, without escort or equipage, he rode with his unequaled speed when events demanded his presence, accompanied by the devoted Josephine, to Strasburg. He was at the head of the army, April 13th, and on the 17th ordered Davoust and Massena commanding the two wings of the army, to advance upon the enemy, while he led the center, hemming in completely the divisions of Charles. After a battle at Abensburg, on the 20th, a de-

cisive, wasting conflict occurred at Landshut on the following day. The archduke lost nine thousand men, thirty guns, and his stores. Then mustering his entire strength he fell upon the enemy at Eckmühl, where an army of two hundred thousand men presented, as they believed, a resistless barrier to the weakened forces of the victor.

The struggle began at two o'clock in the afternoon, and continued with fierce activity till night came down upon the Golgotha of battle. The Austrians were driven from the field and retreated toward Ratisbon. The stupendous work was done by falling upon the foe in full force at selected points, like the direct and crushing descent of the red bolts from the echoing cloud upon the shivered oak. Napoleon took twenty thousand prisoners, fifteen imperial standards, and a large number of cannon. At Ratisbon, Charles, besides attempting to defend the town, again gave the French battle, and was overwhelmed with their impetuous legions, and compelled to flee into Bohemia, abandoning Vienna to the mercy of the conqueror.

The emperor, who seemed to have a charmed existence, and had stood unharmed amid the hail of conflict, was wounded in this deadly encounter in one of his feet, which was hastily dressed and forgotten. Five days had given

him another triumph over Austria; an incredible result to his paralyzed foes.

On the 24th of April, he reviewed his army, and lavished rewards of heroism upon his elated troops. Davoust was created Duke of Eckmühl. On May 10th, he was before the walls of Vienna.

"The emperor had already quitted it, with all his family, except his daughter, the archduchess Maria Louisa, who was confined to her chamber by illness. The archduke Maximilian, with the regular garrison of ten thousand men, evacuated it on Napoleon's approach; and though the inhabitants had prepared for a vigorous resistance, the bombardment soon convinced them that it was hopeless. It perhaps deserves to be mentioned, that on learning the situation of the sick princess, Bonaparte instantly commanded that no fire should be directed toward that part of the town. On the 10th a capitulation was signed, and the French troops took possession of the city, and Napoleon once more established his headquarters in the imperial palace of Schönbrunn."

The "sick princess" (Maria Louisa) afterward became the bride of the besieging emperor.

Charles, recruiting his army, had advanced down the Danube, and taken his position in

order of battle opposite Vienna. Napoleon was as willing to accept as the archduke was to give another battle. But the majestic river was swollen with a freshet, the bridges were gone, and a thousand yards of turbulent waters lay between them. The emperor selected the channel below the capital, intersected by small islands, among which the largest was Lobau, for the perilous transit. Boats were prepared and anchored with chests of cannon-balls, planks laid, bridges erected, and by May 19th, a large portion of his army was on the island, and the following day, passed over to meet the hostile host. He entered the villages of Aspern and Essling, and waited the movement of the Austrians. On the 21st, they appeared upon the rising outline of an extensive plain, spreading away from the French encampment. At four o'clock in the afternoon, the battle opened with an assault upon Aspern, which rapidly changed hands till night closed the slaughter, leaving it under the opposing flags of the French and the Austrian commanders; the latter occupying the church and burial-ground. The Austrians were animated by their partial success; and next morning the conflict was renewed with fiery courage. The French regained possession of Aspern, and Essling remained unyielding under the opposing flags of the French and the

Austrian commanders, the latter occupying the the bridge connecting the right bank of the river with Lobau. To regain connection with his reserves, now separated from him, he must retreat to the island, intrench himself there, and reconstruct the demolished bridge. Just then the brave Lannes was struck by a cannon-ball, and both legs were carried away. The disaster brought tears to Napoleon's eyes, while the poor marshal turned to him, his deity, for aid, dwelling till death upon his name. During the night, the emperor's troops who survived the carnage safely landed on Lobau, and the islands near. Charles claimed the victory, but the indecisive advantage was too dearly purchased to admit of following up the blow. Napoleon felt that the issue would shake the fearful power of his magical name, and resolved to profit by the interlude. "On the fourth of July he had at last re-established thoroughly his communication with the right bank, and arranged the means of passing to the left at a point where the archduke had made hardly any preparation for receiving him. The Austrians, having rashly calculated that Aspern and Essling must needs be the objects of the next contest as of the preceding, were taken almost unawares by his appearance in another quarter. They changed their line on the instant and occupied a posi-

tion, the center and key of which was the little town of Wagram."

Here, on the sixth of July, the final and decisive battle was fought. The archduke had extended his line over too wide a space; and this old error enabled Napoleon to ruin him by his former device of pouring the full shock of his strength on the center. The action was long and bloody: at its close there remained twenty thousand prisoners, besides all the artillery and baggage, in the hands of Napoleon. The archduke fled in great confusion as far as Znaim in Moravia. The imperial council perceived that further resistance was vain: an armistice was agreed to at Znaim; and Napoleon, returning to Schönbrunn, continued occupied with the negotiation until October.

A few days after he returned, he escaped narrowly the dagger of a young man, who rushed upon him in the midst of all his staff, at a grand review of the imperial guard. Berthier and Rapp threw themselves upon the regicide, and disarmed him at the moment when his knife was about to enter the emperor's body. Napoleon demanded what motive had actuated the assassin. "What injury," said he, "have I done to you?" "To me, personally none," answered the youth, "but you are the oppressor of my country, the tyrant of the world; and to

have put you to death would have been the highest glory of a man of honor." This enthusiastic youth, by name Stapss, son of a clergyman of Erfurt, was — justly, no doubt — condemned to death, and he suffered with the calmness of a martyr.

It was during his residence at Schönbrunn that a quarrel, of no brief standing, with the pope, reached its crisis. The very language of the consular concordat sufficiently indicated the reluctance and pain with which the head of the Romish church acquiesced in the arrangements devised by Bonaparte, for the ecclesiastical settlement of France; and the subsequent course of events, but especially in Italy and in Spain, could hardly fail to aggravate those unpleasant feelings. In Spain and in Portugal, the resistance to French treachery and violence was mainly conducted by the priesthood; and the pope could not contemplate their exertions without sympathy and favor. In Italy, meantime, the French emperor had made himself master of Naples, and of all the territories lying to the north of the papal states; in a word, the whole of that peninsula was his, excepting only that narrow central strip which still acknowledged the temporal sovereignty of the Roman pontiff. This state of things was necessarily followed by incessant efforts on the part of Na-

poleon to procure from the pope a hearty acquiescence in the system of the Berlin and Milan decrees; and thus far he at length prevailed. But when he went on to demand that his holiness should take an active part in the war against England, he was met by a steady refusal. Irritated by this opposition, and, perhaps, still more by his suspicion that the patriots of the Spanish peninsula received secret support from the Vatican, Bonaparte did not hesitate to issue a decree in the following words: "Whereas the temporal sovereign of Rome has refused to make war against England, and the interests of the two kingdoms of Italy and Naples ought not to be contravened by a hostile power, and whereas the donation of Charlemagne, *our illustrious predecessor,* of the countries which form the Holy See, was for the good of *Christianity,* and not for that of *the enemies of our holy religion,* we therefore declare that the duchies of Urbino, Ancona, Macerata, and Camarino be forever united to the kingdom of Italy."

On the 17th of May, Napoleon issued, from Vienna, his final decree, declaring the temporal sovereignty of the pope to be wholly at an end, incorporating Rome with the French empire, and declaring it to be *his* second city; settling a pension on the holy father in his spiritual

capacity — and appointing a committee of administration for the civil government of Rome. The pope, on receiving the Parisian senatus-consultum, ratifying this imperial rescript, instantly fulminated a bull of excommunication against Napoleon. Shortly after, some unauthentic news from Germany inspired with new hopes the adherents of the holy father; and, disturbances breaking out, Miollis, on pretense that a life sacred in the eyes of all Christians might be endangered, arrested the pope in his palace, at midnight, and forthwith despatched him, under a strong escort to Savona.

The intelligence of this decisive step reached Napoleon soon after the battle of Wagram, and he was inclined to disapprove of the conduct of Miollis as too precipitate. It was now, however, impossible to recede; the pope was ordered to be conveyed across the Alps to Grenoble. But his reception there was more reverential than Napoleon had anticipated, and he was soon reconducted to Savona.

This business would, in any other period, have been sufficient to set all Catholic Europe in a flame; and even now Bonaparte well knew that his conduct could not fail to nourish and support the feelings arrayed against him openly in Spain and southern Germany, and suppressed, not extinguished, in the breasts of a

great party of the French clergy at home. He made, therefore, many efforts to procure from the pope some formal relinquishment of his temporal claims — but Pius VII. remained unshaken; and the negotiation at length terminated in the removal of his holiness to Fontainebleau, where he continued a prisoner, though treated personally with respect, and even magnificence, during more than three years.

The treaty with Austria was at length signed at Schönbrunn on the 14th of Oct. The emperor Francis purchased peace by the cession of Salzburg, and a part of Upper Austria, to the Confederation of the Rhine; of part of Bohemia to the King of Saxony, and of Cracow and western Gallicia to the same prince, as grand duke of Warsaw; of part of eastern Gallicia to the czar; and to France herself, of Trieste, Carniola, Friuli, Villach, and some part of Croatia and Dalmatia. By this act, Austria gave up, in all, territory to the amount of forty-five thousand square miles, and a population of nearly four millions; and Napoleon, besides gratifying his vassals and allies, had completed the connection of the kingdom of Italy with his Illyrian possessions, obtained the whole coast of the Adriatic, and deprived Austria of her last seaport. Yet, when compared with the signal triumphs of the campaign

of Wagram, the terms on which Napoleon signed the peace were universally looked upon as remarkable for moderation; and he claimed merit with the Emperor of Russia on the score of having spared Austria in deference to his personal intercession.

Bonaparte quitted Vienna on the 16th of October; was congratulated by the public bodies of Paris on the 14th of Nov. as the greatest of heroes, who never achieved victories but for the happiness of the world.

On his return to Paris, Napoleon proudly proclaimed to his senate that no enemy opposed him throughout the continent of Europe — except only a few fugitive bands of Spanish rebels, and the "English leopard" in Portugal, whom ere long he would cause to be chased into the sea. "I and my house," said he, "will ever be found ready to sacrifice everything, even our own dearest ties and feelings, to the welfare of the French people."

This was the first public intimation of a measure which had for a considerable period occupied much of Napoleon's thoughts, and which, regarded at the time (almost universally) as the very master-stroke of his policy, proved in the issue no mean element of his ruin.

An incident occurred upon his approach to the capital which foreshadowed sadly the has-

tening event. At Munich he stopped and despatched a courier to the empress at St. Cloud, apprising her that he should arrive at Fontainebleau on the 27th, and directing the court to proceed thither to receive him. So rapid, however, was his progress, that he reached Fontainebleau at ten o'clock on the morning of the 26th, and of course found no preparations made for his reception. This threw him into a rage, though he could not have forgotten that his arrival was a day earlier than he had fixed, and, cursing their tardiness, ordered a courier to gallop immediately to St. Cloud, and announce to the empress his arrival. Fontainebleau is forty miles distant, and it was one o'clock before Josephine received the intelligence. Aware of the emperor's disposition, she set off hastily, with a feeling of dismay, fearing he might charge the consequences of his own haste upon her.

Toward evening, Josephine arrived; Bonaparte was writing in his library, and when an attendant told him that the empress had come, he took no notice of the announcement. It was the first time he had failed to welcome her after absence, and not only Josephine, but all, marked so strange a mood. Inquiring after him, the empress ran to the library, threw open the doors, and, unheralded, stepped forward to greet him.

At her first salutation, the emperor raised his eyes, and without rising from his seat, gave her a look that was like the touch of death. "Ah! so you are come, madam," said he, "'Tis well; I was just about to set out for St. Cloud." Josephine attempted to answer, but her emotions choked her, and she burst into tears. Was this the reception which was to requite her love, her fears for his safety, her efforts for his success? As she stood sobbing there, Napoleon's heart smote him, and, rising, he apologized for his rudeness. "Forgive me," he said, tenderly embracing her —"I own I was wrong. Let us be friends again." Josephine was ready for a reconciliation, but she could not at once dry her tears. Retiring to dress, they flowed afresh, and for several moments she freely indulged them. What meant his coldness, and then his returning favor? Was his kindness real, or did he show it only to give her a false hope, as the boa is said to loosen its folds and look brightly in the eye of its victim, as a prelude to the last struggle?

When Josephine and the emperor again met, it was with mutual smiles and apparent cordiality. Each seemed to have forgotten the previous misunderstanding, and sought to treat the other with affection.

When at Paris, everything appeared in its accustomed way, and Josephine was ever glad of a pretext which called them there, for at the palace life was irksome and full of disquiet. Napoleon had told her that she stood in the way of his prosperity; that he needed not only an heir, but that to render his power stable, he must seek an alliance with one of the great reigning houses of Europe; that she lay as ever near his heart, but bade her ask herself the question, if it would be a pleasing reflection that the great empire to whose formation she had essentially contributed, was to crumble away at his death. "What a glorious sacrifice," he would say, "you can make, not only to myself but to our empire." Josephine would answer sometimes by tears, then by supplications, and again by arguments, to which even Napoleon could not reply. She would appeal by turns to his generosity, to his former love, and to his superstition. She would talk to him of that mysterious influence which had bound them together, and against which he might not rashly sin. "See there," said she to him one starlight evening as they sat alone at a window of the palace —"Bonaparte, behold that bright star; it is mine! and remember, to mine, not to thine, has sovereignty been promised. Separate, then, our fates, and your star fades!"

Nothing, however, could swerve the emperor from his purpose, and Josephine saw from day to day that her influence over him was declining.

Bonaparte endeavored to act his part without betraying his emotion, but it was in vain. The strong man who had smiled in the face of danger and death, trembled as he drew near the closing scenes of this strange drama. Some have represented him as appearing to act a comedy, and pass with perfect calmness through the ordeal; but this is only an outside view of the picture. It was no farce that made Napoleon Bonaparte weep in his chamber, while his whole frame shook with the emotions which were wildly struggling in his breast. But the iron hand of destiny was upon him — destiny which had impelled him on in the career of glory, and still pointed to a brighter eminence beyond — and he could not resist it.

It was on the last day of Nov. that he formally announced his purpose to Josephine. He had previously urged her to consent to the divorce, but had never before positively told her that she must cease to be his wife. Upon this day dinner had been served as usual, to which the emperor and empress sat down. Josephine had been weeping all the morning, and to conceal the tears which were still falling, she ap-

peared at the dinner-table wearing a head-dress which completely shaded the upper part of her face. The dinner was one merely of form. The viands were brought in and removed, but neither Josephine nor Bonaparte tasted the luxuries or uttered a word. Once or twice their eyes met, but were instantly averted, each fearing to read the look which revealed the spirit's struggle. Josephine saw that her sunlight had passed away, and felt that the storm would quickly spend its wrath upon her.

The dinner ceremony concluded, the emperor rose, and Josephine followed him mechanically into the adjoining saloon. Napoleon ordered all the attendants to retire, and for a few moments they were alone, and both were silent. Josephine instinctively apprehended her fate, but as she watched the changing expression of Bonaparte's countenance, and read through these the struggles of his soul, a single ray of hope darted athwart the gloom. Approaching her with trembling steps, the emperor gazed at her for a moment, then took her hand and laid it upon his heart, as he said —"Josephine! my good Josephine, you know how I have loved you; it is to you, to you alone, that I owe the few moments of happiness I have known in the world. Josephine, my destiny is more powerful than my will; my dearest affections must yield

to the interests of France." "Say no more," said the empress; "I expected this; I understand and feel for you, but the stroke is not the less mortal." Josephine stopped; she tried to say more, but the appalling vision of her doom choked her utterance. She endeavored to command her feelings, but they were too strong to be restrained, and sobbing out, "Oh, no, you cannot surely do it! you would not kill me?" she sunk upon the floor, overcome with the weight of her calamity. Napoleon, alarmed for her safety, threw open the doors of the saloon and called for help. The court physician was instantly summoned, and committing the hapless empress to his care, the author of her misery shut himself up in his cabinet, with feelings known only to Him whose Omniscient eye "*searches the hearts* of the children of men."

Josephine remained in her swoon for three hours. Again and again, the emperor came to inquire after her, and would hang over her couch with an expression of the deepest anxiety. Corvisart, the physician, and Hortense, watched eagerly for tokens of returning animation; but when the empress opened her eyes again in consciousness, it was with a look so full of sadness, that those who stood around almost wished that she could then bury her sorrows in the forgetfulness of death.

"I cannot describe," she afterward writes, "the horror of my condition during that night! Even the interest which *he* affected to take in my sufferings seemed to me additional cruelty. Oh, *mon Dieu!* how justly had I reason to dread becoming an empress!" When she recovered, she made no effort to change Napoleon's resolution, but simply expressed to him her acquiescence. A day or two afterward she wrote the following letter to the emperor, which, as it illustrates her peculiar feelings in relation to this event, we have inserted:

"My presentiments are realized. You have pronounced the word which separates us: the rest is only a formality. Such is the reward — I will not say of so many sacrifices (they were sweet, because made for you) — but of an attachment unbounded on my part, and of the most solemn oaths on yours. But the state, whose interests you put forward as a motive, will, it is said, indemnify me, by justifying you! These interests, however, upon which you feign to immolate me, are but a pretext; your ill-dissembled ambition, as it has been, so it will ever continue, the guide of your life — a guide which has led you to victories and to a throne, and which now urges you to disasters and to ruin.

"You speak of an alliance to contract — of an heir to be given to your empire — of a dynasty to be founded! But with whom do you contract that alliance? With the natural enemy of France — that insidious house of Austria — which detests our country from feeling, system, and necessity. Do you suppose that the hatred, so many proofs of which have been manifested, especially during the last fifty years, has not been transferred from the kingdom to the empire; and that the descendants of Maria Theresa, that able sovereign, who purchased from Madame Pompadour the fatal treaty of 1756, mentioned by yourself only with horror; think you, I ask, that her posterity, while they inherit her power, are not animated also by her spirit? I do nothing more than repeat what I have heard from you a thousand times; but then your ambition limited itself to humbling a power which now you propose to elevate. Believe me, so long as you shall be master of Europe, Austria will be submissive to you; but never know reverse.

"As to the want of an heir, must a mother appear to you prejudiced in speaking of a son? Can I — ought I — to be silent respecting him who constitutes my whole joy, and on whom once centered all your hopes? The adoption of Eugene was, then, a political falsehood? But

there is one reality, at least; the talents and virtues of my Eugene are no illusion. How many times have you pronounced their eulogium! What do I say? Have you not deemed them worthy the possession of a throne as a recompense, and often said they deserved more? Alas! France has repeated the same; but what to you are the wishes of France?

"I do not here speak of the person destined to succeed me, nor do you expect that I should mention her. Whatever I might say on the subject would be liable to suspicion. But one thing you will never suspect — the vow which I form for your happiness. May that felicity at least recompense me for my sorrows. Ah! great it will be if proportionate to them!"

The empress was not a woman who yielded to despair, though to appear cheerful, or even calm, at this time, cost her a struggle that shook the throne of reason. But she was empress still, and while her moments of solitude were consumed in weeping and unavailing regret, she lost none of her dignity or ease when subjected to the curious gaze of the officers of the court, or the ladies who had a more immediate access to her person. She even went to Paris, and presided at some of the splendid fêtes given in honor of Napoleon's late victories; but in all her movements no one detected a step less light,

an air less gay, a mien less commanding, than had distinguished her in the palmiest days of her imperial happiness. Hortense was at Fontainebleau when Napoleon made his announcement to the empress, and Eugene left Italy and hastened to cheer his mother by his presence, as soon as the first tidings of her calamity reached him. Both of her children desired immediately to withdraw from further association with Napoleon. Eugene tendered his resignation as viceroy of Italy, and asked to be excused from future service. Said he, "The son of her who is no longer empress cannot remain viceroy. I will follow my mother into her retreat. She must now find her consolation in her children." Napoleon was much affected at this declaration, and urged Eugene not to relinquish hastily his honors. He told him that it was necessity, and not inclination, which urged the sacrifice of Josephine; that he still loved her, and lavished the same affections upon her children as before. "Should you leave me," said he, "and should I have a son, who would watch over the child when I am absent? If I die, who will prove to him a father? who will bring him up? who is to make a man of him?" Josephine also heroically pleaded Napoleon's request. "The emperor," said she to Eugene, "is your benefactor, your more than father, to whom you are in-

debted for everything, and, therefore, owe a boundless obedience." History hardly shows a stronger instance of self-denying devotion than that which the empress exhibited during the whole of these scenes.

That "fatal day" was not to be averted. It came, and notwithstanding her previous fortitude, the blow fell with a crushing weight upon her soul. A stupor, as though death were fastening his arrow in her heart, came over her. She was the gay and lovely Josephine no longer. She lost the self-control which she had with so much conflict gained, and was again a weak, broken-hearted woman, helpless and comfortless; a vine reaching forth in vain its tendrils for the support whence it was rudely torn.

The 15th of Dec. had been announced as the day for the intended separation. Napoleon had caused to assemble at the Tuileries the different members of his own family, the arch-chancellor of France, and all the high officers of state who composed the imperial council. It was a magnificent assembly, but each countenance wore a shade of gloom, as if some terrible blow were impending over the dearest prospects of every heart. Napoleon first addressed them and told them the object of his calling them together. "The political interests of my monarchy," said he, "the wishes of my people, which have con-

stantly guided my actions, require that I should leave behind me, to heirs of my love for my people, the throne on which Providence has placed me. For many years I have lost all hopes of having children by my beloved spouse the Empress Josephine: this it is which induces me to sacrifice the sweetest affections of my heart, to consider only the good of my subjects and desire a dissolution of our marriage. Arrived at the age of forty years, I may indulge a reasonable hope of living long enough to rear, in the spirit of my own thoughts and disposition, the children with which it may please Providence to bless me. God knows what such a determination has cost my heart! but there is no sacrifice which is above my courage when it is proved to be for the best interests of France. Far from having any cause of complaint, I have nothing to say but in praise of the attachment and tenderness of my beloved wife. She has embellished fifteen years of my life — the remembrance of them will be forever engraven on my heart; she was crowned by my hand: she shall retain always that rank and the title of empress; but, above all, let her never doubt my feelings, or regard me but as her best and dearest friend."

The sweet but faltering tones of Josephine's voice struck a chord of sympathy in every heart,

as she thus, with great dignity, replied —"I respond to all the sentiments of the emperor, in consenting to the dissolution of a marriage, which henceforth is an obstacle to the happiness of France, by depriving it of the blessing of being one day governed by the descendants of that great man, evidently raised up by Providence to efface the evils of a terrible revolution, and restore the altar, the throne, and social order. But his marriage will in no respect change the sentiments of my heart; the emperor will ever find in me his truest friend. I know what this act, commanded by policy and exalted interests, has cost his heart; but we both glory in the sacrifices which we make to the good of the country. I feel elevated in giving the greatest proof of attachment and devotion that was ever given upon earth." When she had finished, the empress was assisted out of the apartment, but the exercises of the day, from which she was drinking such draughts of bitterness, were not yet brought to a close. Again had the imperial family and chief nobles of the realm assembled, all in grand costume, to witness the final consummation. A decree of the Senate had been obtained, proclaiming the divorce, and all that was now necessary was that it receive the signatures and seals of the parties to be separated. Napoleon wore a hat whose sweeping plumes

mostly concealed his face, but an observer could still read in his countenance traces of deep emotion. He stood with his arms crossed upon his breast motionless and speechless. A writing apparatus of gold lay upon a small table in the midst of the apartment, and before it an arm-chair was placed, waiting the entrance of the empress. The door opened and Josephine, leaning on the arm of Hortense, came slowly forward. For a moment she gave an involuntary shudder, and paused while her lustrous eye ran over the face of every one present, as though she had now for the first time gained a full apprehension of her doom.

It was, however, but for a moment, and proceeding bravely she seated herself in the chair at the table, and listened to the decree of the council which completed the separation between herself and the object of her warmest affections. The decree was as follows:

"Art. I. The marriage contracted between the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Josephine is dissolved.

"Art. II. The Empress Josephine shall preserve the title and rank of EMPRESS QUEEN CROWNED.

"Art. III. Her allowance is fixed at an annual payment out of the public treasury.

"Art. IV. Whatever provision the emperor shall make in favor of the Empress Josephine out of the funds belonging to the civil list shall be obligatory upon his successors.

"Art. V. The present Senatus-consultum shall be transmitted by a message to her imperial and royal majesty."

Josephine listened to this decree, but the warm tears fell like rain from her quivering lids. Rising from her chair, she pronounced the oath of acceptance with a tremulous voice, and then, overcome with emotion, sank again into her seat. Count Regnaud de St. Jean d'Angely placed the pen in her hand, with which she signed the fatal decree. The deed was done, but, oh! with what a heaving heart did that martyr lay down the pen, and look up to catch one glance of love from the stern countenance, which, pale and motionless as that of a statue, was turned full upon her. With one convulsive sob she rose, and leaning again upon the arm of Hortense, left the apartment, no longer the wife of Bonaparte.

Eugene, who had been an agonized spectator of the whole scene, followed her closely, but his emotions were too strong for his sensitive nature to endure. He had hardly left the saloon before he fainted and fell, completely overcome by his anguish.

Josephine shut herself up in her apartment, where the sorrow of her soul could be unseen by human eye. She had nerved herself for the issue, had for days been steeling her heart to composure, but, when the blow fell, she bowed like a reed before the tempest. It was in vain that she assumed tranquillity: the tide of feeling swept its barriers. At night she sought a last interview with Napoleon. He had retired to rest when, with eyes swollen and red from weeping, Josephine entered the apartment. She threw open the door but stopped, as she saw the emperor, doubtful whether to advance or retire. A throng of emotions — delicacy, love — the consciousness that she had no longer any right there, and an unwillingness to leave without an adieu, struggled in her breast. Napoleon, dismissing his servant in waiting, rose and clasped the Empress in his arms, and for a few moments they were locked in each other's embrace, silently mingling their tears together. Josephine remained with him an hour, and then parted from the man who had won and broken her heart. Her sobs told what a weight of sorrow still rested upon her spirit as she left the apartment, but the bitterness of death had passed.

Yet another trial was in store for her. The next morning she was to leave the Tuileries,

and bid adieu to scenes sacred to the memory of happiest years. At eleven o'clock an officer of the guard entered her room, and told her that he had orders to conduct her to Malmaison. Silently she prepared to obey the summons, but paused to weep again, when she thought of what she had sacrificed and what she was to leave. To add to her sadness, the whole household, who were tenderly attached to her, assembled together on the stairs and in the vestibule through which she was to pass, anxious to catch one last look at their martyr mistress, "who carried with her into exile the hearts of all that had enjoyed the happiness of access to her presence." The expressions of their grief as they met her ears, were too much for the heart of Josephine. She would have stopped and taken them each by the hand, but she knew if she had hesitated now, a delirium of grief would lay her a helpless victim at their feet. She leaned upon one of her ladies, and moved on with mournful step, more tremulously and wearily than the unfortunate, but faithful, Beauharnais had trod the floor of the guillotine. A carriage stood at the gates, an officer assisted her up the steps, and, pausing to take a farewell gaze at the scenes of past greatness and departed happiness, she veiled a face whose twofold expression of resignation and sorrow made

it indescribably touching and lovely, and was borne away forever from the palace consecrated by her presence, to the empire of virtue and affection.

Josephine returned to Malmaison, the mansion which twelve years before she entered as the bride of Napoleon, and where she had passed the happiest hours of life, now heart-broken and desolate. She struggled vainly to calm the agitation of her unoffending spirit, that forced the tears like rain from her swollen eyes, and to hide the agony written in unmistakable lines upon her meek and mournful face. Though past middle age, she was still youthful in appearance, and seemed the very angel of sorrow, smiling through the grief and gloom of her great calamity; the more distressed because others were sad on her account. Every object that she looked upon reminded her of the varied past, her present humiliation, and a joyless future. Her favorite walks were no more taken for refreshment or pleasure, now, alas! the hours of weeping, while every apartment of that villa, chosen and embellished by her taste, presented to her eye some trace of the man whose ambition crushed her, or gave back to her imagination an echo of his familiar vice. It was not simply that her divorce was unjust, and her pride wounded by so rudely taking from her

brow a crown she had not sought, but her affections were torn from their object and bleeding — she was spurned from a heart that had won her own, and loved deeply in turn — and all to gratify an insatiate thirst for power and permanent fame. None but those who have striven to conceal the throes of anguish which almost brought tears of blood can sympathize with this uncomplaining sufferer during the months that succeeded her separation from Napoleon.

CHAPTER VII.

The choice of a new empress.— Josephine's experience.— Napoleon's power shaken.— The birth of a prince.— Propositions of peace with England.—War with Russia.— His progress to Dresden.— He reaches Dantzic.—The Grand Army cross the Niemen.—The Poles hail the presence of the emperor with hope.—The Russian method of destruction to the enemy.— Napoleon enters Moscow.— He occupies the Kremlin.— Letter to Alexander.— Conflagration of Moscow.— The retreat.—The march to Smolensk.— Conspiracy in Paris.— Marshal Ney.— His supposed death.— His rescue.—The wasting army reach the Beresina.—The tragical crossing of the river Wilna.— Napoleon returns to Paris.— Reaches the palace at night.—The rear-guard of the Grand Army.

THE choice of a new Empress of France lay mainly between Austria and Russia. Alexander desired the alliance because he anticipated conditions which would advance his designs against the restoration of Poland, and especially those upon Constantinople. After consulting his Privy Council, a majority of whom favored the Austrian princess, Napoleon opened negotiations with Francis. Berthier, in behalf of his sovereign, received her hand at Vienna, and the marriage was celebrated, March 10, 1810, in that capital, with great splendor. The bride commenced her journey to France amid the exultation of the people. Napoleon hastened to take her by surprise. Disregarding the order of arrangements, he rode toward Soissons, and, as

her carriage approached, leaving his own, sprang into the presence of Maria Louisa. Surprised and pleased at his enthusiasm, she said as soon as the excitement passed: "Your Majesty's pictures have not done you justice." Napoleon was forty years of age, the empress eighteen — both fine-looking, and in perfect health.

The following distich, which a burgomaster of Holland placed on a triumphal arch erected to Napoleon, is well known:

"Il n'a pas fait une sottise
En épousant Marie-Louise." *

Napoleon had no sooner read this singular inscription, than he sent for the burgomaster. "Mr. Mayor," said he, "you cultivate the French muses here!", "Sire, I compose a little." "Ah! it's you, then! Do you take snuff?" added he, on presenting him a snuff-box enriched with diamonds. "Yes, sir; but I —" "Take it, take it — box and all! And

"Quand vous prendrez une prise,
Rappelez-vous Marie-Louise." †

They spent the evening at the chateau of Compeigne, where it was expected they would first meet, and April 1st, the marriage which

* "He has not done a foolish thing
In marrying Marie-Louise."

† "When you take a pinch of snuff
Remember Marie-Louise."

was virtually consummated according to Austrian statutes, was formally and civilly celebrated at St. Cloud. The following day the grand entry was made into Paris. He acted the part of a devoted lover, but could not, and did not, forget Josephine. He endeavored in vain to induce Maria Louisa to become acquainted with the former wife of Napoleon — still the queen of his heart.

Malmaison had fallen much into decay during the years of change in the empire. To restore the departed grandeur and beauty was Josephine's new employment, which was a double source of delight, in furnishing entertainment to herself, and a means of benevolence in the labors of the poor peasantry. Bonaparte gave her a million of francs, or forty thousand pounds sterling, on her retirement, as a part of her allowance, which she devoted entirely to this object. Soon the wilderness of decay "blossomed as the rose"; the waters sparkled and murmured along their channels, and slumbered in their boundaries fringed with foliage — the sunny slopes were gay with flowers, and the wide fields alive with the laborers, who were grateful for toil, if it purchased bread. In the center of this miniature kingdom, the ex-empress lived more secluded than before, and consequently more in unison with her taste.

There were less parade, and fewer guests, but more freedom and greater intimacy of friendship.

Yet Josephine felt not a thrill of joy amid all this change, unless upon receiving words of love from Napoleon, or at the gladness of others. The words of inspiration were deeply her experience: "Every heart knows its own bitterness!" There is nothing more sad in life's changes, than the suffering of the innocent for the guilty; the unuttered grief of a bosom another has robbed of hope — the slow death of one who has a wounded spirit. But such are the woes that make the pastime of half the world. The millionaire rides in a gilded chariot bought with the gains that made tears fall like rain — the man with a little brief authority walks unmoved upon the prostrate form of another whom he fears or hates — and, in a thousand homes, woman is a secluded martyr to the vice and caprice of a heartless ruffian.

To Josephine, this view of earth, after the completed work of desolation which banished her from St. Cloud, became naturally the habitual one, as expressed in a letter to Bonaparte:

"Sire — I received, this morning, the welcome note which was written on the eve of your departure for St. Cloud, and hasten to reply to

its tender and affectionate contents. These, indeed, do not in themselves surprise me; but only as being received so early as fifteen days after my establishment here; so perfectly assured was I that your attachment would search out the means of consoling me under a separation necessary to the tranquillity of both. The thought that your care follows me into my retreat renders it almost agreeable.

"After having known all the sweets of a love that is shared, and all the suffering of one that is so no longer; after having exhausted all the pleasures that supreme power can confer, and the happiness of beholding the man whom I loved, enthusiastically admired, is there aught else, save repose, to be desired? What illusions can now remain for me? All such vanished when it became necessary to renounce you. Thus, the only ties which yet bind me to life are my sentiments for you, attachment for my children, the possibility of being able still to do some good, and above all, the assurance that you are happy. . . .

"I expect Eugene. I doubly long to see him; for he will doubtless bring me a new pledge of your remembrance; and I can question him at my ease of a thousand things concerning which I desire to be informed, but cannot inquire of you; things, too, of which you

ought still less to speak to me. My daughter will come also, but later, her health not permitting her to travel at this season. . . . Besides you, there is nothing there I regret, since I shall have my children with me soon, and already enjoy the society of the small number of friends who remained faithful to me. Do not forget *your friend;* tell her sometimes that you preserve for her an attachment which constitutes the felicity of her life; often repeat to her that you are happy, and be assured that for her the future will thus be peaceful, as the past has been stormy — and often sad."

The too-devoted Josephine appeared no more upon the public arena; in silence and seclusion she suffered a few years, and died broken-hearted.

It was not this sacrifice alone that presaged Napoleon's fall; but passing by France and Russia, he had taken a daughter of the House of Hapsburg — a tyrannical, faithless race. In this, while securing the favor of the nobility in the royal scheme, he swept away the last claim to sincerity in his conflicts for *the people* against despotism. The niece of Marie Antoinette, whose blood had scarcely faded from the guillotine, was empress of France.

Napoleon — who had overthrown the old feudal system, and revolutionized Europe pre-

pared for the stupendous changes by the corrupt monarchies of the past — failed to redeem his pledge of regeneration and reconstruction of half a continent laid at his feet. "He married the fresh, the genial, the immortal, the glorious, the newly-born future, which all coming ages will claim, to the corrupt, effete, and putrid corpse of the dark ages."

And the shock he had given to his sovereignty, by the imprisonment of the Roman pontiff, was more widely felt than was apparent. These events were followed by another blow upon the base of the imperial throne — startling to the callous and iron-hearted monarch. King Louis disregarded the rule of Napoleon, which was, to make "the first object of his care the emperor, the second France, and the third, Holland," and was pliant in the enforcement of the Berlin and Milan decrees, by which he grew in popularity with the people. He was rebuked by Napoleon, and, hating the restraint upon his reign, suddenly abdicated his throne, and retired with disgust into private life, at Gratz in Styria. Holland was immediately annexed to the empire of France. The Peninsular war continued; the people were unsubdued, except by the force of arms; and Joseph was still the weary, powerless representative of a king. Amid these causes of irrita-

tion, which pointed ominously to the future, Napoleon's heart beat proudly with the fruition of cherished hope.

On the 20th of March, 1811, his wishes were crowned by the birth of a son. The birth was a difficult one, and the nerves of the medical attendant were shaken. "She is but a woman," said the emperor, who was present, "treat her as you would a *bourgeoise* of the *Rue St. Denis.*" The accoucheur at a subsequent moment withdrew Napoleon from the couch, and demanded whether, in case one life must be sacrificed, he should save the mother's or the child's. "The mother's," he answered: "it is her right!" At length the child appeared, but without any sign of life. After the lapse of some minutes a feeble cry was heard, and Napoleon, entering the antechamber in which the high functionaries of the state were assembled, announced the event in these words: "It is a king of Rome!"

The booming of cannon announced in the capital the advent of an heir to the crown of Napoleon; and the tidings spread over the realm, accompanied with all the demonstrations of enthusiasm which had before attended the birth of a dauphin. The Bourbons and their friends heard in the shouts of joy the knell of their hopes. Murat had anticipated an in-

dependent sovereignty for his family in Naples; the King of Prussia was chafing against the humbling conditions of peace, ready to avenge the rifled tomb of Frederick, even upon the husband of an Austrian princess; and Russia was preparing again for war. When Alexander heard of the marriage with Maria Louisa, he remarked, "Then the next thing will be to drive us back into our forests." The "Continental System," as the blockade-policy was called, increased the antagonism of Russia, which jealousy of Napoleon's greatness and his refusal to give desired pledges favoring the plans of extending power had nourished. And the union with the House of Austria was significant of resources for any service his absolute will might require. Sweden at this period, to please the emperor and enthrone a man she believed fit to be a king, placed Bernadotte on the throne. But, with the appearance of fidelity to the monarch who raised him from obscurity to fame, he soon betrayed Napoleon and became his open enemy.

Thus environed with difficulties, the Emperor of France once more opened negotiations with England for peace. He desired it, doubtless; he would avoid the hazard attending another general conflict, and he preferred to develop the elements of prosperity and glory in France.

The decided, stern refusal of England to recognize Joseph, King of Spain, closed the correspondence, and sounded afresh the tocsin of war. Russia was plied with English influence, and Alexander could not long resist the pressure from abroad and his nobles at home, added to his own embarrassed schemes of empire.

In April, 1812, Russia declared war. In doing so, the treaty of Tilsit was broken with faithless contempt of the most sacred obligations, and the signal of another combined effort to crush Napoleon was thrown out upon the vast horizon of the empire of the north.

The French emperor had issued conscriptions; and from Switzerland, Italy, Bavaria, and the vine-clad hills of France, the battalions came pouring into the ranks of the grand army, till half a million of men were ready to march into the fearful wastes of Russia, to furnish the world a tragedy of war, never before or since recorded in history.

The prospective campaign was too daring and perilous not to awaken fears in heroic minds. Talleyrand opposed it; Fouché drew up a memorial against it, and called the emperor's attention to the important crisis. Napoleon's replied, "It is no crisis at all, but a mere war of politics. Spain falls whenever I have destroyed the English influence at St. Petersburg.

Did not you yourself once tell me that the word *impossible* is not French?" It deserves to be mentioned that neither this statesman nor any of his compeers, ever even alluded to the injustice of making war on Russia for the mere gratification of ambition. Their arguments were all drawn from the extent of Alexander's resources — his four hundred thousand regulars, and his fifty thousand Cossacks, already known to be in arms, and the enormous population on which he had the means of drawing for recruits; the enthusiastic national feeling of the Muscovites; the distance of their country; the severity of their climate; the opportunity which such a war would afford to England of pushing her successes in Spain; and the chance of Germany's rising in insurrection in case of any reverses!

Cardinal Fesch, who grieved at the arrest of the Pope, looked with alarm on this expedition, as an insane measure to secure the vengeance of Heaven. He entreated Napoleon not "to provoke at once the wrath of man and the fury of the elements." The emperor drew the cardinal to the window, and, pointing upward, exclaimed, "Do you see yonder star?" "No, sire," replied the cardinal. "But I see it," answered Napoleon; and abruptly dismissed him.

On May 9th, Bonaparte left Paris with the empress, and, with triumphal splendor, followed by the shouts of the people, reached Dresden, the capital of Saxony. Here he gathered about him the kings of Prussia, Naples, Würtemberg, and Westphalia; and he sat in the palace of another more like the monarch among courtiers than the royal general on his way to fresh and wasting conflicts with the lauded sovereign of the earth's proudest realms. The population of the surrounding country thronged the streets, and surged like waves of the sea against the palace walls, to see the man before whose greatness the rulers of the world were dwarfed to common mortals. Napoleon was confident of success; the word *destiny* rang in the chambers of thought like a trumpet-call to the conquest of Europe.

On May 28th, leaving Dresden, and parting with Maria Louisa at Prague, he pressed on to Dantzic, which was governed by General Rapp, a favorite with Napoleon. This officer, Murat, and Berthier, confessed to the emperor their reluctance to engage in the perilous uncertainty of the Russian campaign.

On June 22nd Napoleon issued the following bulletin:

"Soldiers! Russia is dragged on by her fate: her destiny must be accomplished. Let us

march: let us cross the Niemen: let us carry war into her territories. Our second campaign of Poland will be as glorious as our first; but our second peace shall carry with it its own guaranty: it shall put an end forever to that haughty influence which Russia has exercised for fifty years on the affairs of Europe." The address, in which the czar announced the termination of his negotiations, invoked the aid of Almighty Providence as "the witness and the defender of the true cause;" and concluded in these words — "Soldiers, you fight for your religion, your liberty, and your native land. Your emperor is among you, and God is the enemy of the aggressor."

From Dantzic, on the 11th of June, Napoleon advanced to Königsberg, where immense stores were collected for the long march into Russian forests, and over desert wastes. The divisions of the grand army were commanded by Davoust, Oudinot, Ney, Eugene, Poniatowski, St. Cyr, Regnier, Jerome, Victor, Macdonald, Augereau, Murat, and Schwarzenberg. Marshals Mortier, Lefebvre, and Bessières, led the imperial guard. This splendid cavalcade, which Napoleon reviewed on the battle-plain of Friedland, with all the equipments of siege and difficult marches, reached, on the last of June, the

banks of the rushing Niemen, beneath the dark shadow of the silent wilderness.

It was on the 24th that the host began to cross, in three great divisions at as many different points, the bridges they had built — the river reflecting the glittering weapons and nodding plumes, as for two days and nights they moved forward under the eye of Napoleon. While reconnoitering the banks at Kowno, his horse stumbled and fell. "A bad omen — a Roman would return," he exclaimed.

Over the plains of Lithuania, the battalions advanced without opposition from the enemy, towards Wilna, the capital of Russian Poland; it was evacuated at their approach. Here Napoleon rested on the 28th of June; but the magazines which he anticipated had been consumed — a prelude to the greater conflagration, whose flames would prove the funeral-torch of desolation wherever they retired; every village was burned ere they quitted it; the enthusiastic peasantry withdrew with the army and swelled its ranks.

The brave Poles rallied around the emperor, and petitioned him to restore to them their nationality, furnishing, as an expression of their confidence and hope, eighty-five thousand troops to join the desperate campaign against their gigantic and cruel foe. But Napoleon's refusal

to meet the demand of Russia, "that the kingdom of Poland should never be established, and that her name be effaced forever from every public and official act," was no mean cause of hostilities, while Austria and Prussia were too deeply involved in the piratical possession to make the intervention desirable. He accepted the heroic men, yet struck no blow for Polish freedom. There is an apology in the complication of affairs, and, still is it true, that the emperor never periled an iota of power, or swerved from his single object of attaining a higher summit of glory, by the rescue or protection of a dependent nation. It was necessity or ambitious choice that guided his interposition whenever given to the kingdoms and colonies for which despots contended.

He remained three weeks at Wilna, detained by the slowness of the arrival and the impromptitude of his commissariat; a pause Alexander with energy improved. A million of soldiers, inured to the rigors of a polar winter, swarmed to the standard of the autocrat. Moscow offered eighty thousand men; the Grand Duchess of Russia, whose rival was Maria Louisa, equipped a regiment on her own estate; and the Cossack chief Platoff bid for Napoleon's life, with the premium of his only daughter, and a dower of 200,000 rubles.

"The Russian plan of defense was already ascertained, and it was alarming. The country was laid utterly desolate wherever they retired; every village was burned ere they quitted it; the enthusiastic peasantry withdrew with the army, and swelled its ranks."

With these scenes of conflagration hourly occurring, and bloody battles between, the French legions hastened toward Moscow.

"On the 5th of Sept., Napoleon came in sight of the position of Kutusoff, and succeeded in carrying a redoubt in front of it. All the day of the 6th the two armies lay in presence of each other, preparing for the contest. The Russians were posted on an elevated plain, having a wood on their right flank, their left on one of the villages, and a deep ravine, the bed of a small stream, in their front. Extensive field-works covered every more accessible point of this naturally very strong ground; and, in the center of the whole line, a gentle eminence was crowned by an enormous battery, serving as a species of citadel. The Russian army were one hundred and twenty thousand in number; nor had Napoleon a greater force in readiness for his attack. In artillery also the armies were equal. It is supposed that each had five hundred guns in the field.

"To his sanguinary troops Napoleon said: 'Soldiers! here is the battle you have longed for; it is necessary, for it brings us plenty — good winter-quarters, and a safe return to our country. Behave yourselves so that posterity may say of each of you, 'He was in that great conflict beneath the walls of Moscow.'"

At four o'clock in the morning of the 7th, the French advanced under cover of a thick fog, and assaulted at once the center, the right, and the left of the position. Such was the impetuosity of the charge that they drove the Russians from their redoubts; but this was but for a moment. They rallied under the very line of their enemy's fire, and instantly re-advanced. Peasants who, till that hour, had never seen war, and still wore their rustic dress, distinguished only by the cross sewed on it in front, threw themselves into the thickest of the combat. As they fell, others rushed on and filled their places. Some idea may be formed of the obstinacy of the contest from the fact, that of one division of the Russians which mustered thirty thousand in the morning, only eight thousand survived! These men had fought, in close order and unshaken, under the fire of eighty pieces of artillery. The result of this terrible day was that Bonaparte withdrew his troops and abandoned all hope of forcing his

way through the Russians. In no contest by many degrees so desperate had he hitherto been engaged. Night found both armies on the ground they had occupied at daybreak. The number of guns and prisoners taken by the French and by the Russians was about equal; and of either host there had fallen no less than forty thousand men. Some accounts raise the gross number of slain to one hundred thousand. Such was the victory in honor of which Napoleon created Marshal Ney *Prince of Moskwa.*

Bonaparte, when advised by his generals, toward the conclusion of the day, to bring forward his own guard and hazard one final attack at their head, answered, "And if my guard fail, what means should I have for renewing the battle tomorrow?" The Russian commander, on the other hand, spared nothing to prolong the contest. During the night after, his cavalry made several attempts to break into the enemy's lines; and it was only on receiving the reports of his regimental officers in the morning, that Kutusoff perceived the necessity of retiring until he should be further recruited. His army was the mainstay of his country; on its utter dissolution, his master might have found it very difficult to form another; but while it remained perfect in its organization,

the patriotic population of the empire was sure to fill up readily every vacancy in its rank. Having ascertained then the extent of his loss, and buried his dead (among whom was the gallant Bagration) with great solemnity — the Russian slowly and calmly withdrew from his intrenchments, and marched on Mojaisk. Napoleon was so fortunate as to be joined exactly at this time by two fresh divisions from Smolensk, which nearly restored his muster to what it had been ere the battle began; and, thus reinforced, commanded the pursuit to be vigorously urged. On the 9th, the French van came in sight of the Russian rear again, and Bonaparte prepared for battle. But next morning Kutusoff had masked his march so effectually, by scattering clouds of Cossacks in every direction around the French, that down to the 12th the invader remained uncertain whether he had retreated on Kaluga, or directly to the capital. The latter he, at length, found to be the case; and on the 4th of Sept. Napoleon reached the Hill of Salvation, so named because from that eminence the Russian traveler obtains his first view of the ancient metropolis, affectionately called "Mother Moscow," and hardly less sacred in his eye than Jerusalem. The soldiery beheld with joy and exultation the magnificent extent of the place; its mixture of Gothic stee-

ples and oriental domes; the vast and splendid mansions of the haughty boyards, embosomed in trees; and, high over all the rest, the huge towers of the Kremlin, at once the palace and the citadel of the old czars. The cry of "Moscow! Moscow!" ran through the lines. Napoleon himself reined in his horse and exclaimed, "Behold at last that celebrated city!" He added, after a brief pause, "It was time."

Bonaparte had not gazed long on this great capital ere it struck him as something remarkable that no smoke issued from the chimneys. Neither appeared there any military on the battlements of the old walls and towers. There reached him neither message of defiance, nor any deputation of citizens to present the keys of their town, and recommend it and themselves to his protection. He was yet marveling what these strange circumstances could mean, when Murat, who commanded in the van, and had pushed on to the gates, came back and informed him that he had held a parley with Miarodowitch, the general of the Russian rear-guard, and that, unless two hours were granted for the safe withdrawing of his troops, he would at once set fire to Moscow. Napoleon immediately granted the armistice. The two hours elapsed, and still no procession of nobles or magistrates made its appearance.

On entering the city, the French found it deserted by all but the very lowest and most wretched of its vast population. They soon spread themselves over its innumerable streets, and commenced the work of pillage. The magnificent palaces of the Russian boyards, the bazaars of the merchants, churches, and convents, and public buildings of every description, swarmed with their numbers. The meanest soldier clothed himself in silk and furs, and drank at his pleasure the costliest wines. Napoleon, perplexed at the abandonment of so great a city, had some difficulty in keeping together thirty thousand men, who followed Miarodowitch, and watched the walls on that side.

The emperor, who had retired to rest in a suburban palace, was awakened at midnight by the cry of *fire*. The chief market-place was in flames; and some hours elapsed ere they could be extinguished by the exertions of the soldiery. While the fire still blazed, Napoleon established his headquarters in the Kremlin* and wrote, by that fatal light, a letter to the czar, containing proposals for peace. The letter was committed to a prisoner of rank; no answer ever reached Bonaparte.

Next morning found the fire extinguished, and the French officers were busied throughout

* An extensive fortress, including a palace and several churches and convents.

the day in selecting houses for their residence. The flames, however, burst out again as night set in, and under circumstances which might well fill the minds of the invaders with astonishment and alarm. Various detached parts of the city appeared to be at once on fire; combustibles and matches were discovered in different places, as if laid deliberately; the water-pipes were cut; the wind changed three times in the course of the night, and the flames always broke out again with new vigor in the quarter from which the prevailing breeze blew right on the Kremlin. It was sufficiently plain that Rostoptschin, governor of Moscow, had adopted the same plan of resistance in which Smolensk had already been sacrificed; and his agents, whenever they fell into the hands of the French, were massacred without mercy.

The efforts to stop the flames were all in vain, and it was not long ere a raging fire swept the capital east, west, north, and south. During four days the conflagration continued, and four-fifths of the city were wholly consumed. "Palaces and temples," says the Russian author, Karamsin, "monuments of art and miracles of luxury, the remains of ages long since past, and the creations of yesterday, the tombs of ancestors, and the cradles of children, were indiscriminately destroyed. Nothing was left

of Moscow save the memory of her people, and their deep resolution to avenge her fall."

During two days Napoleon witnessed from the Kremlin the spread of this fearful devastation, and, in spite of continual showers of sparks and brands, refused to listen to those who counseled retreat. On the third night, the equinoctial gale rose, and Kremlin itself took fire, and it became doubtful whether it would be possible for him to withdraw in safety; and then he at length rode out of Moscow, through streets in many parts were arched over with flames, and buried, where this was not the case, in a dense mantle of smoke. "These are, indeed, Scythians," said Napoleon. He halted, and fixed his headquarters at Petrowsky, a country palace of the czar, about a league distant. But he could not withdraw his eyes from the rueful spectacle which the burning city presented, and from time to time repeated the same words: "This bodes great misfortune."

Napoleon again reoccupied the Kremlin, around which lay in smoldering heaps the fairest portion of the city, on the 20th, when the conflagration had spent its fury. With characteristic levity, the French troops opened a theater, whose applauded actors were sent from Paris by the order of Napoleon.

The silence of Alexander began to awaken

the presentiment of still more serious events. The successes of the Russian forces in the battles with their enemy on the south threatened to cut off communications with the magazines in Poland. But the resistless foe, whose power the emperor feared, was advancing upon him. *Winter,* with its northern severity and dismal length, was at hand. A second letter to the autocrat was despatched, with proposals of peace.

Count Lauriston presented himself to Kutusoff at his headquarters, early in Oct., but was refused a passport. Kutusoff denied the right to give one, but offered to transmit the letter to St. Petersburg. It drew forth no reply. Autumn scattered the sere leaves; and, to the dismay of Napoleon, Oct. 13th, three weeks earlier than at any recorded period before, the snow shrouded the landscape, and fringed the blackened walls of abandoned cities. Upon the 18th, in a sanguinary conflict at Vincovo between Bennigsen and Murat, the French sustained an immense loss. This hastened the evacuation of Moscow, which the emperor had seen to be inevitable. The immense host poured through the gates into the merciless embrace of the destroying elements. Mortier lingered with 3,000 men to guard the retreat, and blow up, as the farewell peal of war's infernal thunder, the massive walls of the Kremlin.

Desprez, Joseph Bonaparte's aide-de-camp, visited Napoleon just before the evacuation, with despatches from the King of Spain, presenting to the emperor his declining power in the Peninsula. Desprez, upon his return to Paris, wrote to his sovereign the displeasure of the emperor regarding his management of the war, and gave the following account of the grand army at Moscow:

"The army, when I quitted it, was in the most horrible misery. For a long while previously the disorder and losses had been frightful; the artillery and cavalry had ceased to exist. The different regiments were all mixed together; the soldiers marched pell-mell, and sought only how to prolong mechanically their existence. Although the enemy was on all sides of us, thousands of men strayed every day into the neighboring villages, and fell into the hands of the Cossacks. Nevertheless, large as is the number of prisoners, that of the dead exceeds it. It is impossible to describe the famine; during more than a month there were no rations; dead horses were the only resource, and even the marshals were frequently in want of bread. The severity of the climate rendered hunger more fatal; every night we left at the bivouac several hundred corpses. I think that I may, without exaggeration, estimate those

who have been lost in this manner at one hundred thousand — the truth is best expressed by saying that the army is dead. The young guard, which formed part of the corps to which I was attached, was eight thousand strong when we left Moscow; at Wilna it scarcely numbered four hundred. All the other corps are reduced in the same proportion; and as the flight did not end at the Niemen, I am persuaded that not twenty thousand men reached the Vistula. It was believed in the army that a great many soldiers were on in front, who would rally when it was possible to suspend the retreat. I convinced myself of the contrary; at five leagues from headquarters I met no more stragglers, and I was then aware of the extent of the calamity.

"A single fact may give your majesty an idea of the state of things. Since crossing the Niemen a corps of eight hundred Neapolitans, the only corps which has preserved any sort of order, formed the rear-guard of a French army the strength of which once amounted to three hundred thousand men. It is impossible to say how contagious was the disorder; the corps of the Dukes of Belluno and Reggio amounted together to thirty thousand men when they crossed the Beresina; two days afterward they had melted away like the rest of the army.

Sending reinforcements only increased the losses, and at last we became aware that fresh troops must not be allowed to come in contact with a disorderly multitude which could no longer be called an army. . . . If your majesty were now to ask me when the retreat is to end, I can say only that it depends on the enemy. I do not think Prussia will make much effort to defend her territory. M. de Narbonne, whom I saw at Berlin, and who was the bearer of letters from the emperor to the King of Prussia, told me that both the king and his prime minister were favorably disposed, but that he was aware that the feeling of the nation was different. Already several brawls had taken place between the citizens of Berlin and the soldiers of the French garrison; and, when I passed through Prussia, I had opportunities of convincing myself that no trust could be placed in our recent ally.

"It seems also that in the Austrian army the officers declaim openly against the war.

"Sad as this picture is, I believe it to be painted without exaggeration, and that my observations have been made with impartiality. My estimate of the extent of the evil is the same now as it was when I was nearer to the scene of action."

Napoleon marched with his wasting battalions by a new route toward Smolensk. The Cossacks made fearful havoc with the scattered companies, cutting them down, plundering, and then on their fleet horses retiring to their forest-lair. When he passed the Souja, the emperor came near falling into their hands; but, in their lust for spoil, they overlooked the defiant, weary leader in this terrible march of death. On Oct. 23d, he rested at Borousk, sixty miles from Moscow. A few miles farther on lay Eugene's force of eighteen thousand troops. Before dawn of the next day the Russians fell upon him, and after a bloody struggle were compelled to leave the field. Napoleon embraced Eugene, and exclaimed, "This is the most glorious of your feats of arms."

Learning here that one hundred and thirty thousand Russians, strongly intrenched, crossed his path, he called a council of war. He decided, with bitter disappointment, to abandon the attempt to press through the defiles of Kaluga, and retire to the "war-scathed road" in which he came so proudly to the fatal plains of the north. The Russian army, ignorant of the movement, and alarmed by the victory of Eugene, also began a retreat; the two armies thus flying from each other, but neither aware of the advantage given. For seven hundred

and fifty miles, Napoleon had but two points at which repose and supplies could be obtained. Upon this awful march — this "Iliad of woes" — the great captain and peerless monarch sadly, despondingly entered.

It was on the 26th that the march commenced, and on the 28th the army passed over the field of Borodino. The unburied, decaying dead, half-eaten by the wolves, made the living soldier pass with averted face to his own fate — mortal agony on the spear-point of the Cossack, or the lethargy which has no waking. Three hundred miles were traversed in ten days; and yet onward, between the Russian columns watching their progress — followed by the dashing, savage hordes of Platoff — and the hunger-maddened wolves, the struggling columns moved. With November came the settled gloom and unalleviated cold of a Russian winter. Storms howled around the thinning ranks of the grand cavalcade, and the angry sky grew dark above them. They fell in battalions to rise no more till the resurrection morning. The brave, indomitable, chivalrous Ney, protected this retreat of the imperial army; and his marvelous skill, his endurance and courage, elevated his rank, in the admiration of the world, nearer his commander than that of any

other man in the constellation of noble marshals who waited on Napoleon.

On Nov. 9th, the emperor was before Smolensk. Instead of the promised and expected supplies for his soldiers, there was nothing but brandy — the direst foe of the hungry and benumbed soldiers. They drank and died in groups along the icy streets. Since the departure from Moscow, eighty thousand men had fallen, and no more than forty thousand could now enter the battle-field, were the opposing armies to meet.

A messenger had reached Napoleon with intelligence which increased his fears, and his desire to be in the capital of France. Mallet, an officer, forged a report of the emperor's death, and gathered to his standard, in the excitement which followed, a part of the national guard. He was arrested and shot. But the conspiracy revealed to Napoleon the frail tenure of his regal authority, and how little a son might have to do with the continuance of his dynasty.

Five days were passed in Smolensk, receiving despatches, and preparing for the final effort to reach the boundaries of friendly territory. Murat, Eugene, Davoust, and Ney commanded the divisions of an army, reduced to less than one-tenth of its original numbers. Kutusoff,

with more than double the force, hung along his track, in a parallel line of march.

At length he advanced and crossed the path of his enemy. A battle followed, and through wasting carnage the first division cut its way. Eugene's battalions followed, and met the same wall of bristling bayonets and batteries. But the columns moved on, and were mowed down in ranks, till only a remnant escaped. This band had no other hope but to leave their camp-fires burning and creep around the impregnable position. A Russian sentinel saw a company of them and gave the challenge; but a Pole answered in the national dialect, and all was silent. The deception saved the brave four thousand under Beauharnais. Davoust and Mortier were at Krasnoi, holding the enemy back, if possible, till Ney could join them. This splendid officer, who led the rear-guard, found at Smolensk the heaps of the dead, assuring him of accumulating disasters upon the advanced divisions of the army. The opposition to his progress was inconsiderable, till he reached the ravine of Sormina, over which hung a curtain of heavy mist, and obscured the masses of Russian troops, and the frowning batteries which lay beyond. He was in the resistless grasp of the foe.

A Russian officer summoned Ney to surrender. "A marshal of France never surrenders," was the heroic answer; and instantly the artillery, distant only two hundred and fifty yards, poured its storm of grape shot into his ranks. Ney plunged into the ravine, crossed the stream, and charged the astonished legions at the cannon's mouth. He was beaten back by the merciless fire, and still held his original position under the very shadow of the grim batteries through which not a man could pass alive. Napoleon, meanwhile, was deeply anxious for the fate of his favorite marshal. He expressed the intensest interest, and waited in suspense to catch some tidings of his safety or death. The night after the combat, Ney deserted his camp at midnight and retraced his steps, till he came to a small stream, which, he told his men, must enter into the Dnieper. On through the untraveled, howling wilderness — through snow, and across icy plains — the intrepid marshal led his brave band. He was not mistaken in his plan; he came upon the great river which he sought, and found a surface of ice, which swayed and cracked beneath his feet. The soldiers in single file passed over; but the wagons, laden with the wounded and the ordnance, crushed the frail bridge, and went down into the cold waters, sending upward to the gloomy

heavens a shriek of wild and bitter agony. The Cossacks were also upon them. Ney sent to Napoleon at Orcha for assistance. Upon hearing the intelligence, the emperor sprang toward the messenger, and exclaimed: "Is that really true? Are you sure of it? I have two hundred millions of gold in my vaults at the Tuileries; I would give them all to save Marshal Ney." Eugene went to the rescue, and, in a few hours, the remnants of the grand divisions of the imperial army, reduced since leaving Smolensk from forty thousand to twelve thousand men, met with mournful joy at Orcha. There were but one hundred and fifty of the cavalry, and, to remedy the deficiency, five hundred officers still possessing horses were formed "into a sacred band," to guard the person of Napoleon. The Dnieper was crossed, but tidings of additional disaster reached him. Minsk had fallen; another oasis in the desert was wiped out by the legions of Russia. A new line of march into Poland was chosen, north of the ruined town, and haste was demanded, to escape the successful Witgenstein on the right flank, and Tchichagoff on his left. The Beresina was to be the next cold and rushing stream, whose passage would be disputed by the unwasted columns of Alexander. The point of transit selected by Napoleon was Borizoff, when

he heard that Dambrouski who commanded there had been defeated by Witgenstein, and abandoned the position. He then advanced farther up, to Studzianska.

"His twelve thousand men, brave and determined, but no longer preserving in their dress, nor, unless when the trumpet blew, in their demeanor, a soldier-like appearance, were winding their way amid these dark woods, when suddenly the air around them was filled with sounds which could only proceed from the march of some far greater host. They were preparing for the worst, when they found themselves in presence of the advanced guard of the united army of Victor and Oudinot, who had indeed been defeated by Witgenstein, but still mustered fifty thousand men, completely equipped, and hardly shaken in discipline. With what feelings must these troops have surveyed the miserable, half-starved, and half-clad remains of that "grand army," their own detachment from whose banners had, some few short months before, filled every bosom among them with regret!"

Oudinot had been left at Smolensk, and upon the evacuation of Moscow was ordered to move forward to secure the retreat. Victor was severely wounded at Polotsk, and compelled to retire to Wilna. These brave men parted with

grief from the confident host of invasion; and now, with deeper sorrow, welcomed the ragged, famishing, freezing, and bleeding remains of that unrivaled army, a few miles from Borizoff, which the marshals had meanwhile retaken. With this augmented force, the emperor moved toward the Beresina. The river was three hundred yards wide, six feet in depth, and full of floating ice. Napoleon, with artful manœuvres, deceived his enemy, and the Russian commander withdrew from Studzianska to a position eighteen miles below. When it was shown to the emperor, he exclaimed, "Then I have outwitted the general?" Before the Russians discovered the mistake, two bridges were thrown across the stream, and Oudinot had passed over. When Napoleon gained the opposite shore, his words of triumph were, "My star still reigns!" On Nov. 27 the conflict opened. Into the crowded mass of soldiers, the women and wounded, the Russians poured their iron hail of death.

One of the bridges broke down in the midst of the carnage, beneath the weight of artillery and troops, and plunged the shrieking multitude into the flood. A survivor of the campaign said, afterward, "the scream that rose did not leave my ears for weeks; it was heard clear and loud over the hurrahs of Cossacks,

and all the roar of artillery." Victor defended the bridge until evening, while the columns, trampling on the dead and dying, advanced in the cannonade of the Russian batteries; he then followed, leaving the wounded and straggling portions of the army on the enemy's bank. He fired the bridge and left them to their fate, as the stern necessity of war. When spring thawed the Beresina, twelve thousand bodies were drifted from its bed.

On Dec. 3rd the struggling companies arrived at Molodaczno. Here they met supplies despatched from Wilna, to which town were sent immediately, under escort, the wounded and whatever encumbered the army. Napoleon called a council of war, and announced the decision to his officers of returning without delay to Paris.

The troops were near the soil of Poland, and sure of an abundance to feed and clothe them. The design was approved, and the emperor on the 5th, leaving the chief command to Murat, bade the garrison and relics of the "grand army," drawn up before Wilna, adieu, and set off at midnight with a few attendants in three sledges, for the capital of France. Near Warsaw he just escaped falling into the hands of a company of Russians; and on the 10th entered that city. His ambassador there, Abbé

de Pradt, whose mission was a failure, which occasioned his removal, congratulated the emperor upon his deliverance from so many and great dangers. "Dangers," cried Napoleon, "there were none — I have beaten the Russians in every battle — I live but in dangers — it is for kings of Cockaigne to sit at home at ease. My army is in a superb condition still — it will be recruited at leisure at Wilna, and I go to bring up three hundred thousand men more from France."

On the 14th he was at Dresden, and was visited by the king of Saxony, who renewed his pledge of fidelity.

Four days later, he entered the Tuileries after Maria Louisa had retired to sleep. A cry of alarm from the startled inmates roused the empress, and in another moment she embraced, with unfeigned affection, the royal fugitive. The next morning he held a levee, and freely declared the disastrous ravages of fire and frost among his annihilated army. The eighty thousand soldiers and stragglers left at Wilna continued to waste away before the increasing cold. Crossing the bridge at Kowno with only thirty thousand — the "Old Guard" was reduced to three hundred men — Marshal Ney had fought his way on, his path lined and paved with his slaughtered and frozen troops, and was the last

to pass the bridge, with thirty heroes by his side. Calmly walking back toward the enemy's shore, he fired the last shot, and threw his gun into the river. When he met General Dumas on the German side, in the house of a friend, he answered to the question, "Who are you?" "I am the rear-guard of the grand army — Marshal Ney. I have fired the last musket-shot on the bridge of Kowno, I have thrown into the Niemen the last of our arms, and I have walked hither, as you see me, through the forest." The annals of war can present no more sublime defiance of an unconquered will, or of quenchless ardor of devotion to king and country

CHAPTER VIII.

Napoleon's reception after the defeat in Russia.— His character.—The new coalition.— Battle of Lützen.— Entrance into Dresden.— Battle of Bautzen.— Negotiations.— Metternich.—The plan of campaign.— Siege of Dresden.— Disasters.—Napoleon's desperate courage.— Battle of Leipsic.— Murat abandons the Emperor's cause.—Treachery of the Allies.—The Senate of France falter in their support.— Napoleon's rebuke.— Napoleon at the Tuileries.— He enters on the final struggle.— Battle of Brienne.— Want of arms.— The progress of the Allies.—Napoleon's expedition on the Marne.— His victories.— Letter from Joseph on the condition of Paris.— Negotiations for Peace. — Napoleon's account of the crisis in his affairs.— His policy in his extremity.— Battle of Leon.— Rheims.— The last struggle.—The Allies advance toward Paris.— The flight of the Court.—The capitulation.

THE twenty-ninth bulletin of Napoleon had prepared the popular mind to welcome the emperor, whose eloquent words assured his subjects that the resistless elements alone had snatched victory from the grand army. Although nearly every family of the empire was in mourning, his magical name and presence restored the confidence and renewed the devotion of the people. The senate, officials, and public bodies, all pressed up to the throne with expressions of homage and applause. Enlistments were ordered, and the regiments of fresh troops gathered to his standard by thousands. The arsenals were alive with preparation, and, in

each habitation, the farewell to some manly inmate was spoken. Within a few weeks, Napoleon was at the head of three hundred and fifty thousand soldiers, fresh from the bosom of a loyal, gallant nation. The grandeur of his genius was seen and felt, at home and abroad, in the magnificent expenditures of money and labor during these years of war with the rest of Europe, in national improvements. The whole sum laid out on canals, docks, harbors and public buildings, in nine years, was $200,000,000. Such achievements of intellect and power stamp Napoleon with a fascinating preeminence, which may lead the historian and admirer of brilliant deeds to a partial estimate of moral qualities, which are essential elements of true greatness. Napoleon's character was deficient in the strength and purity which have invested with a benign attraction the names of earth's noblest heroes — elevating far above Alexander, Hannibal, and Napoleon, in the scale of being, Washington, and the less successful Louis Kossuth of Hungary. Every rational mind feels the transcendent excellence of these Christian virtues, which we do not discern in the Emperor of France, and, without which, ambition must ever have an alliance with brute force and be directed mainly to personal glory. But it is also undeniable that Napo-

leon was vastly superior in intellectual and moral proportions to the monarchs with whom he contended; and in his great campaigns was sustained in the general principle of lawful war by the violation of sacred treaties on the part of his enemies.

This does not change the motives which ruled him in the invasion of Egypt, the seizure of Naples, the conquest of Spain, the divorce of Josephine, the awful tragedy of the Russian expedition.

Napoleon was again mustering his energies for the conflict with surrounding kings. Frederick William of Prussia, a sincere ally, desired to continue his friendly relations with France. The garrisons of the emperor, scattered over the Prussian territory, were unable to keep the people in subordination. The king interposed, indeed, his authority to protect the soldiers of Napoleon from popular violence; but it soon became manifest that their safety must depend on their concentrating themselves in a small number of fortified places; and that, even if Frederick William had been cordially anxious to preserve his alliance with France, it would ere long be impossible for him to resist the unanimous wishes of his people. Murat was soon weary of his command. He found himself thwarted and controlled by the other generals,

none of whom respected his authority; and one of whom, when he happened to speak of himself in the same breath with the sovereigns of Austria and Prussia, answered, without ceremony: — "You must remember that these are kings by the grace of God, and by descent, and by custom; whereas you are only a king by the grace of Napoleon, and through the expenditure of French blood." Murat was moreover jealous of the extent to which his queen was understood to be playing the sovereign in Naples, and he threw up his command. Eugene succeeded him at the moment when it was obvious that Frederick William could no longer, even if he would, repress the universal enthusiasm of his people. On the 31st of Jan. the king made his escape to Breslau, in which neighborhood no French were garrisoned, erected his standard, and called on the nation to rise in arms. Whereupon Eugene retired to Magdeburg, and shut himself up in that great fortress, with as many troops as he could assemble to the west of the Elbe.

Six years had elapsed since the fatal day of Jena; and the Prussian nation had recovered in a great measure its energies. The people now answered the call of their beloved prince, as with the heart and voice of one man. Young men of all ranks, the highest and the lowest,

flocked indiscriminately to the standard: the students of the universities formed themselves into battalions, at the head of which, in many instances, their teachers marched. The women flung their trinkets into the king's treasury — gentlemen melted their plate — England poured in her gold with a lavish hand. The rapidity with which discipline was established among the great levies thus assembled excited universal astonishment.

In March the allies met at Breslau; Alexander embraced cordially Frederick William. It was stipulated in the conditions of coalition that the German powers should be required to join the alliance against Napoleon, or forfeit their estates. The King of Saxony refused the demand, and was compelled to flee from his capital. The allies then marched over his realm and entered triumphantly Dresden. Bernadotte landed thirty-five thousand Swedes at Stralsund. England lavished gold by millions, to secure the revolution in feeling and action among these rulers, at this crisis of apparent weakness and waning power of Napoleon. The struggle in Spain continued. Thus once more the storm blackened around the single kingly captain, who had for twenty years rocked a continent with his advancing steps.

On April 15th, Napoleon left St. Cloud for

the banks of the Saale, the headquarters of his army. Maria Louisa had been created regent of the empire during his absence. She was amiable and loved by the emperor, who often expressed his entire confidence in her fidelity and devotion. On the 25th, he reached Erfurt, to lead onward in the shock of a continental struggle his battalions of youthful, and enthusiastic, recruits. His eagle eye was toward Dresden, where the czar and the King of Prussia were waiting for the coming of Russian legions, designing to move toward Leipsic.

On May 2nd, the hostile armies met unexpectedly on the old battle-ground which drank the blood of Gustavus Adolphus, near the town of Lützen. Crossing the Elster under cover of a dense fog, the allied forces emerged from the interposing heights, and fell upon the columns of Napoleon. During eight hours, the slaughter went on, and the young men fell in serried ranks around their emperor, toward whom was turned their dying glance. At last Napoleon brought forward his guard, with sixty pieces of artillery, and entered like a falling avalanche the living masses of disciplined soldiers. The field was won, but too dearly for pursuit.

The allies retreated to Leipsic, thence to Dresden, and finally crossed the Elbe to Bautzen.

This result was another splendid achievement of Napoleon's genius. The advantage in the opening conflict was with his enemies, but he wrung the victory from their hands. He ordered the *Te Deum* to be sung in the churches, in commemoration of the first success of his arms since he fled from the snow-fields of Russia. He advanced to Dresden; and beneath the smile of a vernal day, reflected from the trappings and weapons of war, he entered the streets of the beautiful city, with a jubilant welcome from the subjects of his faithful friend, the King of Saxony. The aristocracy who had hailed the appearance of the allies waited on the emperor, and the hitherto wavering army joined his legions.

"While the emperor paused at Dresden, Ney made various demonstrations in the direction of Berlin, with the view of inducing the allies to quit Bautzen; but it soon became manifest that they had resolved to sacrifice the Prussian capital, if it were necessary, rather than forego their position; by adhering to which they well knew Bonaparte must ultimately be compelled to carry his main force into a difficult and mountainous country, in place of acting in the open plains of Saxony and Brandenburg.

"Having replaced by wood-work some arches of the magnificent bridge over the Elbe, at

Dresden, which the allies had blown up on their retreat, Napoleon now moved toward Bautzen, and came in sight of the position on the morning of the 21st of May. Its strength was obviously great. In their front was the river Spree: wooded hills supported their right, and eminences well fortified their left. The action began with an attempt to turn their right, but Barclay de Tolly anticipated this movement, and repelled it with such vigor that a whole column of seven thousand dispersed and fled into the hills of Bohemia for safety. The emperor then determined to pass the Spree in front of the enemy, and they permitted him to do so, rather than come down from their position. He took up his quarters in the town of Bautzen, and his whole army bivouacked in presence of the allies. The battle was resumed at daybreak on the 22nd, when Ney on the right, and Oudinot on the left, attempted simultaneously to turn the flanks of the position; while Soult and Napoleon himself directed charge after charge on the center. During four hours the struggle was maintained with unflinching obstinacy; the wooded heights where Blücher commanded had been taken and retaken several times — the bloodshed, on either side, had been terrible — ere, the situation on both flanks being apparent, the allies perceived the necessity either of re-

tiring, or of continuing the fight against superior numbers on disadvantageous ground. They withdrew, accordingly; but still with all the deliberate coolness of a parade; halting at every favorable spot and renewing their cannonade. 'What,' exclaimed Napoleon, 'no results! not a gun! not a prisoner!— these people will not leave me so much as a nail.' During the whole day he urged the pursuit with impetuous rage, reproaching even his chosen generals as 'creeping scoundrels,' and exposing his own person in the very hottest of the fire. By his side was Duroc, the grand master of the palace, his dearest — many said, ere now, his only — friend. Bruyeres, another old associate of the Italian wars, was struck down in their view. 'Duroc,' whispered Napoleon, 'fortune has a spite at us this day.' A few minutes afterward Duroc himself was mortally wounded. The emperor instantly ordered a halt, and remained all the afternoon in front of his tent, surrounded by the guard, who did not witness his affliction without tears. From this time he would listen to no reports or suggestions. 'Everything tomorrow,' was his invariable answer. He stood by Duroc while he died; drew up with his own hand an epitaph to be placed over his remains by the pastor of the place, who received 200 napoleons to defray the ex-

pense of a fitting monument; and issued also a decree in favor of his departed friend's children. Thus closed the 22nd. The allies, being strongly posted during most of the day, had suffered less than the French: the latter had lost fifteen thousand, the former ten thousand men.

"They continued their retreat into upper Silesia; and Napoleon advanced to Breslau and released the garrison of Glogau. Meanwhile, the Austrian, having watched these indecisive though bloody fields, once more renewed his offers of mediation. The sovereigns of Russia and Prussia expressed great willingness to accept it; and Napoleon also appears to have been sincerely desirous for the moment of bringing his disputes to a peaceful termination. He agreed to an armistice, and, in arranging its conditions, agreed to fall back out of Silesia, thus enabling the allied princes to re-open communications with Berlin. The lines of country to be occupied by the armies respectively, during the truce, were at length settled, and it was signed on the first of June. Napoleon then returned to Dresden, and a general congress of diplomatists prepared to meet at Prague."

The allies demanded that Napoleon should surrender Illyria, half of Italy, and abandon

Spain, Holland, the Confederation of the Rhine, and Switzerland. Metternich, the unprincipled and cunning politician, presented the terms of treaty to Napoleon.

There was doubtless truth in the words of the emperor, who afterward said, "These extravagant propositions were made that they might be rejected." The concessions would have given in his declining power, the occasion of general conspiracy, and secured his inevitable overthrow.

He had gone too far to retreat; greater victories or a demolished throne was the alternative before him. But his enemies wished to gain time for the arrival of Bernadotte, and the Russian forces; while Austrian and Prussian relations were more definitely settled.

The interview between Napoleon and Metternich was private and spirited. The emperor expressed his surprise that his own father-in-law should declare war against France. He offered to give up the Hanse towns and Illyria, besides granting the dissolution of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, and the reconstruction of Prussia, to secure peace. He added, "I only wish you to be neutral. I can deal with these Russians and Prussians single-handed. Ah, Metternich, tell me honestly how much the

English have given you to take their part against me?"

At this crisis, when the allies, conscious of the greatness of Napoleon, and the uncertainty of the conflict, were not unwilling to continue negotiations, news of the victories in Spain over the French army there elated the enemy and terminated the armistice. Wellington had triumphed; Joseph and Jourdan were defeated. The duke was ready to pour his columns into the valleys of southwestern France.

On Aug. 10th, 1813, Austria signed the alliance offensive and defensive with Russia and Prussia. At nightfall, brilliant rockets rose successively along the frontier-heights of Bohemia and Silesia, announcing the re-opening of war upon the plains of Europe. Generals Jomini and Moreau had joined the allied troops, and Bernadotte was leading the columns of Sweden into the field. This treachery was bitter to Napoleon, and ominous of future disasters. Austria contributed two hundred thousand men to the army which environed Napoleon, making a host of nearly five hundred thousand disciplined troops, to encounter which he had only about half the number of soldiers. He was entering on a desperate struggle for his tottering throne. The opposing generals had studied the emperor's military tactics, and under

the direction of Bernadotte and Moreau, whose dual experience was no trifling auxiliary, the campaign was wisely planned.

The commanders agreed that whoever was first drawn into the conflict should retreat, tempting Napoleon to abandon Dresden in the pursuit, and so leave the city exposed to an attack by remaining forces. If successful, the magazines would fall into their hands, and the French army would be broken by the interposing divisions of the enemy, while in the rear of the French, between the Elbe and the Rhine, the allies would extend their lines.

Blücher, a Prussian, whom Napoleon called "the debauched dragoon," commanding eighty thousand Russian and Prussian troops, threatened Macdonald's division. Blücher was an able general, but a man of reckless character. Napoleon knew his qualities as an officer, and despised his entire want of moral principle. He immediately decided to advance upon him, and protect Macdonald. Blücher retired, and the emperor pursued him. According to the plan of operations, Schwarzenberg, with whom were Alexander and Francis, marched toward Dresden, Aug. 25th. An immediate assault would have taken the city. But it was not till the next day that the allied armies, in six columns, with fifty pieces of artillery, opened

their terrific fire upon the beautiful capital. The carnage defies description. The streets were deluged with blood, and the dead lay mangled in the gorgeous apartments of princely wealth. St. Cyr, who commanded the garrison, was on the borders of despair and the inhabitants were pleading for capitulation, when Napoleon, with the Imperial Guard, crossed the Elbe, and, amid a storm of balls and shells, entered the city. Shouts of exultation filled the air. Without pausing to rest or eat, the reinforcement rushed to the onset; the allies were driven back, and night interrupted the wasting conflict. A tempestuous morning was the signal for renewed battle; and with such marvelous skill did Napoleon pour his divisions upon the encircling host, that, before the close of day, the enemy retreated. Moreau, who was reconnoitering the French on a distant eminence in company with Alexander, was struck by a cannon-ball, and both his legs almost torn from his body. The fire was given by Napoleon's order, but without any knowledge of those at whom it was directed. With stoical indifference the traitor submitted to amputation, and died two days after. The emperor was again victorious; but his strength was exhausted, and a sudden attack of illness compelled him to return to Dresden. Vandamme, a fiery,

daring officer, while pursuing the flying battalions toward Toepletz, where around the magazines the scattered forces were rallying, pushed on too far into the valley of the Culm. Here he was met by the Russian divisions, and, after a fierce encounter, surrendered with eight thousand troops. General Oudinot, who was ordered to advance upon Bernadotte, was overwhelmed by a superior force and defeated. Macdonald, hemmed in within a narrow defile, was also conquered. When these tidings of disaster reached Napoleon on his couch of suffering at Dresden, he said to Murat, "This is the fate of war; exalted in the morning, low enough before night. There is but one step between triumph and ruin." A map of Germany was spread out before him, and, tracing the distances with his compasses, he repeated these lines of his favorite poet, Corneille:

"J'ai servi, commandé, vaincu quarante années;
Du monde, entre mes mains, j'ai vu les destinées;
Et j'ai toujours connu qu'en chaque événement
Le destin des états dépendait d'un moment." *

During the month of Sept., Napoleon marched upon the allies under Blucher and Bernadotte, at different points, and was vic-

* I have served, commanded, conquered for forty years;
I have seen the destinies of the world in my hands;
And I have always known, that in each event,
The lot of states depended on a moment.

torious. But his triumphs were fruitless: no decisive results were obtained, and his army was declining in strength daily. The King of Bavaria was forced to yield to the pressure from all sides and joined the enemy. Jerome, King of Westphalia, was driven from his capital by revolt.

Napoleon, thus plunged into a sea of troubles, had one hundred thousand troops with which to face five times that number. It was a sublime and touching spectacle of greatness passing from the zenith toward a horizon of dismal gloom. His purpose was formed of marching upon Berlin, cutting his way through the opposing wall of living men, and, by carrying the war into the enemy's country, oblige them to retrace their steps and defend their beleaguered cities. France had responded to the call for 180,000 conscripts to strengthen his greatly inferior force. But his officers, exhausted and desponding, refused to support the emperor in the bold enterprise — the grandest in his career. A council of war was called, and never was the mighty heart of Napoleon more oppressed and filled with sorrow. His star was already in the darkness of eclipse. He could do nothing without the enthusiasm of his generals. He yielded to necessity, and abandoned the design which he believed would have retrieved his fortunes.

He now turned toward Leipsic, where "as on a common center, the forces of France, and all her enemies, were now at length converging. Napoleon reached that venerable city on the 15th of Oct., and almost immediately the heads of Schwarzenberg's columns began to appear from the south. It was necessary to prepare on the northern side also, in case Bernadotte and Blücher should appear ere the grand army was disposed of; and, lastly, it was necessary to secure effectually the ground to the west of Leipsic — a series of marshy meadows, interfused with the numerous branches of the Pleisse and the Elster, through which lies the only road to France. Napoleon, having made all his preparations, reconnoitered every outpost in person, and distributed eagles, in great form, to some new regiments which had just joined him. The ceremonial was splendid; the soldiers knelt before the emperor, and in presence of all the line: military mass was performed, and the young warriors swore to die rather than witness the dishonor of France. Upon this scene the sun descended, and with it the star of Napoleon went down forever.

"At midnight, three rockets, emitting a brilliant white light, ascended into the heavens to the south of the city, marking the position on which Schwarzenberg had fixed his

headquarters. They were answered by four rockets of a deep red color, ascending on the instant from the northern horizon. Bonaparte had with him, to defend the line of villages to the south and north of Leipsic, 136,000 men, while, even in the absence of Bernadotte, who might be hourly looked for, the allies mustered not less than 230,000.

"The battle commenced on the southern side at daybreak on the 16th. The allies charged the French line there six times in succession, and were as often repelled. Napoleon then charged in his turn, and with such effect that Murat's cavalry was at one time in possession of a great gap between the two wings of the enemy. The Cossacks of the Russian imperial guard, however, encountered the French horse, and pushed them back again. The combat raged without intermission until nightfall: three cannon-shots, discharged at the extremity of either line, then marked, as if preconcertedly, the pause of battle; and both armies bivouacked exactly where the morning light had found them. Such was the issue on the south, where Napoleon himself commanded. Marmont, his lieutenant on the northern side, was less fortunate. Blücher attacked him with a vast superiority of numbers: nothing could be more obstinate than his defense; but he lost many

prisoners and guns, was driven from his original ground, and occupied, when the day closed, a new line of positions, much nearer the walls of the city.

"Gallant as the behavior of his troops had been, the result satisfied Napoleon that he must finally retreat from Leipsic; and he now made a sincere effort to obtain peace. He accordingly sent a messenger with proposals to the allied camps, but it was now too late: the allied princes had sworn to each other to entertain no treaty while one French soldier remained on the eastern side of the Rhine. Napoleon received no answer to his message; so prepared for the difficult task of retreating with 100,000 men, through a crowded town, in presence of an enemy already twice as numerous, and in hourly expectation of being joined by another large and victorious army.

"During the 17th the battle was not renewed, except by a distant and partial cannonade. The allies were resolved to have the support of Bernadotte in the decisive contest.

"At eight in the morning of the 18th it began, and continued until nightfall without intermission. Bonaparte had contracted on the south, as well as on the north, the circuit of his defense; and never was his generalship, or the gallantry of his troops, more brilliantly dis-

played than throughout this terrible day. Calm and collected, the emperor again presided in person on the southern side, and again, where he was present, in spite of the vast superiority of the enemy's numbers, the French maintained their ground to the end. On the north, the arrival of Bernadotte enabled Blücher to push his advantages with irresistible effect; and the situation of Marmont and Ney was further perplexed by the shameful defection of ten thousand Saxons, who went over with all their artillery to the enemy, in the very midst of the battle. The two marshals, therefore, were compelled to retire from point to point, and at nightfall lay almost under the walls of Leipsic. Three cannot-shots, as before, marked the general termination of the battle.

"The loss on both sides had been great. Napoleon's army consisted chiefly of very young men — many were merely boys — the product of his fore-stalled conscriptions; yet they fought as bravely as the guard. The behavior of the Germans, on the other hand, at length considering their freedom and independence as hanging on the fortune of a single field, had been answerable to the deep enthusiasm of that thoughtful people. The burghers of Leipsic surveyed from their towers and steeples one of the longest, sternest, and bloodiest of battles; and the

situation of the King of Saxony, who remained all the while in the heart of his ancient city, may be imagined.

"Napoleon gave orders at midnight for the commencement of the inevitable retreat; and, while the darkness lasted, the troops continued to file through the town, and across the two bridges, over the Pleisse, beyond its walls. One of these bridges was a temporary fabric, and it broke down ere daylight came to show to the enemy the movement of the French. The confusion necessarily accompanying the march of a whole army through narrow streets and upon a single bridge, was fearful. The allies stormed at the gates on either side, and but for the heroism of Macdonald and Poniatowski, to whom Napoleon intrusted the defense of the suburbs, it is doubted whether he himself could have escaped in safety. At nine in the morning of the 19th, he bade farewell forever to the King of Saxony, who remained to make what terms he could with the allied sovereigns. The battle was ere then raging all round the walls.

"At eleven o'clock the allies had gathered close to the bridge from either wing; and the walls over against it had been intrusted to Saxons, who now, like their brethren of the day before, turned their fire on the French. The officer to whom Napoleon had committed the

task of blowing up the bridge, when the advance of the enemy should render this necessary, conceived that the time was come, and set fire to his train. The crowd of men urging each other on to the point of safety, could not at once be stopped. Soldiers and horses, cannons and wains, rolled headlong into the deep though narrow river renewing, although on a smaller scale, the horrors of the Beresina. Marshal Macdonald swam the stream in safety; the gallant Poniatowski, the hope and pride of Poland, had been twice wounded ere he plunged his horse into the current, and he sank to rise no more. Twenty-five thousand Frenchmen, the means of escape entirely cut off, laid down their arms within the city. Four sovereigns, each entering at the head of his own victorious army, met at noon in the great market-place of Leipsic, and all the exultation of that solemn hour would have been shared by the inhabitants, but for the fate of their own sovereign, personally esteemed and beloved, who now vainly entreated to be admitted to the presence of the conquerors, and was sent forthwith as a prisoner of war to Berlin.

"Napoleon, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, lost at Leipsic at least fifty thousand men.

"The retreat of the French through Saxony was accompanied with every disaster which a

hostile peasantry, scantiness of supplies, and the persevering pursuit of the Cossacks and other light troops could inflict on a disordered and disheartened mass of men. The soldiers moved on, while under the eye of Napoleon, in gloomy silence: whenever he was not present, they set every rule of discipline at naught, and were guilty of the most frightful excesses. The emperor conducted himself as became a great mind amid great misfortunes. He appeared at all times calm and self-possessed, receiving, every day that he advanced, new tidings of evil.

"At Erfurt, where extensive magazines had been established, he halted two days, employing all his energies in the restoration of discipline. Here he would have remained longer, had he not learned that the victors of Leipsic were making progress on either flank of his march, while the Bavarians (so recently his allies) reinforced by some Austrian divisions, were moving rapidly to take posts between him and the Rhine. He resumed his march, therefore, on the 24th. It was here that Murat quitted the army. Notwithstanding the unpleasant circumstances under which he had retired to Naples in Jan., he had reappeared when the emperor established his headquarters at Dresden, in the summer, and served with his usual

gallantry throughout the remainder of the campaign. The state of Italy now demanded his presence, and the two brothers-in-law, after all their differences, embraced each other warmly and repeatedly at parting — as if under a mutual presentiment that they were parting to meet no more."

Murat saw that the prestige of Napoleon was gone, and, to save his crown in Naples, he entered into an alliance with the foes of France. He immediately appeared on the arena of combined empires against him who had made his fortune, and prevented by his opposing division the advance of Eugene from Italy to aid the cause of Bonaparte. The two members of the imperial family met at Milan, as enemies. For this timely assistance, the allies promised to secure the throne of Naples to Murat and his heirs — a reward which was never given to the ambitious, dashing, vain, and unstable prince.

The hostile armies fell on Napoleon in his retreat, at Hanau, and were defeated, after losing ten thousand men. A bomb-shell exploded near him, but he escaped unhurt — his destiny was not fulfilled. He continued to press forward toward Paris, and at five o'clock, Nov. 5th, reached St. Cloud, and embraced the weeping empress. It was a strange and humbling misfortune, which seems a part of the awful

retribution for abandoning Josephine, and accepting the union with a faithless, because a royal race, that her father was then the most dreaded enemy of all the kings whose myriad host, like the Assyrians of ancient battle, were sweeping in concentrating circles upon the single captain of a decimated army. Maria Louisa felt the blow which had fallen from a paternal hand, amid the unfriendly strokes of those who had formed the emperor's household, and received their honors from him who gave thrones away to his heroes, as if the world were his own.

In Holland a revolution followed the tidings of the result at Leipsic, and the exiled prince of Orange returned to resume the reins of government, Nov. 1813. The Confederation of the Rhine became a gossamer web before the victorious allies, and the states, as the only alternative, wheeled into the ranks of the augmenting caravan of monarchs and subjects, whose hydra-folds were around the struggling Hercules who still kept the world in awe.

St. Cyr, with thirty thousand troops, who had been shut up in Dresden, capitulated, on the condition of returning to France and no more taking arms against the allied armies until formally exchanged as prisoners of war. But, in contempt of the stipulation, and, it must be confessed, in contrast with Napoleon's treat-

ment of Wurmser at Mantua seventeen years before, the allies offered them starvation in Dresden, or the necessity of marching to the prisons of Austria. There was no sufficient excuse for this act of infidelity, and it was one of the lasting blots upon the banner of Napoleon's determined foes. Similar was the fate of General Rapp and his division at Dantzic. Wellington had driven the soldiers of France from Spain, and was on the territory of their sovereign. The outposts of power were all gone, and the way prepared to come down upon the citadel of strength — to march upon Paris itself. Napoleon afterward said of this crisis, "*Ere then I felt the reins slipping from my hands.*" Though propositions for peace were made by Caulaincourt in the emperor's behalf, and the banded kings issued at Frankfort a manifesto, the negotiations were no more than a passing illusion. Napoleon aroused himself with an amazing energy for the final contest. France was alive with warlike preparations. Conscriptions and taxation went forward with redoubled vigor. The emigrant royalists, who had been allowed to return to France, were busy plotting against the doomed man. The priests, remembering the invasion of their sacred rights in the person of the Roman pontiff, and the confiscation of church possessions, joined in

the widespread conspiracies. The wily diplomatist, Talleyrand, anticipating the coming overthrow, commenced correspondence with the allies to secure his good fortune against ruin. The emperor called around him the Council of State and the Senate, and made his stirring appeals. But the nation was exhausted, while the conflicting parties were growing strong under the shadow of his throne. To the coolness of the senators, who suggested that if the proposals of the allies had been accepted France might have been preserved, he replied, "Wellington has entered the south, the Russians menace the northern frontier, the Prussians, Austrians, and Bavarians the eastern. Shame! Wellington is in France, and we have not risen *en masse* to drive him back! All my allies have deserted — the Bavarian has betrayed me. No peace till we have burned Munich. I demand a levy of three hundred thousand men — with this and what I already have, I shall see a million in arms. I will form a camp of one hundred thousand at Bordeaux; another at Metz; a third at Lyons. But I must have grown men — these boys serve only to encumber the hospitals and the roadsides. . . . Abandon Holland! sooner yield it back to the sea! Senators, an impulse must be given — all must march — you are fathers of

families, the heads of the nation — you must set the example. Peace! I hear of nothing but peace, when all around should echo to the cry of war." To the Council of State he added, respecting the undecided report drawn up by the Senate, "In place of assisting, they impede me. Our attitude alone could have repelled the enemy — they invite him. We should have presented a front of brass — they lay open wounds to his view. I will not suffer their report to be printed. They have not done their duty, but I will do mine — I dissolve the legislative senate." The truth is, the last conditions of the allies to reduce France to her natural limits were humiliating; and, rather than leave the realm less powerful than he found it, he preferred to fight and conquer — or die honorably in the struggle; else, if the dire necessity arose, abdicate his throne.

On Dec. 20th, Schwarzenberg, with the grand army of invasion, crossed the Rhine near Basel, entering upon the neutral territory of Switzerland, and marched without opposition into Burgundy. At this juncture, and after but little correspondence between Napoleon and Joseph for months, several letters bearing on the grave situation of affairs were written, and, soon after, a reconciliation was so far made that frequent notes were exchanged.

Ferdinand was restored to power; of whom Napier says, "an effeminate, superstitious, fawning slave at Valençay, and now, after six years' captivity, he returned to his own country an ungrateful, cruel tyrant." On Jan. 1st, 1814, Blücher passed the Rhine, and the third division of an army, numbering a million of troops, under Witzengerode and Bülow, crossed the frontier of Netherlands. The wealthy citizens flew to Paris with the news of the darkening storm over hitherto proud, victorious France.

On Jan. 24th, Napoleon held a grand levee in the saloon of the Tuileries. Nine hundred officers and dignitaries gathered in splendid array around the emperor, with the subdued aspect of a grave and anxious assembly. Napoleon appeared in the center of the hall, accompanied by Maria Louisa, and the beautiful boy, for whom so fearful a sacrifice had been made. After bestowing the regency on the empress, he said with the firm and thrilling tones of an ever-eloquent voice, "Gentlemen, France is invaded; I go to put myself at the head of my troops, and, with God's help and their valor, I hope soon to drive the enemy beyond the frontier." Here he took Maria Louisa in one hand and her son in the other, and continued, —"But if they should approach the capital, I

confide to the national guard the empress and the King of Rome" — then, correcting himself, he said in a tone of strong emotion — "*my wife and my child.*"

Tears gushed from veteran eyes; they were shed by many who cherished no strong attachment for Napoleon. Officers immediately advanced from the silent and imposing circle, as pledges of the protection desired for the trembling queen and her dreaming child. The hour of peril had brought from obscurity friends who had lived apart from Napoleon's career. Carnot, who so boldly opposed the stride to imperial power, came forward and offered his sword to the emperor. With characteristic appreciation of preëminent talent and noble qualities, he gave him the command of the important city and fortress of Antwerp.

On Jan. 25th, while the snow was falling, suggestive of past disasters, Napoleon having given his private papers to the flames, and embraced his wife and child for the last time, left Paris for the field of battle. Joseph was again in the capital at the head of the council, and next in official station to the empress.

Napoleon reached St. Dizier, a hundred miles from Paris, on the 27th, and there met with a small force, the Cossacks of Blücher's army. A brief struggle followed, and the French were

victorious. The main columns of the Prussians were at Brienne on the Aube — the town where the genius of Napoleon received its earliest military culture. Could the emperor drive Blücher from this position, he would then lie between two great divisions of the overshadowing enemy, weakening their strength, and giving him the advantage of his inimitable mode of warfare — falling on separate masses of his enemy, like the successive shocks of the earthquake which lays the city in ruins. On the 28th he marched in the face of a tempest, and through the snow, rekindling the enthusiasm of his soldiers, and receiving the warmest expressions of self-sacrifice and devotion from the humblest peasantry. The next day, he stood before the bristling castle and heights of Brienne, with twenty thousand men, opposed by sixty thousand Russians in this stronghold, whose presence thronged memory with bitter recollections. The sudden tramp of the French battalions before the gates startled Blücher from his wine at the dinner-table of the chateau, and he made his escape through a postern, leading his horse down a stairway. A bloody fight began, and, when twilight deepened over the crimson hills, five thousand of the allies were slain. General Gourgaud shot a Cossack when pointing his spear at the back of the em-

peror — a moment more, and Brienne would have witnessed the close, as it did the dawn, of his career.

Blücher retreated along the Aube to La Rothière, nine miles from Brienne, where Schwarzenberg, incited by the thunder of artillery, joined him. On Feb. 1st, Blücher opened the conflict, which raged all day with frightful ferocity. The eagles of France were struck down, and leaving five thousand of his soldiers mangled on the frozen plain, Napoleon fled toward Troyes. This second battle of Brienne, is called by French writers, the battle of La Rothière, from the place where Napoleon's advanced guard was posted.

The allies now definitely arranged a conference for the consideration of peace. The emperor, meanwhile, with gleams of hope, and a faithful army, lived continually under the shadow of fear for his capital. In a reply to his brother he betrays his anxiety: "Take away from Fontainebleau all valuables, and, above all, everything which might serve as a trophy, without, however, unfurnishing the chateau too much; it is useless to leave in it plate or anything that can be easily removed. I am writing to La Bouillerie to desire him to hold a million francs at your disposal to hasten the clothing and equipment of the troops."

He gave orders to "hold firmly the batteries of Paris," to watch the three points of approach, and arm with fowling-pieces and pikes, reserves for defense.

He complains that "the bad spirit of such men as Talleyrand, who endeavored to paralyze the nation, prevented him from having early recourse to arms," the consequence of which was the doubtful crisis of national affairs. His efforts to quiet the popular feeling were constant, and he resorted to any form of deception to attain the object. From Nogent, on the Seine, to which he had advanced, he directed Joseph to "insert in the *Moniteur* an article, headed Chatillon-sur-Seine, saying that on the 6th the members of the congress dined with the Duke of Vicenza; that it is remarked that all the ambassadors are on terms of the greatest politeness, especially those of France and England, who are full of attentions for each other."

The Napoleonic correspondence at this period presents a vivid picture of the crowding events of this reign of terror, and exhibits the character of actors on the world-exciting stage of royal contest.

Like the flames of a burning forest around a solitary clearing, the foes of France, with the fire of battle, girdled the interior of France, and swept onward toward Paris and the throne.

The emperor desired peace, and gave Caulaincourt full powers "to keep the negotiations alive, and save the capital." On the 8th the Duke of Vicenza proposed a treaty on the basis of the ancient limits of France which were the frontier before 1789, and nearly its present boundary, while the "natural limits" were the Alps, the Pyrenees and the Rhine. Napoleon consented to sign these conditions, as a contemporary letter discloses, if the allies would immediately cease hostilities. This they refused to do, and the conference closed. They declared that signing preliminaries would not close the war — the treaty must be definitely settled. Meanwhile, his brother Joseph wrote earnestly in behalf of peace.

Despite the abortive efforts for peace on Napoleon's behalf, the Silesian army, in four divisions, under Blücher, Sacken, York, and Alsusief, marched on Paris down the Marne, and also along another road across the marshy country by Vertus, Etoges and Montmirail. The allies' grand army, commanded by Schwarzenberg, whose headquarters were at Troyes, was meanwhile moving toward the capital through the valley of the Seine. Napoleon, at Nogent, upon the latter river, was thus between the two armies, and on the 9th designed, by a flank movement to Sézanne, to attack Blücher, while

separated from the other portion of the invading host. Unexpectedly at Baye he encountered a division of the enemy, and, after a fierce contest, defeated it, and reached Sézanne the same day. "The next day, the 10th, he beat Alsusief at Champ-Aubert; on the 11th he defeated Sacken at Montmirail; on the 12th he defeated York at Chateau-Thierry, and, finding that Blücher was advancing, he turned back to Montmirail, and on the 14th defeated him with great loss at Vauchamps, a village between Montmirail and Etoges, and drove him back through Etoges to Châlons.

"At this crisis in the affairs of France Schwarzenberg was profiting by Napoleon's absence to march on Paris by the Seine. He drove Victor out of Nogent, occupied Montereau, and penetrated beyond Nangis to Mormant, a village not more than twenty-five miles from Paris. Three marshals, Oudinot, Victor, and Macdonald, were opposed to him with a force of about forty-seven thousand men, but they appear to have expected defeat, and earnestly implored Napoleon's presence. Napoleon left Montmirail on the 15th, a few hours after he had defeated Blücher, reached Meaux the same day, and on the 16th joined his marshals at Guignes, a small town at the intersection of the roads from Meaux to Melun, and from Paris

to Nogent. On the 17th he drove the Russians, under Count Pahlen, from Mormant, and entered Nangis, and on the 18th he drove the Prince of Würtemberg out of Montereau, and marched on Troyes, from whence the allied sovereigns and Schwarzenberg fled in terror, and scarcely paused until they found themselves more than one hundred miles off at Langres. In nine days he gained seven victories, made nine marches in the depth of winter, most of them over cross-roads, such as the cross-roads of France then were, and drove off or frightened away two armies, each much larger than his own.

"It is not surprising that such wonderful success, immediately following two years of almost uninterrupted disaster, somewhat intoxicated him, and led him to believe that the chances were again in his favor, and even to imagine that the allies themselves had little hope of escaping with many of their troops from France."

The general feeling and the condition of affairs at the capital during these triumphs led to renewed negotiations for peace, but Napoleon refused to sign an armistice on the former terms of treaty. His circumstances had greatly changed, and instead of a willingness to obtain a cessation of hostilities upon the

humbling conditions of the "ancient limits," according to the earnest desire of his brother and other leading minds at Paris, he demanded a retreat from his dominions. The whole course of momentous events at this decisive time is given in the unreserved utterances of the emperor's policy in his published correspondence. The fact, which some historians warmly dispute, that he identified himself and his family with the glory of France, with an unrivaled ambition, appears from his own confession. It is equally evident that under the power of royal association, and fearing the spreading influence of a *new man,* both in his system of government, and contempt of the "divine right" of kings, England with her allies was resolved, at every sacrifice of treasure and blood, to crush Napoleon, and restore the indolent, worthless Bourbons to the throne of France.

On the subject of an armistice, proposed at this time by the Allies, Napoleon asserted, "I shall not grant any armistice till I have cleared my territory of them. From what I hear," as he now wrote to his brother, Joseph, "the allies seem to have quite changed their minds. The Emperor of Russia, who, a few days ago, broke off the negotiations, because he wished to impose upon France worse conditions than those of our ancient limits, wishes now to renew

them; and I hope that I may soon attain a peace founded on the terms of Frankfort, which are the least I could accept with honor." *

"The enemy," Napoleon goes on to say, "is in a very different position from that which he occupied when he made the Frankfort propositions; he must now feel almost certain that few of his troops will recross the frontier. His cavalry is worn out and low; his infantry is exhausted by marches and counter-marches; he has lost all heart. I hope, therefore, to make a peace such as will satisfy a reasonable man; and I wish for no more than the conditions of Frankfort."

Napoleon in vain looked for a more yielding spirit in the enemy. A second "expedition of the Marne" was the plan of the tireless, ubiquitous genius of the man who has no equal in the energies of body and mind, and the amazing versatility of his talent. On the 18th he met and conquered two divisions of the enemy near Montereau, and secured the bridge on the Seine. His exposure of his person was never surpassed by the commonest soldier. The next day was spent in erecting bridges, and crossing an almost impassable defile; in the midst of which he wrote: "The Emperor of Russia and

* The terms offered by the Allies from Frankfort were what the French have called the "natural limits" of France, namely, the Alps, the Pyrenees, and the Rhine.

the King of Prussia were at Bray. As soon as they heard that I had forced the bridge of Montereau, they ran away as fast as they could. Their whole army is terrified. The three sovereigns spent a few days at Pont, with Madame. They intend to reach Fontainebleau to-morrow, and in a very few days, Paris: they cannot understand what is taking place. To-day we have snow, and the weather is rather severe. I am sending an article for the *Moniteur* to the empress, but you may put into the *Moniteur,* as well as into the other newspapers, under the head of 'Province,' a notice of the precipitation with which the sovereigns quitted Bray. The Austrians protected my palace at Fontainebleau from the Cossacks. We have taken several convoys of baggage and some carriages going toward Bray. Several hundred Cossacks have been taken in the forest of Fontainebleau. My advanced guard will reach Bray tomorrow."

As indicated in this language, Napoleon resorted now to the system of terror. Oudinot and Macdonald were ordered to march against Schwarzenberg, and the troops were to shout "Vive l'Empereur!" when in the hearing of the hostile forces, to convey the impression that the mighty commander was himself advancing. From Montereau Napoleon marched to Nogent, thence by way of Chartres to Troyes, with no

battles excepting a hot and profitless skirmish with Blücher at Mery, the result of unforeseen proximity. There was during the close of February a pause in the emperor's movements, for the twofold reason that peace was possible, and the preceding campaign, distinguished for intensity of action, made repose desirable. Orleans became terrified at the approach of a small force, and he dictated a thrilling appeal to arm and meet the assault, which was to be read in the name of the empress. He directed placards of the enemy's atrocities to be scattered through Paris and nothing was overlooked which might arouse the people to the final struggle. His brother Joseph, meanwhile, was urging peace and writing sad news of the popular unrest, the rise of Bourbon sympathy at Amiens, the crumbling administration. In dwelling on these alarming facts, he adds, with subdued expressions of encouragement: "The people of Paris, hostile to the government a month ago, touched by your majesty's confidence in trusting your wife and your son to them, encouraged and astonished by your majesty's successes, are yet not in a state in which more than mere fidelity and obedience can be expected. They admire your genius, but they can be excited only by the hope of a speedy peace, and they are by no means inclined to op-

pose any effective resistance to a hostile army, or to send detachments of the national guard beyond the walls. This, sire, is the exact truth. Your majesty must not rely on an exertion greater than can fairly be expected from a population so disposed."

Augereau failed, at this crisis, with a strange and unaccountable disregard of orders, to attack the allies in flank, and march on to Geneva to cut off their communications; which contributed largely to the ultimate disaster. At the moment Napoleon was expecting the marshal to meet Borghese at Chambéry, he was exulting in the success of stratagem, which he thus announced in the despatch: "Terror reigns in the ranks of the enemy. A few days ago they thought that I had no army; now their imagination sticks at nothing; three hundred thousand or four hundred thousand men are not enough for them. They fancied that I had none but recruits; they now say that I have collected all my veterans, and that my armies consist of picked men; that the French army is better than ever, etc. See what is the effect of terror. The Parisian newspapers must confirm their fears. Newspapers are not history, any more than bulletins are history: one should always persuade the enemy that one's forces are immense."

He also took advantage of the neglect of the allies to confirm the treaty with Murat of security to his throne, and through Joseph made a last effort to regain the loyalty and co-operation of the King of Naples.

From Troyes he advanced northward to fall upon Blücher, leaving Oudinot and Gerard to hold Schwarzenberg in check.

Those generals were defeated soon after. The emperor, who expected to find the enemy before Soissons, learned on the 4th of March that the town had surrendered. An attack on the position failed, and on the 7th he gave Blücher battle at Craonne. With victory for the moment, he pursued the Prussian commander to the stronghold of Laon. Upon these heights, protected by terrace-walls, between which lay the fruitful vineyards, the foe were intrenched, and through the mist which covered the advancing columns of the French till midway up the slope, poured their terrible fire into the ranks of Napoleon. The storm of balls was irresistible, and retiring, the next day, March 11th, they retreated to Chavignon, leaving thirty cannon and ten thousand men. At Soissons he commenced strengthening his position to meet Blücher, when tidings that Rheims was taken by St. Priest, a French emigrant, with a Russian corps, reached his ear.

He immediately and rapidly marched thither, and took the town by assault at midnight. St Priest was killed by the same artilleryman that directed the gun which cut Moreau in pieces; and drew from Napoleon the remark, "It really seems like a stroke of Providence." While these things were transpiring on the field of conflict, Joseph was tortured with anxiety among the restless masses at home. He wrote in the following pleading tone to Napoleon:

"As for you, sire, who have been so repeatedly victorious, I am convinced that you possess all the qualities which might make the French forget, or rather might recall to them, the best features of the reigns of Louis XII., Henri IV., and Louis XIV., if you will make a lasting peace with Europe, and if, returning to your natural kindness, and renouncing your assumed character and your perpetual efforts, you will at last consent to relinquish the part of the wonderful man for that of the great sovereign.

"After having saved France from anarchy within, and from all Europe without, you will become the father of your people, and you will be adored as much as Louis XII., after having been admired more than Henri IV. and Louis XIV.; and in order thus to accumulate every

species of glory, you have only to will your own happiness, as well as that of France.

* * * * *

"The result of all that I hear from the ministers, from the chief officers of the national guards, from all the persons whom I know to be attached to the present order of government, is, that circumstances render peace imperative. There is not one individual in Paris who would not loudly ask for it, if it were not for the fear of offending you; and, in truth, none but your enemies can endeavor to persuade you to refuse a peace with the ancient limits. The month of March is slipping away, yet the fields are not sown. It is, however, superfluous to enter into further details. Your majesty must feel that there is no longer any remedy but peace, and an immediate peace. Every day that is lost is mischievous to our personal popularity. Individual distress is extreme; and on the day when it is believed that your majesty has preferred prolonging the war to making even a disadvantageous peace, there is no doubt that disgust will incline the public mind in another direction. If Toulouse or Bordeaux should set up a Bourbon, you will have civil war, and the immense population of Paris will support the side which promises to give them peace soonest.

"Such is the state of opinion; no one can

change it. This being the case, the only way is to submit. If the peace be unfavorable, it will be no fault of yours, as all classes here insist upon it. I cannot be mistaken, as my view is that of all the world. We are on the eve of total destruction; our only hope is in peace."

Napoleon was four days at Rheims, from which he replied to the complaints of his brother in a manner wholly characteristic, and which needs no comment to prove the essential selfishness of his nature beneath all the grander displays of transcendent abilities.

To add to the agony of Paris at this juncture, Wellington, with the Spanish hero, Mina, had taken Bordeaux, invested Bayonne, and was sweeping victoriously onward to the interior of France. "And such a flood of soldiers as had not been seen since the Crusades, poured over France, and against one formidable man."

The one sublime, solitary monarch, in self-reliance and magical supremacy, was now like the surrounded and yet defiant lion, chafing against restraint, and doubtful in what direction to make the desperate attempt at escape. Should he press on after Blücher, Schwarzenberg would hasten to Paris before he could return if victorious. If he encountered the latter, Blücher would dash onward to the Tuil-

cries. He decided to do neither, but march into the rear of the grand army, and, by the terror of his name and skillful manœuvring, direct and paralyze their movements toward Paris. On the 20th he was at Arcis-sur-Aube, where Schwarzenberg gave him battle, and was beaten back with desperate valor. He was two hundred miles from the capital, with both the generals of the allied forces between him and that city.

On the 22nd he reached Vitry, in the path of the enemy, and summoned the commandant to surrender in vain. The next day he was at St. Dizier, and subsequently had sharp skirmishes with the divisions left to watch his progress. Tidings reached him that the main columns of the allies were rapidly approaching Paris. He then pushed forward with a superhuman energy, and reached Troyes on the 29th, having marched fifty miles in a single day. Early in the morning with the remnant of his guard he advanced a short distance, and then, leaving them, he took a light carriage, and, accompanied by Caulaincourt and Berthier, passed through Sens at dead of night, ordering rations for one hundred and fifty thousand troops, who he affirmed were advancing, and arrived at La Cour de France, ten miles from Paris, March 31st.

"Now, if one of the marshals had been in command — if he had had to report that such had been the employment of the last army, and the last month, of the empire — what would have been the storm of reproach and invective with which he would have been assailed by Napoleon!

"The ill-success of the first fortnight may be excused. In his desperate state Napoleon was forced to run great risks, and the defeat of Blücher would have been a glorious prize. But from the time that he marched eastward, to the rear of Schwarzenberg, he seems to have wandered without any definite plan, at least without any definite military plan. He relied on the terror of his name. He had so often repeated that "in war moral force is everything," that he seems to have believed it to be literally true. He believed that all the armies that were advancing on Paris would turn back as soon as they found that he was in their rear, and would follow him till he could be succored by his garrisons on the Rhine. In this expectation he marched and countermarched, approached Vitry on the 22nd, was in St. Dizier on the 23rd, left it on the 24th, returned to it on the 26th, tried Vitry again on the 27th, and awoke from his dream on the 28th to find that,

while he was in Lorraine, the allies were within a day's march of Paris."

In Paris terror and confusion reigned. "The terrified population of the country between Meaux and Paris came pouring into the capital," says an eye-witness, "with their aged, infirm, children, cats, dogs, live-stock, corn, hay, and household goods of every description. The boulevards were crowded with wagons, carts, and carriages thus laden, to which cattle were tied, and the whole surrounded with women."

The empress had fled, attended by seven hundred soldiers, leaving only the national guard in the city; and with a train of wagons laden with plate and money, reached Rambouillet. Maria Louisa there addressed a note to her brother-in-law Joseph, asking to know what was going on, and whether the enemy had advanced. "I wait for your answer," she added, "before I decide whether I ought to go farther or to remain here. If I ought to move, I beg you to tell me what place you think would be best and safest for me. I earnestly wish that you could write to me to return to Paris — it is the thing of all others which would give me most pleasure."

Marmont and Mortier made a fruitless though brave resistance at Paris, up to the

very walls of the capital. The 30th was a fearful day. From Montmartre, and other heights, the allies poured a cannonade into the streets. Officers were despatched with flags of truce to beg for a suspension of hostilities, but, in the terrific siege, they were shot down upon the intervening plain. At 5 o'clock P. M., the capitulation was signed. At La Cour de France, General Belliard came up with his exhausted, despairing cavalry. On the way to Fontainebleau, Napoleon learned that he was too late, and springing from his carriage inquired with agitation, "What means this? Why here with your cavalry, Belliard? And where are the enemy? Where are my wife and my boy? Where Marmont? Where Mortier?" Belliard, walking by his side, told him the events of the day. He called out for his carriage — and insisted on continuing his journey. The general in vain informed him that there was no longer an army in Paris; that the regulars were all coming behind, and that neither they nor he himself, having left the city in consequence of a convention, could possibly return to it The emperor still demanded his carriage, and bade Belliard turn with the cavalry and follow him. "Come," he said, "we must to Paris — nothing goes aright when I am away — they do nothing but blunder." With such exclamations

Bonaparte hurried onward, dragging Belliard with him until they were met, a mile from La Cour de France, by the first of the retreating infantry. Their commander, General Curial, gave the same answers as Belliard. "In proceeding to Paris," said he, "you rush on death or captivity."

But soon, seeing the dreaded reality of overthrow, he resumed his calmness, sent Caulaincourt to Paris, to accept whatever terms might be offered, and hastened to the old castle of Fontainebleau. In the stillness of a secluded apartment, he laid down to repose, exchanging the dreams of greatness for the feverish thoughts of a fallen monarch, who had given away thrones and kingdoms, but was now an exile from his own palace.

CHAPTER IX.

Caulaincourt secures an interview with the Czar of Russia.—Scenes in the capital.—The abdication.—The royal debate upon the disposal of the fallen emperor.—Marmont's treachery.—The conditions of the Allies.—Napoleon's anguish.—Attempts suicide.—Adieu to his army.—Josephine and Maria Louisa.—Napoleon embarks for Elba.—The return of Louis XVIII.—His reign.—Napoleon at Elba. His return to France.—The tidings reach Talleyrand on the eve of a ball.—Vain attempt to regain the empress and her son.—The exile again on the throne.—The Allies enter the field.—Napoleon leads the French army.—The plan of the campaign.—The battles of Ligny and Quatre-Bras.—Waterloo.—The charge of the Old Guard.—The victory of Wellington.—The flight of Napoleon.—He reaches the Elysée.—The meeting of the Chambers.—The debates.—The abdication.

The same night in which the emperor was alone at Fontainebleau, Caulaincout rode in the lurid light of the camp-fires around the capital, towards the headquarters of the allied kings. It was the first of April, when the dawn broke upon the tumultuous city. The Duke of Vicenza was repulsed, and an audience with Alexander, who retained some show of interest in Napoleon, seemed impossible, when unexpectedly meeting the Grand Duke Constantine, the czar's brother, with whom he was familiar at St. Petersburg, he was conveyed in disguise to the royal presence. With Alexander he passed several hours. He was awhile alone in the

apartment of the palace of the Elysée, occupied by Napoleon for sleeping, where he found private papers, plans, and maps left by his sovereign, and committed them to the flames. During three hours the triumphal procession was moving through Paris; fifty thousand troops — cavalry and infantry, all finely equipped, and surrounding the monarchs and princes in splendid array — marched along the Boulevards.

Strengthened by the influence of Talleyrand, and by the tract of Chateaubriand, entitled "Of Bonaparte and the Bourbons," the royalists rallied at the entrance of the allies, and from the moving, mighty throng of excited people were heard the shouts, "Vive l'Empereur Alexander!" "Vive le Roi de Prusse!" "Vive le Roi!" "Vive Louis XVIII.!" "Vivent les Bourbons!" The white cockades of the Bourbons were scattered through the multitude, while silent groups on every hand declared the grief of the many hearts still devoted to the fallen idol of France.

As night came down, the scene was grotesque and wild in the extreme. Every tongue, and people, and costume were mingled in the uncertain light, while in the Elysian Fields the Cossacks held their savage jubilee around their bivouac fires. It was midnight when Caulain-

court returned to Fontainebleau, and informed Napoleon that the only promise of peace was in the surrender of his crown in favor of his son — in a word, nothing short of abdication would be accepted by the monarchs who had battled for the restoration of the dethroned dynasty swept away on the volcanic tide of revolution. In the hour of victory they were resolved to ask too much rather than too little, lest their prestige might wane.

Talleyrand at this crisis joined with all his heart the cause of Louis XVIII., and was placed at the head of the provisional government. Nesselrode, the czar's minister, was decidedly in favor of a regency, securing the crown to the young King of Rome. The Senate followed the treacherous Talleyrand, and passed a decree deposing Napoleon. The emperor reviewed his troops on the 3rd of April, amid the shouts, "To Paris — to Paris!" A council of officers, civil and military, dispelled the last illusion from his mind. They declared that any further struggle was fruitless — all was lost! With words of mournful rebuke, he retired to his room, and, after hours of agonizing deliberation, he summoned Caulaincourt, and handed him the following abdication, saying, with the air of a conqueror chained, but not submitting, "Depart, Caulaincourt — depart immediately."

NAPOLEON'S ABDICATION.

"The allied forces having proclaimed that the emperor Napoleon is the sole obstacle to the reëstablishment of peace in Europe, he, faithful to his oath, declares that he is ready to descend from the throne, to quit France, and even to relinquish life, for the good of his country, which is inseparable from the rights of his son, from those of the regency in the person of the empress, and from the maintenance of the laws of the empire. Done at our palace of Fontainebleau, April 4th, 1814.

"NAPOLEON."

In the Hôtel de Talleyrand the abdication was discussed, and Alexander expressed his astonishment that there were no conditions in behalf of Napoleon personally, and added, "But I have been his friend, and I shall willingly be his advocate. I propose that he be allowed to retain his imperial title, with the sovereignty of Elba, or some other island." The council of the czar prevailed against the wishes of the Bourbons, who desired a more secure and remote prison for the illustrious successor of the murdered Louis.

Marmont had forsaken the fortunes of Napoleon — the final blow of unpitying misfortune upon his crownless brow. The marshal

concealed the plot from his men until the morning of the 5th, when they commenced their march toward Paris; "and for the first time suspected the secret views of their chief, when they found themselves in the midst of the allied lines, and watched on all sides by overwhelming numbers in the neighborhood of Versailles. A violent commotion ensued; some blood was shed; but the necessity of submission was so obvious that ere long they resumed the appearance of order, and were cantoned in quiet in the midst of the allies.

"This piece of intelligence was followed by more of like complexion. Officers of all ranks began to abandon the camp at Fontainebleau and present themselves to swear allegiance to the new government. Talleyrand said wittily, when some one called Marmont a traitor, 'His watch only went a little faster than the others.'"

The allies sent their acceptance of nothing less than an unconditional abdication, with these concessions:

1st. The imperial title to be preserved by Napoleon, with the free sovereignty of Elba, guards, and a navy suitable to the extent of that island, and a pension, from France, of six millions of francs annually. 2nd. The duchies of Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla to be granted in sovereignty to Maria Louisa and

her heirs; and 3rd. Two millions and a half of francs annually, to be paid by the French government, in pensions to Josephine and the other members of the Bonaparte family.

Napoleon was still undecided whether to yield all. Next day, however, when the allies were threatening Fontainebleau, Napoleon gave his signature to the dreadful instrument, renouncing for himself and his heirs the thrones of France and of Italy. His anguish at the moment is described as intense beyond expression. But why such agony, if in the conscientious devotion of his energies to the disinterested work of elevating the people, with no care for personal glory, he had been overwhelmed, and his mission prematurely closed?

He grieved for France, but a heart of vast ambition was writhing under the deeper wounds to his pride, and the dark eclipse of his radiant star of destiny.

That he attempted suicide in his despair is a charge that cannot be intelligently denied. To evade this unpleasant fact, a late historian omits the part of Caulaincourt's testimony which proves it. In regard to Napoleon's alarming illness at this time, Caulaincourt adds in his narrative: "He refused all the assistance poor Constance strove to give him. Ivan* was

* The physician.

called. When the emperor saw him, he said: 'Ivan, the dose was not strong enough.' *Then it was they acquired the sad certainty that he had taken poison.*"

On April 20th, he summoned his officers about him, to give his sad farewell. He thus addressed them: "For you, gentlemen, I am no longer to be with you — you have another government, and it will become you to attach yourselves to it frankly, and serve it as faithfully as you have served me."

He then called before him the remnant of the Old Guard. He surveyed them with tears, as they were drawn up in the courtyard of the castle. Dismounting, he advanced toward them, and said, with strong emotion: "All Europe has armed against me. France herself has deserted me, and chosen another dynasty. I might, with my soldiers, have maintained a civil war for years — but it would have rendered France unhappy. Be faithful to the new sovereign whom your country has chosen. Do not lament my fate: I shall always be happy while I know that you are so. I could have died — nothing was easier — but I will always follow the path of honor. I will record with my pen the deeds we have done together. I cannot embrace you all, but I embrace your general. Bring hither the eagle. Beloved

eagle! may the kisses I bestow on you long resound in the hearts of the brave! Farewell, my children — farewell, my brave companions — surround me once more — farewell!"

This adieu touched every heart, and amid the silent but profound grief of these brave men, submitting like himself to the irresistible force of events, Napoleon placed himself in his carriage, and drove rapidly from Fontainebleau.

Of all that lamented the fall of this extraordinary man, there was perhaps no one who shed bitterer tears than the neglected wife of his youth. Josephine had fled from Paris on the approach of the allies; but being assured of the friendly protection of Alexander, returned to Malmaison ere Napoleon quitted Fontainebleau. The czar visited her frequently, and endeavored to soothe her affliction. But the ruin of "her Achilles," "her Cid" (as she now once more, in the day of misery, called Napoleon), had entered deep into her heart. She sickened and died before the allies left France.

Maria Louisa, meanwhile, and her son, were taken under the personal protection of the Emperor of Austria, and had begun their journey to Vienna some time ere Bonaparte reached Elba.

Four commissioners, one from each of the

great allied powers, Austria, Russia, Prussia, and England, accompanied Bonaparte on his journey. He was attended by Bertrand, grand master of the palace, and some other attached friends and servants; and, while fourteen carriages were conveying him and his immediate suite toward Elba, seven hundred infantry and about one hundred and fifty cavalry of the imperial guard, all picked men, and all volunteers, marched in the same direction, to undertake the military duties of the exiled court.

The journey of seven hundred miles to Fréjus, the port of embarkation, was performed in seven days, amid demonstrations of affection from the people.

On the evening of the 28th, on board the British frigate the *Undaunted,* he departed for Elba; and on May 3rd, at sunset, the island rose from the haze of the distant horizon upon his view. Distributing a purse to the crew, he landed under a salute from the battery, at Porto Ferrajo, the chief town of his sea-girdled land of exile. With a circumference of sixty miles, mountainous, rocky, and much of it barren, Elba lies solitary on the bosom of the Mediterranean, two hundred miles from France. Napoleon immediately explored every valley and ravine, and with his restless energies planned manifold improvements. He often reviewed the

few hundred veteran soldiers who attended him to the island, and frequented his farm a few miles from Ferrajo. Thousands from Europe visited Elba, attracted thither by the presence of the illustrious captain.

Louis XVIII., brother of the slain monarch, an aged gouty man, from his exile in England, went to the throne of France, by a decree of the Senate. The policy of Napoleon was formally continued in the conditions of his restoration; but soon the ancient order of things was apparent, and the cherished principle of the *divine right of kings* was declared in all his acts. Whatever the privileges secured, they were his *sovereign* gift, and not the inalienable right of the people. He blotted out, in the date of his royal edicts, the recognition of any legitimate authority from the dawn of the revolution to the abdication. The allies in their triumph released unconditionally the prisoners of war, giving to France one hundred and fifty thousand veteran troops, with the memory of former victories, and answering to the story of disaster they heard on every hand, "These things would never have happened had we been here." The corpulent old king made a most unfortunate contrast in himself with the manly, energetic, fascinating Napoleon. So much was this the case that during the summer of 1814, the mur-

murs of discontent rose round the Bourbon throne, and reached the mightier prince, even in exile.

The mother of the emperor and his sister Pauline joined him, and cheered his captivity. Between him and Sir Neil Campbell, the English commissioner, the pleasant intercourse that had at first prevailed, became cold and formal — his government refusing to acknowledge the imperial title, while his office became essentially that of reporter to his cabinet at home. Napoleon hated both.

In Feb., 1815, Baron Chaboulon, once a member of Napoleon's Council of State, visited Elba in disguise to confer with him respecting affairs in the realm. After long conversations, the Baron assured him that France was ripe for revolution, and would receive him back with exultation. The 27th came, and with it the hasty preconcerted embarkation of the emperor, with his thousand followers, in the brig *Inconstant* and three small merchant vessels.

It is a significant circumstance that the *Undaunted,* an English ship, bore him to Elba, and the *Inconstant* restored him to the transient smiles of fortune.

Upon the last day of Feb., the *Zephyr,* a French brig of war, was seen sailing directly for the *Inconstant.* The captain inquired after

the emperor's health. Napoleon, taking the trumpet from the officer's hand, shouted back, "He is marvelously well." Other vessels passing in sight awakened momentary fears, but on March 1st he landed at Cannes, where he first reached the coast of France from the campaign in Egypt, and whence he embarked for Elba ten months before.

"Wherever he passed he was greeted with acclamations. He went on triumphantly from point to point — his army augmenting at every step till he reached Grenoble, which threw open its gates; and, reviewing seven thousand men, he pressed on toward Lyons, which held at that moment a powerful force under Marshal Macdonald, and Monsieur, the heir of the empire.

"Meantime, the Congress of Vienna, which had been so long in session, that they had begun to fight over the division of the spoils of conquered nations, were astounded by the news that Napoleon had landed in France and was marching on Paris!

"The emperor resumed at Lyons the administration of his empire, having already, by his eloquent proclamations, electrified France. To the soldiers he said: 'Take again the eagles you followed at Ulm, Austerlitz, Jena, and Montmirail. Come, range yourselves under the

banners of your old chief. Victory shall march at every charging step. The eagle with the national colors shall fly from steeple to steeple — on to the towers of Notre Dame! In your old age, surrounded and honored by your fellow-citizens, you shall be heard with respect when you recount your noble deeds. You shall then say with pride: 'I also was one of that great army which twice entered the walls of Vienna, took Rome, Berlin, Madrid, and Moscow — and which delivered Paris from the stain of domestic treason and the occupation of strangers.'"

"And thus from village to village, and city to city, the swelling tide rolled on toward Paris. On the night of the 19th the emperor once more slept at his palace of Fontainebleau. The next evening he made his public entry into his capital, and amid the shouts of hundreds of thousands the conqueror of kingdoms entered the Tuileries, and was borne in triumph on the shoulders of the Parisians to the magnificent *salon,* now crowded by the beauty and chivalry of Paris, and from which Louis XVIII. had fled but a few hours before. Acclamations, wilder than had ever proclaimed his greatest victories, rang through Paris, and all night the cannon of Austerlitz and Marengo sent their reverberations over the illuminated city.

"Europe — astounded by the intelligence

wherever it spread — was now marshaled for the last struggle against Napoleon. The great powers signed a final treaty, in which they proclaimed Bonaparte *an outlaw,* and pledged their faith to exterminate him from the face of the earth. Once more every nation on the continent rang with the clangor of warlike preparation, and, before sixty days had passed, a million of armed men were marching to the scene of the final struggle.

"Before the close of May, Napoleon had upwards of three hundred thousand soldiers ready for battle, besides an imperial guard of nearly forty thousand chosen veterans; while the last scion of the Bourbon race had been driven from the soil, and the tri-color, which had waved in triumph over so many subject nations, was now unfurled again from the Rhine to the Pyrenees — and from the British Channel to the shores of the Mediterranean."

The force and fascination of Napoleon's mind, and his thorough knowledge of all the avenues to the soldier's heart, were never more sublimely illustrated than in this bloodless march of seven hundred miles over a country from which he had been driven an exile, amid the acclamations of the army and the people. The tidings of the astounding event went before the triumphal cavalcade. Talleyrand was

making his toilet, preparatory to a magnificent ball given by his niece, the Princess of Courland, when she brought a note from Metternich. He bade her open and read it. Trembling, she exclaimed, "Heavens! Bonaparte has left Elba! What is to become of my ball this evening?" Talleyrand assured her coolly it should take place; but the consternation which followed the announcement in the royal *salon* at Vienna could not be concealed.

The Duchess of Angoulême, whose husband had been surrounded by General Gill, and had capitulated, was at Bordeaux, a city of one hundred thousand inhabitants and garrisoned by an army of ten thousand men. She was the daughter of Louis XVI., and a brave and energetic woman. She appealed with tears to the troops in this hour of peril, but gained only a faint response, and was compelled to flee. Napoleon said of her caustically, "She is the only man of her race."

The tri-color rose on tower and bulwark, till, in a few weeks, it waved again over the hills and valleys of France.

Around Napoleon were the allied powers of Europe. In vain he endeavored to open a negotiation with them, presenting, as reasons for his return and invasion, the detention of Maria Louisa and his son by Austria, the non-payment

of his pension, and the voice of the nation, inviting him to take again the scepter. His foes were inflexible in their purpose, and could bring no less than a million of troops against a force which could not reach half that number.

An attempt to secure the restoration of the empress and her son to the Tuileries failed, leaving the only hope of a successful issue to the gathering storm which would reunite the imperial family.

Murat, king of Naples, upon hearing of Napoleon's return, determined, in perfect harmony with the impetuous daring of his nature, to anticipate the emperor, and fall with fifty thousand Neapolitans upon the allies. Talleyrand had with bitter enmity affirmed that Murat was secretly hostile to the allies, while Wellington thought him true to their interests. This impulsive and fatal onset decided his position, and sealed his doom. He met the Austrians at Occtriobello, and saw his army cut in pieces around him. He sought death beneath the leaden hail, but survived to escape in a fishing vessel, and landed near Toulon. He was seized, tried, and shot. Thus died a man of lofty spirit — vain-glorious — impulsive — and fearless; a shining mark of gallant and splendid command in battle, whose presence at Waterloo, Napoleon

said, might have changed the fortune of the world. Louis XVIII. had retired to Ghent, in Holland, a quaint and ancient city, to wait for the close of this new act in the drama of European and Napoleonic revolution and bloodshed.

To conciliate the opposing parties, especially the extremes of republicanism and royalty, and muster his legions for conflict, was a work no mind but Napoleon's would have attempted. He enlarged the liberty of the press, and prepared "An act additional to the constitution of the empire," the latter of which was submitted to Joseph and other influential leaders of the discordant masses. The additional decrees provided in form for the arrangement of a free representative constitution; hereditary monarchy; an hereditary peerage; a house of representatives, chosen by the people, at least once within every five years; yearly taxes, levied only by the whole legislature; responsible ministers; irremovable judges; and in all criminal cases whatever, trial by jury.

This amendment, which secured, it cannot be denied, the rights of the people to a degree greatly exceeding the best monarchies of Europe, was accepted by the electoral colleges, and Napoleon designated the 1st of June for a grand assemblage on the field of Mars, to approve

his resumption of sovereignty, and give imposing effect to the new order of things. The vast area of that renowned plain was thronged with millions of soldiery and citizens. The emperor appeared on the elevated platform in robes of royalty, and stood by the altar at which the Archbishop of Rouen performed religious rites. Amid thunders of applause he received the oath of fidelity from the army, distributed the eagles, and then retired to contemplate in silence, as the roar of artillery died away, the doubtful struggle into which his faithful battalions must enter. The plan of the campaign was to cross the frontier, fall upon the enemy unexpectedly, and beat back the overwhelming tide. Paris was fortified, and all the outposts strengthened. Upon the 12th day of June, with the dawning light, Napoleon left the Tuileries to join his army.

"It was a fearful crisis. With a fortitude and heroism, which commands the admiration of the world, did Napoleon meet it. He was, as it were, alone. Josephine was dead. Maria Louisa and his idolized son were prisoners in the *salons* of the allies. Eugene was dethroned, and entangled in the court of the King of Bavaria, his father-in-law. Murat was wandering a fugitive, in hourly peril of being shot.*

* Afterward executed.

Lannes, Bessières, Duroc, were dead. Berthier, ashamed to meet his old master, had followed the fortunes of the Bourbons. Marmont was a traitor at Ghent. Oudinot and Macdonald, honorable men, still regarded as sacred their oath of fidelity to the Bourbons. Ney, having through the dictates of his heart violated his oath, and disheartened by the sense of dishonor, had lost his power." The emperor hoped to meet the forces of Wellington and Blücher before other divisions of the magnificent host surrounding him could unite their strength. Upon the 13th Napoleon was at Avesnes, one hundred and fifty miles from the capital, where were gathered all his available troops, amounting to one hundred and thirty-five thousand men. He reviewed them on the 14th, reminded them that it was the anniversary of Marengo and Friedland, and said, "Are they and we no longer the same men? The madmen! a moment of prosperity has blinded them. The oppression and humiliation of the French people is beyond their power. If they enter France, they will there find their tomb. Soldiers! we have forced marches, battles, and dangers before us. For every Frenchman who has a heart, the moment is arrived to conquer or to perish!" Such was his oration; and never was army more thoroughly imbued with the spirit of its chief.

"Blücher's army numbered at this time about one hundred thousand men, and, extending along the line of the Sambre and the Meuse, occupied Charleroi, Namur, Givet, and Liege. They communicated on the right with the left of the Anglo-Belgian army, under Wellington, whose headquarters were at Brussels. This army was not composed, like Blücher's or Napoleon's of troops of the same nation. The duke had under his command seventy-six thousand. His first division occupied Enghien, Brain-le-Compte, and Nivelles, communicating with the Prussian right at Charleroi. The second division (Lord Hill's) was cantoned at Halle, Oudenard, and Gramont — where was the most of the cavalry. The reserves (Sir Thomas Picton's) were at Brussels and Ghent. The English and Prussian commanders had thus arranged their troops, with the view of being able to support each other, wherever the French might hazard their assault. It could not be doubted that Napoleon's mark was Brussels; but by which of the three great routes of Namur, of Charleroi, or of Mons, he designed to force his passage, could not be ascertained beforehand. Fouché, indeed, doubly and trebly dyed in treason, had, when accepting office under Napoleon, continued to maintain his correspondence with Louis at Ghent, and prom-

ised to furnish the allies with the outline of the emperor's plan of the campaign ere it began. But the minister of police took care that this document should not arrive until the campaign was decided.

"On the morning of the 15th, the French drove in all the outposts on the west bank of the Sambre, and at length assaulted Charleroi, thus revealing the purpose of the emperor — to crush Blücher ere he could concentrate all his own strength, or be adequately supported by Wellington's advance. Ziethen, however, held out, though with severe loss, at Charleroi so long, that the alarm spread along the whole Prussian line; and then fell back in good order on a position between Ligny and Amand; where Blücher now waited Napoleon's attack, at the head of the whole of his army, except the division of Bülow, which had not yet come up from Liege. The scheme of beating the Prussian divisions in detail had therefore failed; but the second part of the plan, namely, that of separating them wholly from Wellington, might still succeed. And with this view, while Blücher was concentrating his force about Ligny, the French held on the main road to Brussels from Charleroi, and, beating in some Nassau troops at Frasnes, followed them as far as Quatre-Bras and finally took possession

of that farmhouse, so called because it is there that the roads from Charleroi to Brussels, and from Nivelles to Namur, cross each other."

Blücher had prepared to meet Napoleon, through the treachery of General Bourmont, who deserted on the eve of battle, and carried the intelligence of his advance and intended surprise. But for this desertion, the issue of the struggle might have been greatly changed.

Intelligence of the emperor's movements reached Wellington at six o'clock in the evening. The rumor did not prevent a brilliant ball which had been arranged by the Duchess of Richmond for the principal officers of the army.

The clouds were rolling away from Napoleon's star, while the thunder of his cannon broke upon the festive mirth of the gay assemblage. At dead of night the bugle sounded, and the drum's stirring beat was heard in the streets of Brussels.

Upon the 16th, the emperor marched toward Ligny, which the Prince of Orange had retaken with the Nivelles road, thus reopening the communication of Blücher with Brussels. Unexpectedly he encountered that general leading eighty thousand men, with a division of sixty thousand. The day wore away amid terrible battle-scenes, and night hung a curtain of

darkness over the horrors of the calmer field when the roar of combat had ceased.

Napoleon was victorious, and had Ney, according to orders, come up to intercept the retreat of the Prussian troops, the rout might have been complete. The brave Ney upon reaching Quatre-Bras on the evening of the 15th, heard nothing of the foe at this point, and anticipated its occupation in the morning without serious opposition. His weary soldiers lay down beneath the wings of a tempest upon the drenched ground, to snatch a brief repose. Meanwhile Wellington was at Quatre-Bras, and, to the dismay of Marshal Ney, prepared with a formidable array of disciplined troops to dispute his further progress. A sanguinary encounter failed to open a passage for the heroic marshal. Wellington, hearing of Blücher's defeat, fell back to the more advantageous field of Waterloo, to join the Prussian army.

Napoleon, in his bulletins, announced two splendid victories at Quatre-Bras and Ligny, costing the allies twenty-five thousand men, and the French nearly twenty thousand. These results awoke the enthusiasm of the nation to its former ardor, and again invested Napoleon's name with the terror which lost its power when the *Undaunted* turned her prow toward Elba.

Leaving Grouchy on the track of the Prussian division of the allied army, the emperor hastened to Quatre-Bras to unite with Ney and advance upon Wellington, if possible to secure a battle before the arrival of Blücher, who was within a few miles of the duke with seventy thousand troops. Toward night of the 17th Napoleon came in sight of Waterloo. Expressing an intense desire for a few hours more of day, he went forth in the storm to reconnoiter the position of the enemy. He sent orders to Grouchy to continue his pursuit of the Prussians, and be prepared to aid him in any emergency which might arise.

Napoleon and Wellington had each about seventy thousand men. The English forces extended their lines more than a mile, and were nearly that distance from the town of Waterloo, on a gentle slope, separated from the broad plain by a beautiful declivity. In front were the most reliable troops, then those who had already severely suffered in the previous battle, and behind both were posted the horse. The waiting foe lay in a convex form, bending at each extreme toward the forest of Soignies. It was a wide and open field — a fit arena for the grand and terrible strife at hand, and affording the most favorable ground for retreat,

and renewed defense to the duke in case of defeat.

"Finally the day of Napoleon's last battle broke in clouds and wind, after a night of tempest. It was Sunday — a day which, since the time of the Saviour, Christian nations have devoted to mercy, adoration, and repose. But the Sabbath of the 18th of June, 1815, witnessed the struggle of one hundred and fifty thousand men grappling with each other in the terrible work of destruction, and, whoever may have rejoiced in the result, the carnage of that day filled Europe with mourning. At eleven o'clock Napoleon's bugles gave the signal; Jerome advanced with a column of six thousand men, and the battle of Waterloo began. Under the cover of heavy batteries, whose balls flew on their errand of death over the heads of his troops, the King of Westphalia charged the right wing of Wellington, which rested on the Chateau of Hougomont. Slowly the engagement extended, from point to point, and division closed with division, till the tide of battle had swept over the plain — two miles from wing to wing — and one hundred and fifty thousand men had closed in the terrific struggle. The battle had now lasted from eleven till four, and ten thousand men had fallen every hour. Broken, bleeding, and exhausted bat-

talions had charged, closed, and recoiled, and so equal had been the conflict that victory seemed about to fold its wings over a mutual slaughter."

Wellington's columns began to waver, and Napoleon felt the joy of anticipated triumph, when thirty thousand troops, under Bülow, deployed upon the field. This advance guard of the Prussian army poured their tempest of death upon the columns of the French. Napoleon sent ten thousand men to beat back the fiery wave of destruction; charging impetuously, they succeeded, and hope again brightened over the emperor, whose restless eye was often turned with intense anxiety toward the slopes across which Grouchy would wheel his columns into the plain. The marshal heard the awful cannonade, but still refused to deviate from his original orders, and couriers had failed to reach him from Waterloo. Still the emperor's ranks swept down upon the enemy with desolating effect. Wellington was also impatiently looking for help, and as he saw the falling lines, and the drops of bitter emotion gathered upon his brow, he exclaimed, despairingly, "Would to heaven that Blücher or night would come!" The French cuirassiers charged the right of the British, and were permitted to advance within ten yards when a deadly fire drove them back.

Again and again they rallied, rode between the squares, and were cut down by the cross fire, till the splendid body of cavaliers was slain. Then the blaze of artillery gleamed along the whole length of the French line, and the enemy were ordered to lie on the ground, to escape the iron hail that filled the air.

At this crisis, Blücher emerged from the woods, and, uniting with Bülow, led sixty thousand troops to the standard of Wellington. Napoleon discovered in a moment the peril — the day must be won or lost by a desperate, decisive blow. The Old Guard, the glory of all his armies, had been kept in reserve.

Forming them into two columns, and putting them under the command of the dauntless Ney, he pointed to the terrific forest into which they must move like a falling bolt from the clouds. A throne, and the future of empires, hung on the issue of the hour. As the Imperial Guard marched forward in silence, Napoleon said, "Heroes of all my victories, I confide to you my empire." They answered with a single shout, "Vive l'Empereur!" and without a note of martial music they went with resolute step toward the glittering steel, and yawning mouths of war's wasting engines, over which stood the manliest forms of England and her allies. Ney had never been conquered, and the desertion of

his sovereign moved him to the onset with burning ardor. Napoleon from the elevation watched the meeting of the fearless band with the waiting legions.

The plain was crossed, and the Old Guard made a charge to which no battle-plain had trembled before. In flame and smoke they disappeared, and neither they nor Napoleon knew where they were. The shock was felt along the columns of the Iron Duke, and these made a momentary pause, only to pour a more consuming fire upon the devoted band. Napoleon saw through his glass the slaughter of that last defense of his throne, and, with paleness on his face and anguish in his heart, threw himself into a square, resolved to perish with his dying heroes. Cambronne, the commander of the troops around the emperor, entreated him to save his life. He yielded, and, turning away from the exultant enemy, rode toward Paris. The remnant of the brave men, who gazed after Napoleon, was soon surrounded by the victors, and a flag of truce was sent to spare the needless carnage. Cambronne replied in the memorable words of heroism, *"The Guard dies; it never surrenders!"* The sound of his voice died away in the fresh volley of balls, and soon the Old Guard was no more. Night came down, and the good angels watched with grief over

forty thousand bleeding bodies of the slain, while the silence of their vigil was broken by the groans of many hundreds wounded and writhing in a bed of gore.

Wellington had lost one hundred officers and fifteen thousand men; while of the seventy-five thousand Napoleon led to battle, no more than thirty thousand ever bore arms again. The Prussians pursued the flying fugitives, and butchery crimsoned every village and hamlet in their path. Napoleon hastened to Quatre-Bras, and contemplated still another rally, which was there proposed, then proceeded to Charleroi, riding all night, while the sound of pursuit came to his ear on the quiet air.

"On the 19th the capital had been greeted with news of the three great victories, at Charleroi, at Ligny, and at Quatre-Bras, and one hundred and thirty cannon were fired in honor of the emperor's successes; his partisans proclaimed that the glory of France was secured, and dejection filled the hearts of the royalists. On the morning of the 21st it transpired that Napoleon had arrived the night before, alone, at the Elysée. The secret could no longer be kept. A great, a decisive field had been fought, and the French army was no more.

"On how sandy a foundation the exile of Elba had rebuilt the semblance of his ancient

authority a few hours of adversity were more than sufficient to show."

He conversed freely with Caulaincourt upon the disasters of the day, bitterly condemned Bourmont, complained of Grouchy, and expressed his purpose of uniting the two Chambers in an imperial sitting. But they had anticipated his order, when the tidings of Waterloo reached them. The allies, like a locust-swarm, a million strong, were ready to fall upon Paris, and panic spread through the capital. Napoleon assembled the Council of State, and, vividly portraying the crisis of the nation, urged the necessity of a temporary dictatorship to save the fortunes of France. Carnot, it seems, now approved the measure, and gave his voice for it. But it was affirmed that in the Chambers the tide was setting against the emperor, and the sacrifice of their former idol was plainly the ruling sentiment. Lafayette was the advocate of this last resort, to avoid "the seas of blood" which must flow if the effort to regain the throne were continued. But Napoleon clung with desperate energy to the crumbling scepter in his hand. He planned a new campaign to sweep the allies from the soil — already drenched in the life-current and fattened with the bodies of men. The Chambers continued for several days their stormy debate. Lucien who,

with Joseph, had repaired to the Elysée, advised the emperor to rally the relics of his Guard and dissolve the hostile assemblies as he had done at St. Cloud on the 19th of Brumaire. The trancendent genius of Napoleon, under the pressure of these opposing forces, and sustaining the agony of a crushed heart, was bewildered; and Lucien, in view of it, always said, "The smoke of Mont St. Jean had turned his brain."

During these mental conflicts and excited debates, the Chambers had reached the vote upon the emperor's abdication, when, having seen the unavoidable and overwhelming necessity, he sent by the hand of the willing, treasonable Fouché, who secretly rejoiced in the overthrow of Napoleon, the subjoined

PROCLAMATION "TO THE FRENCH PEOPLE:"

"Frenchmen! In commencing war for the maintenance of the national independence, I relied on the union of all efforts, all wills, and all authorities. I had reason to hope for success, and I braved all the declarations of the powers against me. Circumstances appear to have changed. I offer myself as a sacrifice to the hatred of the enemies of France. May they prove sincere in their declarations, and to have aimed only at me! My political life is ended;

and I proclaim my son, Napoleon II., Emperor of the French. Unite for the public safety, if you would remain an independent nation.— Done at the palace Elysée, June 22nd., 1815.

"NAPOLEON."

A fierce discussion followed the reading of this paper. Marshal Ney gave his voice for peace, even with a Bourbon throne. The Chambers finally appointed a deputation to wait upon Napoleon, accept the abdication, and express the gratitude of the nation for his great sacrifices and glorious deeds in its behalf. He thanked the delegation — warned them of their mistake — and pointed them to his dynasty as the only hope of France.

Thus closed the second and brief reign of the most gifted sovereign of any age — thus ended *the hundred days* of Napoleon.

CHAPTER X.

The second abdication.—The indecision and distress of Napoleon.— He resolves to take refuge in the United States. He leaves Malmaison for Rochefort.— Negotiations with England for passports.—These are denied.— Napoleon throws himself upon the mercy of England.—The reception, and voyage to the English coast.—The decision respecting the emperor's fate.— He contemplates suicide.— The departure for St. Helena.—Arrival at the island.— Napoleon's residence.— His treatment in exile.— His habits.—Progress of disease.— His religious character.— His last hours.— General Bertrand's account of the emperor's death.— His burial.—The removal of his remains to France.

THE last desire of the emperor when he resigned his crown, was the immediate elevation of Napoleon II. to the prospective sovereignty of France. Labédoyère pleaded for it in the Senate. The soldiery caught the enthusiasm of this rallying shout. Fouché, who had been placed at the head of the provisional government, and preferred the Bourbons, became alarmed, and suggested the importance of the emperor's removal from Paris. On June 25th, disguised in ordinary apparel, he retired to the lovely grounds and quiet rooms of Malmaison, "but was no longer greeted by the warm embrace of Josephine — the divorced wife had forgotten all her wrongs and her sorrows, in the hallowed precincts of the village church of Ruel.

What may have been the feelings of the fallen emperor, as he walked through the deserted halls of Malmaison at midnight in the midst of the ruins of his empire, and so near the ashes of his divorced Josephine, we cannot lift the curtain to know. As he lingered at the Kremlin, Dresden, and Fontainebleau — the three stages of his ruin — so did he linger at Malmaison. The spell was still over him — fate had decreed that when the sapped castle at last fell, the ruin should be complete."

Had he, as he contemplated, embarked without delay for the United States, he might have been the illustrious citizen of a republic he admired but did not attempt to copy, for war-ravaged France had not wished it while his dynasty could fill the throne. Napoleon's retreat became a guarded prison, surrounded with soldiers under the command of General Becker. Fouché was playing a double game of treachery; urging the emperor's departure from France in two frigates furnished for his service, and, at the same time, communicating with the allies respecting his movements. While the provisional government was afraid of his escape from Malmaison, to lead again his battalions into the field, the allies were lining the coast with a naval force, to prevent his flight to a foreign

shore, and secure the hated victim of their resistless power.

An asylum in the United States was finally the choice of the emperor. Application was made to Wellington for passports, but the duke replied that he had no authority whatever to give a safe-conduct to Napoleon Bonaparte.

Meanwhile the mind of the captive, which had been driven from one plan of desperate action to another, was soothed by the presence of the lovely Hortense, faithful to her mother's example, and the devoted Caulaincourt — with a throng of friends, both officers and citizens, whose sympathy was sincere, and whose lives they were ready to offer on the altar of their affection. On June 29th, amid the beauty and joy of summer at Malmaison, he bade adieu to Hortense, glanced over the familiar scenes hallowed by the memories of Josephine, and we doubt not, with bitter thoughts of irreparable wrong, passed out of the open gate which he should enter never again, and with General Becker, Count Bertrand, and Savary, in the carriage assigned him, hastened toward Rochefort. The procession of personal friends, who resolved to share his exile, were to join the emperor by a different road. At night Napoleon rested in the castle of Rambouillet, thirty miles from Malmaison. With the early

light of the next day, he pressed forward, and driving all the night following, halted at Tours on the first of July.

He reached Rochefort on the 3rd, and took up his residence in the prefect's house, with the view of embarking immediately; but he forthwith was informed that a British line-of-battle ship, the *Bellerophon,* Captain Maitland, and some smaller vessels of war, were off the roads, and he was also informed that the commander of the squadron at his own disposal showed no disposition to attempt the passage out in face of these watchers. A Danish merchant ship was then hired, and the emperor occupied himself with various devices for concealing his person in the hold of this vessel. But the Danish captain convinced him ere long that the British searchers would not be likely to pass him undetected, and this plan, too, was abandoned. Some young French midshipmen then gallantly offered to act as a crew of a small flat coasting vessel, and attempt to secure his escape in this way under cover of night. But all experienced seamen concurred in representing the imminent hazard of exposing such a vessel to the Atlantic, as well as the numberless chances of its also being detected by the English cruisers. "Wherever wood can

swim," said Napoleon, "there I am sure to find this flag of England."

On July 9th, Napoleon landed on the Isle of Aix, off which the *Saale* and *Medusa* were anchored. The allies had entered Paris, and were virtually in possession of the sovereignty, which Fouché formally held for the Bourbon king. The excitement which the emperor's presence on the island awakened brought the order to the commander of the frigate, that "the act of disembarking Napoleon again upon the soil of France" would be declared high treason. The friends of the emperor believed that an appeal to the hospitality of England would be rewarded with a magnanimous treatment of his person. It was plainly the only alternative; and on July 14th, Las Cases and Savary went the second time on board the *Bellerophon* under a flag of truce, to inquire whether Napoleon would be received in that vessel if he decided to go to England. They were assured by Captain Maitland that the ship was at his disposal for safe conveyance to Britain. He immediately despatched the following note to the prince regent, afterward George IV., written the preceding day:

ROCHEFORT, July 13, 1815.

"ROYAL HIGHNESS — A victim to the factions which divide my country, and to the hos-

tility of the greatest powers of Europe, I have terminated my political career, and come, like Themistocles, to seat myself on the hearth of the British people. I put myself under the protection of their laws, which I claim from your royal highness, as the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous, of my enemies.

"NAPOLEON."

No pledge regarding the ultimate action of the English cabinet was given; but Napoleon threw himself entirely upon the honor and generosity of his foe, in the conscious dignity of his position, and reliance upon the popular feeling in the empire to whose shore he sailed. The letter was committed by Maitland to Gourgaud, who proceeded with it in the *Slaney*, but was not allowed to land; it was sent by other hands to the prince regent. On July 15th the brig *Epervier* conveyed him out of the Aix roads. The wind was unfavorable, and the barge of the *Bellerophon* bore him to the ship. Tears fell, and shouts, rose long and loud, while he moved away from French soil, French vessels, and French soldiers, neither of which his feet or hands should press again. The officers of the *Bellerophon* awaited the appearing of Napoleon, with the marines drawn up in order behind them. When he reached the quarter-deck, uncovering himself, he said calmly and

firmly to Captain Maitland, "I come to place myself under the protection of your prince and laws." The commander answered with a bow and conducted him to his cabin. The officers were then presented, and, as everywhere, the emperor became popular with all whom he met — the crew especially admiring the wonderful man of whose terrible presence on the field of battle they had only heard. He made himself familiar with every part of the ship, and complimented highly the quiet subordination and superior discipline of the English navy. On the 23rd the *Bellerophon* passed Ushant, where a view of the coast of France arrested the mighty exile's moistened eye. He gazed silently and sadly upon the dim outline of his arena of greatness and glory; but his crowding thoughts and deep emotion no pen was permitted to record. On the 25th the vessel, which attracted toward it the interest of a hemisphere, dropped anchor in the harbor of Torbay, amid countless boats crowded with curious people, whose shouts greeted Napoleon as often as he appeared on deck to gratify the intense interest his name and fate awakened. All communication of the *Bellerophon* with the coast was forbidden, and, after a suspense of a few hours, orders came to proceed to Plymouth Sound. At noon of the following day, the ship's sails were furled before

that ancient town. The respectful and kindly attentions to the emperor, which had marked the voyage, gave place to the stern formalities of guarding the captive, while his doom was in the hands of the Privy Council. The populace from a great distance poured into Plymouth, and the excitement became so strong, that "two frigates were appointed to lie as guards on the *Bellerophon,* and sentinels were doubled and trebled both by day and by night." Upon the 30th, Sir Henry Banbury, under-secretary of state, with Admiral Keith of the channel fleet, announced the final decision of the British government, whose main provisions were these: "1st, That *General Bonaparte* should not be landed in England, but removed forthwith to St. Helena, as being the situation in which, more than any other at their command, the government thought security against a second escape and the indulgence to himself of personal freedom and exercise, might be reconciled. 2ndly, That, with the exception of Savary and L'Allemand, he might take with him any three officers he chose, as also his surgeon, and twelve domestics."

Napoleon betrayed no agitation when the surprising document was finished, but with perfect composure immediately protested against the unjust decree with his own un-

equaled eloquence: "I am the guest of England, and not her prisoner. I have come, of my own accord, to place myself under the protection of British law. In my case the government has violated the laws of its own country, the laws of nations, and the sacred duty of hospitality. I protest against their right to act thus, and I appeal to British honor." The emperor complained of the inexcusable insult of refusing to give him his imperial title, recognizing him only as *General Bonaparte*. He recoiled from exile on a rocky island between the tropics, and again contemplated suicide. He said, "After all, am I quite sure of going to St. Helena? Is a man dependent upon others when he wishes that his dependence should cease? . . . It is only necessary to create a little mental excitement, and I shall soon have escaped." Las Cases remonstrated, and suggested the memories of the past upon which to live, and the unwritten record of his grand career to be prepared for the future. The dark and criminal thought was banished, and submission to his *destiny* was the imperative necessity. There is some palliation for the extraordinary and unlawful course of England. Napoleon had escaped from Elba. His name was still a spell-word in France, and his influence over the masses immeasurably greater than that

of any other living man. The British cabinet were afraid of his presence where the possibility of rescue should attend him. From the beginning, fighting for ancient, transmitted royalty, regarding Napoleon as a *new* man — with a system subversive of the established order of things — and having learned to fear him more than all the kings of Europe besides — the English ministry were determined to cage the imperial lion.

While this view modifies the treatment, it does not remove the indelible stain of needless cruelty in the banishment and confinement of the noblest foe Britain ever met and subdued.

Preparations were now hastened for the voyage to St. Helena. O'Meara, surgeon of the *Bellerophon,* accepted heartily the appointment of Napoleon's physician. The remainder of his suite were Count Montholon and his lady; Count Bertrand, lady, and three children; Baron Gourgaud, and Count Las Cases. The *Northumberland,* commanded by Sir George Cockburn, arrived Aug. 7th, and received Napoleon with his circle of friends on board. The emperor bade adieu very cordially to Captain Maitland and his officers, thanking them for their magnanimous bearing toward him while in the *Bellerophon.* The testimony of Maitland respecting his prisoner is very beautiful. He

writes, "It may appear surprising that a possibility should exist of a British officer being prejudiced in favor of one who had caused so many calamities to his country; but to such an extent did he possess the power of pleasing, that there are few people who could have sat at the same table with him for nearly a month, as I did, without feeling a sensation of pity, perhaps allied to regret, that a man possessed of so many fascinating qualities, and who had held so high a station in life, should be reduced to the situation in which I saw him."

The *Northumberland* sailed Aug. 9th, 1815, attended by a fleet of nine vessels. While they were tacking out of the channel, Napoleon looked toward the coast of France, with straining vision, to catch one more glimpse of its distant outline. The clouds lifting gave him the sight, and "France! France!" was the shout of the self-exiled companions of the captive-king. The emperor gazed silently, and then uncovering his head, he exclaimed, "*Land of the brave,* I salute thee! Farewell! France, farewell!" The spectators were deeply moved. During the voyage Napoleon threw the fascination of his conversational powers over all, winning the love of those who had been taught to hate him.

On Oct. 15th, the cry of "Land!" from the

masthead, attracted toward the rising form of an island the mournful interest of the royal party; and the next day the *Northumberland* cast anchor in the harbor of St. Helena. It lies six thousand miles from Europe, and one thousand two hundred miles from the coast of Africa. It is ten miles in length, and six broad, with precipitous cliffs, preventing access, except by three narrow defiles.

Much of it is barren rock, with pleasant valleys relieving this desolation amid the infinitude of waters. On the 16th Napoleon disembarked, and walked in the shades of evening the streets of Jamestown.

No apartments suitable for the reception of the exile were found in the lonely desert to which he was borne. Longwood, three miles from Jamestown, the country house of the lieutenant-governor, and situated in a wild ravine, was selected for the residence of Napoleon.

With the alterations which were designed, it was a scanty, solitary habitation, assigned to the greatest monarch of the world, and his faithful band of friends. The immediate residence to which he repaired was called *The Briers* — a small and secluded farmhouse, occupied by Mr. Balcombe, who made every effort to afford him a comfortable seclusion.

Napoleon's bitter complaints and appeals to

the English government were in vain — nothing was done to cheer the solitude of the powerless sovereign.

On Dec. 10th, the emperor removed to Longwood. Guards and sentinels encircled his grounds, and no means of security were spared to make escape from the prison-isle impossible. In the spring of 1816, there was a change in the government of St. Helena, which increased the annoyances and trials of Napoleon. In reference to it, Lockhart, in whose biography of the captive is the severest and most unqualified condemnation of his motives and deeds, writes the following:

"In April, 1816, Sir George Cockburn was superseded by Sir Hudson Lowe, who remained governor of St. Helena, and had the charge of Napoleon's person until his death. The conduct of this officer has been much and justly censured by various writers. Napoleon conceived and retained from the first a violent dislike toward him; and the governor, as soon as he became aware of this, did not fail fully to reciprocate it. It seemed that every circumstance, whether of business or of etiquette, which occurred at St. Helena, was certain to occasion some dispute between the two, the progress and termination of which seldom passed without an aggravation of mutual hostilities. It was

deemed necessary that the greatest vigilance should be exercised, which could not be done without giving offense to the haughty mind of Napoleon; and rather than submit to the restraints which were imposed, he often chose to seclude himself within the precincts of Longwood. It cannot be doubted but that the constant irritation in which he was kept toward the governor was a principal means of shortening his life."

And yet in the late publication of the 'Letters and Journal of Sir Hudson Lowe,' edited by William Forsyth, we have quite a different view of the matter. And it is no easy task to reach a just conclusion between these conflicting statements from official papers and private diaries. It is difficult to discern how much is coloring for mere effect, and what are the unadorned facts in the case. Sir Hudson Lowe's journal gives the regulations, bill of fare, and allowance of wines; all of which, if these statements are at all reliable, were ample, and should have been satisfactory. But upon comparing the notes of both friends and foes, including the sale of silver plate, which it was affirmed Napoleon resorted to, that he might not suffer hunger, we are compelled to believe that much was done and said by the exiles to awaken sympathy in their behalf, and hatred

to England; while, on the other hand, in perfect harmony with the feelings and conduct of the British ministry from the dawn of Napoleon's greatness, they did pursue, even in exile, with enmity and injustice the man whose single hand had shaken the throne of their splendid empire.

Napoleon was much of the time cheerful, but often desponding, indignant, and unhappy. Without religious trust, and surrounded by skeptical minds, of whom Montholon was acknowledged to be without character for truthfulness, he certainly was no model of resignation — no martyr, calm in conscious rectitude and purity of purpose. The visions of individual and widespread suffering of Egypt, Spain, and Russia, and, more than all else, of Josephine, which swept over the horizon of thought, must have increased his disquietude and irritable moods. It is true, he bore eloquent testimony to the transcendent excellence of the Scriptures, and the deity of Christ, but not a day in his life displayed the practical power of either upon his heart.

His manner of living was regular and abstemious; "he never took more than two meals a day, and concluded each with a cup of coffee. He generally breakfasted about ten o'clock, and dined at eight. He preferred plain food, and

ate plentifully, with an apparent appetite. A very few glasses of claret, scarce amounting to an English pint, which he chiefly drank at dinner, completed his meal. He sometimes drank champagne, but his constitutional sobriety was such that a large glass of that wine would bring the color to his cheek; and it may be truly said that few men were ever less influenced by the appetites peculiar to man than Bonaparte. He was exceedingly particular as to the neatness and cleanliness of his person, and this habit he preserved till his death."

In converse with friends, when his kingly mind displayed on social, civil, scientific, and moral themes, the amazing scope of its knowledge and its penetration — in walks, which gradually ceased as his antipathy toward the espionage under which he moved became more intense — in dictating protests against the cruelty of his foes, and memoirs with which to embalm and vindicate his fame — Napoleon passed more than five years of captivity; which drew to it the interest of the world — an interest born of idolatrous admiration, intellectual homage, military enthusiasm, kindest sympathy, and deepest hate.

The neglect of exercise, and the mental struggles of the emperor, began to develop constitutional disease, and weaken those physical ener-

gies which were no less marvelous than his versatile genius. In 1817, the decay of strength became visible, and, with intervals of relief and comfortable convalescence, he steadily declined. O'Meara was his medical attendant till the summer of 1818, when Sir Hudson Lowe removed him on account of his sympathy with Napoleon. The lieutenant-general offered him the services of an English physician, which were promptly refused. The following year the British government consented to the appointment of another medical adviser by his friends in Europe; and Dr. Antomarchi, an atheist, accompanied by two Romish priests, at the suggestion of Napoleon, arrived at St. Helena. The interviews with these ecclesiastics were evidently without much spiritual benefit. Notwithstanding the effort of a late writer to invest the captive's whole character, especially when its finishing touches were received under the deepening shadows of his last hours, with Christian graces, we hear him discoursing of the Elysian fields, where he anticipated meeting with his marshals, with Hannibal, and Cæsar, and having a pleasant talk over their battles; unless, he continued, "it should create an alarm in the spirit-world to see so many warriors assembled together." This certainly was nothing better than trifling, and the whole tenor of his con-

versation on this momentous theme was wanting in any satisfactory recognition of his relations to God, and his mission among men. At the close of 1820, his symptoms grew worse; his stomach rejected food; his repose was disturbed, and his frame became emaciated. While the succeeding spring was clothing the wild forests with verdure, and hanging flowers upon the cliffs of St. Helena, Napoleon was rapidly sinking in the embrace of his fatal malady. He made the disposition of his gifts to friends, and dictated his will, which contained "for a codicil, ten thousand francs to the wretch who attempted to assassinate the Duke of Wellington."

The reason assigned for this astonishing act of a dying man, is, that "Cantallon had as much right to murder that oligarchist, as the latter had to send me to perish on the rock of St. Helena."

But the close of the scenes of earth drew near. On May 3rd the last sacraments of the Catholic church were administered by Abbé Vignali. The night of the 4th was one of delirium. The tempest began to rise, while the most fearful conflict of the greatest conqueror of men was subsiding in the victory of his last enemy.

Amid the roar of elements, his mighty — am-

bitious — broken heart — shouted wildly, "Tête d'armée!" *Head of the army!* The morning broke upon the spent warrior; helpless in the stupor of death's approach, he lay till the tempestuous day was fading into evening, when the proud spirit passed away to the righteous tribunal of the King of kings.

A post-mortem examination revealed, what Napoleon had for some time previous to his death suspected, that like his father before him, he was the victim of a cancer in the stomach — aggravated by those influences which of themselves would have made inroads upon his fine constitution.

A letter from Bertrand addressed to Joseph, who had taken refuge in America, and was living in New Jersey, gives an interesting narrative of these events:

GENERAL BERTRAND TO JOSEPH BONAPARTE IN EXILE.

"LONDON, Sept. 10, 1821.

"PRINCE — I write to you for the first time since the awful misfortune which has been added to the sorrows of your family. Uncertain whether a letter would reach you, as I was not quite sure of your address, I hoped that a letter from you or from Rome would acquaint me with it. I have decided on depositing this letter

with Messrs. Baring, and I hope that you will receive it.

"Your highness is acquainted with the events of the first years of this cruel exile; many persons who have visited St. Helena have informed you of what was still more interesting to you — the manner of living and the unkind treatment which aggravated the influences of a deadly climate.

"In the last year of his life, the emperor, who for four years had taken no exercise, altered extremely in appearance; he became pale and feeble. From that time his health deteriorated rapidly and visibly. He had always been in the habit of taking baths; he now took them more frequently and stayed longer in them: they appeared to relieve him for the time.

"Latterly, Dr. Antomarchi forbade him their use, as he thought that they only increased his weakness.

"In the month of Aug. he took walking exercise, but with difficulty; he was forced to stop every minute. In the first years he used to walk while dictating; he walked about his room, and thus did without the exercise which he feared to take out of doors lest he should expose himself to insult. But latterly his strength would not admit even of this. He remained sitting nearly all day, and discontinued almost

all occupation. His health declined sensibly every month.

"Once in Sept., and again in the beginning of Oct., he rode out, as his physicians desired him to take exercise; but he was so weak that he was obliged to return in his carriage. He ceased to digest; his debility increased. Shivering fits came on, which extended even to the extremities; hot towels applied to the feet gave him some relief. He suffered from these cold fits to the last hour of his life. As he could no longer either walk or ride, he took several drives in an open carriage at a foot pace, but without gaining strength. He never took off his dressing-gown. His stomach rejected food, and at the end of the year he was forced to give up meat; he lived upon jellies and soups. For some time he ate scarcely anything, and drank only a little pure wine, hoping thus to support nature without fatiguing the digestion; but the vomiting continued, and he returned to soups and jellies. The remedies and tonics which were tried produced little effect. His body grew weaker every day, but his mind retained its strength.

"He liked reading and conversation; he did not dictate much, although he did so from time to time up to the last days of his life. He felt that his end was approaching, and he frequently

recited the passage from 'Zaïre' which finishes with this line:—

"'A revoir Paris je ne dois plus prétendre.'

Nevertheless the hope of leaving this dreadful country often presented itself to his imagination; some newspaper articles and false reports excited our expectations. We sometimes fancied that we were on the eve of starting for America; we read travels, we made plans, we arrived at your house, we wandered over that immense country, where alone we might hope to enjoy liberty. Vain hopes! vain projects; which only made us doubly feel our misfortunes.

"They could not have been borne with more serenity and courage, I might almost add gaiety. He often said to us in the evening, 'Where shall we go? to the Thêâtre Français, or to the Opera?' And then he would read a tragedy by Corneille, Voltaire, or Racine; an opera of Quinault's or one of Molière's comedies. His strong mind and powerful character were perhaps even more remarkable than on that larger theater where he eclipsed all that is brightest in ancient and in modern history. He often seemed to forget what he had been. I was never tired of admiring his philosophy and courage, the good sense and the fortitude which raised him above misfortune.

"At times, however, sad regrets and recollections of what he had done, contrasted with what he might have done, presented themselves. He talked of the past with perfect frankness; persuaded that on the whole he had done what he was required to do, and not sharing the strange and contradictory opinions which we hear expressed every day on events which are not understood by the speakers. If the conversation took a melancholy turn, he soon changed it; he liked to talk of Corsica, of his old uncle Lucien, of his youth, of you, and of all the others of the family.

"Toward the middle of March fever came on. From that time he scarcely left his bed, except for about half an hour in the day; he seldom had the strength to shave. He now for the first time became extremely thin. The fits of vomiting became more frequent. He then questioned the physicians on the conformation of the stomach, and about a fortnight before his death he had pretty nearly guessed that he was dying of cancer. He was read to almost every day, and dictated a few days before his decease. He often talked naturally as to the probable mode of his death; but when he became aware that it was approaching he left off speaking on the subject. He thought much about you and your children. To his last mo-

ment he was kind and affectionate to us all; he did not appear to suffer so much as might have been expected from the cause of his death. When we questioned him, he said that he suffered a little, but that he could bear it. His memory declined during the last five or six days; his deep sighs, and his exclamations from time to time, made us think that he was in great pain. He looked at us with the penetrating glance which you know so well; we tried to dissimulate, but he was so used to read our faces that no doubt he frequently discovered our anxiety. He felt too clearly the gradual decline of his faculties not to be aware of his state.

"For the last two hours he neither spoke nor moved; the only sound was his difficult breathing, which gradually but regularly decreased; his pulse ceased; and so died, surrounded only by a few servants, the man who had dictated laws to the world, and whose life should have been preserved for the sake of the happiness and glory of our sorrowing country.

"Forgive, Prince, a hurried letter, which tells you so little, when you wish to know so much; but I should never end if I attempted to tell all.

"You are so far off, that I know not when I shall have the honor of seeing you again. I

must not omit to say that the emperor was most anxious that his correspondence with the different sovereigns of Europe should be printed; he repeated this to us several times. In his will the emperor expressed a wish that his remains should be buried in France; however, in the last days of his life he ordered me, if there was any difficulty about it, to lay him by the side of the fountain whose waters he had so long drunk."

Napoleon's body was dressed as in life, "with white waistcoat, and breeches, black cravat, long boots, and cocked hat." Thus laid out in a room hung with mourning, the military cloak worn at Marengo thrown over his feet, and a crucifix on his breast, the Abbé Vignali said prayers for the repose of his soul, while the spreading intelligence of his death brought many to the place of mourning. On the morning of the 8th, the corpse was removed to a coffin of tin, enclosed in lead, which was covered by another of mahogany, and drawn by four horses, was borne to the secluded spot the departed emperor had chosen.

Sir Hudson Lowe remarked amid these last offices, "He was England's greatest enemy and mine too; but I forgive him." The 27th witnessed the embarkation of the household friends of Napoleon for France.

The month of July, 1830, brought a new revolution there — the Bourbons were driven from the throne, and Louis Philippe was crowned. The Chamber of Deputies presented a petition, asking for a demand upon the English government for the remains of Napoleon to repose, according to his desire, upon the banks of the Seine. But decisive action was delayed. In July, 1832, the only son of the emperor, named King of Rome, but called by the Austrian monarch the Duke of Reichstadt, died at the age of twenty-one years — terminating, in a direct line, the dynasty for which a wife had been immolated upon the altar of ambition.

In the spring of 1840, M. Guizot presented the claim for Napoleon's ashes to the British ministry. A few days later, the following note was sent by Lord Palmerston, in reply:

"The government of her Brittanic Majesty hopes that the promptness of its answer may be considered in France as a proof of its desire to blot out the last trace of those national animosities which, during the life of the emperor, armed England and France against each other. Her majesty's government hopes that if such sentiments survive anywhere, they may be buried in the tomb about to receive the remains of Napoleon."

Accordingly the Prince de Joinville, with two warships, sailed for St. Helena. He arrived on the 8th of Oct., and upon the 15th, the anniversary day of Napoleon's landing there, the work of exhuming the remains commenced. After nine hours of labor, the coffin was lifted to the light of heaven. The coverings of the silent body were removed, and there, undecayed, lay the marble face, whose expression had awed the kings of Europe. A tempest rose and sounded the requiem of the funeral march of the second burial, as it had done the transit of his soul to the realm of spirits.

Amid the firing of salutes, and beneath flying banners, the coffin was conveyed to the ship. It sailed on the 18th of Oct. for France — a quarter of a century after his exile began.

On Dec. 2nd, the flotilla reached the harbor of Cherbourg, where the remains were received by the steamship *Normandie,* and conveyed to the mouth of the Seine. The progress of the imposing ceremonial was attended by all the display of popular enthusiasm peculiar to the nation, and which was so grateful to the living emperor, but now fell upon the rayless eye, and the "dull, cold ear of death."

At Havre, the rich sarcophagus of ebony was placed on an imperial barge in the miniature chapel, covered with emblems of mourn-

ing, and the funeral cortège of twelve steamers moved up the river Seine, toward Paris.

Along the banks, for a hundred miles, the populace stood in endless lines, and over them waved gorgeous flags — and above them rose the triumphal arches and pyramids covered with purple and spangled with golden stars. We cannot feel for a moment, in the sober light of revelation, that the answer to a question proposed by a biographer of the departed warrior, is at all doubtful of solution: "Did Napoleon, from the spirit land, witness this scene, and rejoice in the triumph of his fame?" He had to do with more serious employments, and a calmer, clearer review of his crimson path of renown, than the illusions of earth allowed.

In the afternoon of the 14th, the cortège arrived at Courbevoie, four miles from the capital.

A statue of Josephine welcomed the ashes of him who had broken her heart, while Maria Louisa was quietly living at Parma, apparently careless of the stirring pageantry as the throngs were forgetful of her.

The remains were taken ashore to a Grecian temple constructed for the occasion, and thence placed upon a magnificent funeral car. Thronged with excited millions, the royal chariot passed on to the church of the *Invalides,*

which was decorated with splendor exceeding that of any oriental palace. Upon the shoulders of thirty-two of the Old Guard, it was borne toward its resting-place in the temple, when Louis Philippe and the dignitaries of state advanced to receive the sacred relics.

The coffin was deposited in the catafalque, the sword of Napoleon laid upon it by General Bertrand, mass was celebrated, and the crowd slowly left the illustrious dead to the silence of that repose which mocks the strife, the ambition, and the glory of men.

Napoleon was *great* — intellectually towering above the princes and monarchs of many generations, as Mont Blanc overtops the Alps and the Apennines. He had no rival in the tactics of war — in the sanguinary tragedies, whose actors were kings, and whose arena was a hemisphere. His ardent imagination was under the guidance of reason, whose intuitions were clear as morning light, and as rapid in their comprehensive action. His sovereignty was more elevating to the masses, and far-reaching in its aims, than that of any of his lauded foes. But he was *"a moral dwarf,"* and, even in his magnanimous deeds, always advanced *his own fame.* He aspired to unquestioned preëminence among the thrones of Europe, but he had not the higher qualities of

heart and the pure philanthropy which would have made it safe to hold the power that seemed at times within his grasp.

Rulers and people of future generations will muse with wonderment over the brilliant career — the widespread suffering which attended it — the noble deeds, the gigantic crimes, and the retributive fall, of

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

THE END.

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